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The Final Struggle

by Herbert Kaufman

BE warned; the real war lord is not caged in a Dutch garden. That haunted, broken braggart pacing the walks at Amerongen was but a viceroy.

The evil thing that tore the throat of Europe until our bayonets beat it off has fled for sanctuary into Russia, and from a fouler lair now threatens civilization and the noblest plans of God.

Wherever folk are left misguided and uninformed, anarchs and kings (it matters little which) will cunningly exploit their benightedness — play upon their bigotries and prey upon their passions.

Men never begin to believe in themselves until they believe in the capacity of others. There can be no self-confidence where there is no self-analysis, and folk do not search for latent abilities until ambition perceives a chance.

The malcontents who would destroy the world machine are simply bent upon securing equality. They do not think themselves competent to rise, therefore they attempt to tear the proud fabrics above them down to their own level.

Bolshevism and all the rabid creeds disaffecting the earth to-day promise social standardization by the elimination of enterprise and order.

We must offset the spread of these heresies by stimulating the same unhappy multitudes to a higher common social standard, and do it by *awakening* their spirit of enterprise, and by calling history to bear witness how faithfully opportunity has kept covenant with orderly and determined peoples.

We must oppose disorder with knowledge. The final struggle between right and wrong will be brought out in the schoolroom.

Democracy must win lastingness through teachers — must banish ignorance or be destroyed by it.

When educational budgets universally exceed military expenditures, sumptuary masses and classes will alike pass, but mobs and monarchs will continue to burst bounds and violate boundaries until governments put more faith in type founders than gun foundries.

Peace and good will cannot be had by merely making treaties or unmaking tyrants.

Truth never flourishes where illiteracy grows.

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Japanese Impressions

Part I — Discussing Curious Traits of the Pacific Ocean, and Certain Strange and Fascinating Places on its Farther Side

Japan could not look gloomy if it tried. The cherry blossoms and the flower-like women under the huge colored umbrellas seem to keep right on smiling through the rain

A PECULIAR ocean, the Pacific. A large and lonely ocean with few ships and many rutty places that need mending. Ploughing eastward over its restless surface for a week, you come to the place where East meets West with a bump that dislocates the calendar. It is as though a date-pad in your hand were knocked to pieces and the days distributed about the deck. You pick them up and reassemble them, but one is missing. Poor little lost day! It became entangled with the 180th meridian and was dragged overboard never to be seen again.

With us, aboard the admirable *Kashima Maru,* the lost day happened to be Sunday, which caused a schism on the ship. In the smokeroom, where poker was a daily pastime, resignation was expressed, the impression being that with the lost day went the customary Sunday services. But in reaching this conclusion the smokeroom group had failed to reckon with the fact that missionaries were aboard. The missionaries held a hasty conference in the social hall, and ignoring the irreverent pranks of longitude and time, announced a service for the day that followed Saturday. Upon this a counter-conference was held around the poker table, whereat were reached the following conclusions:

That aboard ship the captain's will is, and of a right ought to be, absolute; that the captain had pronounced the day Monday; that in the eyes of this law-abiding though poker-playing group, it therefore *was* Monday; that the proposal to hold church services on Monday constituted an attempt upon the part of certain passengers to set their will above that of the captain; that such action was, in the opinion of the smokeroom group, subversive to the ship's discipline, if indeed it did not constitute actual mutiny on the high seas; that members of this group could not, therefore, be party to the action proposed; that, upon the contrary, they deemed it their clear duty in this crisis to stand back of the captain; and finally, that in pursuance of this duty they should and would remain in the smokeroom throughout the entire day, carrying on their regular Monday game, even though others might see fit to carry on their regular Sunday game elsewhere in the vessel.

Had this been the Atlantic crossing we should by now have landed on the other side; yet here we were, pitching upon a cold gray waste a few miles south of Behring Sea, with Yokohama a full week away.

Yet land — land of a kind — was not so distant as I had imagined. Early one morning in the middle of the voyage, Sugimoto came to my cabin and woke me up to see it. (A splendid fellow, Sugimoto; short and round of body, with flesh solid and resilient as a hard rubber ball, and a circular sweet face that Raphael might have painted for a cherub, had Raphael been Japanese.)

"Good morning, gentleman," said he. "Gentleman look porthole, he see land."

I arose and looked.

A flounce of foam a mile or two away across the water edged the skirt of a dark mountain jutting abruptly from the sea. Through a mist, like a half-raised curtain of gray gauze, I saw a wintry peak from which long tongues of snow trailed downward, marking seams and gorges. It was, in short, just such an island as is discovered in the nick of time by a shipwrecked

by Julian Street

Apart from Fuji's size, the things which make it more beautiful than Vesuvius are the perfection of its contour, the snow upon its cone and the atmospheric quality of Japan

whaler who, famished and freezing in an open boat, has drifted for days through the storm-tossed pages of a sea story. He would land in a sheltered cove and would quickly discover a spring and a cave. He would devise a skilful means of killing seals, would dress himself in their skins, and subsist upon their meat — preceded by the customary clam and fish courses. For three years he would live upon the island, believing himself alone. Then suddenly would come to him the knowledge that life in this place was no longer safe. About the entrance to his cave he would find the tracks of a predatory animal — fresh prints of French heels in the snow!

Austere though the island looked, my heart warmed at the sight of it; for there is no land so miserable that it is not to be preferred above the sea. Moreover I saw in this land a harbinger. The Empire of Japan, I knew, consisted of several large islands — to the chief one of which we were bound — and some four thousand smaller ones stretching out in a vast chain. This island, then, must be the first one of the chain. From now on we would no doubt be passing islands every little while. The remainder of the voyage would be like a trip down the St. Lawrence River.

SOOTHED and encouraged by this pleasant thought, and wishing always to remember this outpost of the Island Empire, I asked its name of Sugimoto.

"That Araska, gentleman," he answered.

"Are you glad to see Japan again, Sugimoto?"

"That Araska," he repeated.

"Yes. A part of Japan, isn't it?"

Sugimoto shook his head.

"No, gentleman. Araska American land."

"That island belongs to the United States?"

"Yes, gentleman. That Araska."

I had never heard of an island of that name. Surely Sugimoto was mistaken in thinking it an American possession.

"Could you show it to me on the map?" I asked.

From my dresser he took a folder of the steamship company and opening to a map of the Pacific, pointed to one of many little dots. "Aleutian Islands", they were marked. They dangled far, far out from the end of that peninsula which resembles a long tongue hanging from the mouth of a dog, the head of which is rudely suggested by the cartographic outlines of our northernmost territory. We had sailed directly away from our native land for a week, only to find ourselves, at the end of that time, still in sight of its outskirts. Like many another of his fellow countrymen, good Sugimoto had difficulties with his *l*'s and *r*'s. He had been trying to inform me that the island — the name of which proved to be Amatisnok — belonged to Alaska.

I began to study the map and look up statistics concerning the Pacific Ocean. It was a great mistake. It is not pleasant to discover that three-quarters of the world is worse than wasted, being entirely given over to salt water. Nor is it pleasant to discover, when far out on the Pacific, that more than a third of the surface of the earth is taken up by this one ocean. Any thought of getting General Goethals to remedy this matter by filling up the Pacific is, moreover, hopeless, for all the land in the world, if spread over the Pacific's surface, would only make an island surrounded by twenty million square miles of sea.

Feeling depressed over these facts I now began to look for points of merit; for we are told to try to find the good in everything, and though I fear I pay but scant attention to this canon when in my normal state ashore, at sea I become another man.

On land I have a childish feeling that the Creator has not time to pay attention to me, having so many other people to look after; but a ship far out at sea is a conspicuous object. I feel that it must catch His eye. I feel Him looking at me. And though I hope He likes me, I see no special reason why He should, I am so full of faults. I am so critical, so prejudiced. Consider, for instance, the way I used to go on about President Wilson and Secretary Daniels and George Creel. I am afraid that was very wrong in me. Instead of studying their failings I should have remedied my own. I should have given more to charity. I should have been more gentle in expressing my opinions. I should have written oftener to my sister, who so enjoys getting letters from me. I should have looked for good in everything.

The babies are carried on the backs of their brothers and sisters

Chubby children with merry eyes and rosy cheeks trailing the man with the monkey

Immediately I begin to run about the ship looking for it. And lo! I find it. The ship is comfortable. It seems to be designed to stay on top of the water. The table is beyond criticism. The passengers are interesting. The very vastness of this ocean tends to make them so. Instead of being all of a pattern, as would be one's fellow passengers on an Atlantic liner, they are a heterogeneous lot, familiar with strange corners of the globe and full of curious tales and bits of information. Instead of talking always of hotels in London, Paris, Venice, Rome and Naples, they speak familiarly of Seoul, Shanghai, Peking, Hongkong, Saigon and Singapore. And amongst them are a few having intimate acquaintance with islands and cities so remote that their names sing in the ears like fantastic songs. Fragrant names. The Celebes and Samarkand!

There was a little Englishman who hunted butterflies for a museum. He told me of great spiders as big as your two hands, that build their webs between the trees in the jungles of Formosa — I think he said Formosa. But whatever the name of the place it was an island, and on it he found natives having tails from two to four inches long — I think he said two to four inches. But whatever the length of the tails he had photographs to prove that the tails existed.

Another man had lived for years in Korea. In the old days before it was taken over by Japan, he said, it was a perfect comic-opera country with the Emperor as chief comedian. He knew and liked the Emperor, and told me funny stories about him. Once when His Majesty's teeth required filling the work had to wait until the American dentist in Seoul could have a set of instruments made of gold, that being the only metal permitted within the sacred confines of the Imperial mouth.

The concession to build an electric street railway in Seoul was given to Americans on the understanding that they should import motormen from the United States and that these should be held in readiness to fly to the Emperor's aid in case of trouble. A private wire connected the Imperial bedchamber with that of the manager of the street car company, so that the latter might be quickly notified if help was needed. For more than a year the wire stood unused, but at last late one night the bell rang. The manager leaped from his bed and rushed to the special telephone. But it was not a revolution. The Emperor had just heard about a certain office building in New York and wished to know if it had, in fact, as many stories as had been reported to him.

In his fear of revolution or invasion the Emperor built a palace adjoining the American legation. And when, as happened now and then, there came a *coup d'état*, threatening his personal safety, he would get a ladder and climb over the wall separating the back yard of the palace from that of the American minister. This occurring frequently, so embarrassed the latter, that in order to put an end to His Majesty's habit of informal calling, he caused the top of the wall to be covered with inhospitable broken glass.

UP to the time of the annexation of Korea by Japan, my informant said, the Koreans were entirely without patriotism, but the Japanese so oppressed them that a strong national feeling was engendered — after it was too late. That the Japanese had been harsh and brutal in Korea, he said, was indisputable, but this was the work of militarists, and was contrary to the will of the people of Japan who, when they learned what had been going on, protested with such violence that newspapers had to be suppressed in Japanese cities, and there was clubbing of rioters in the streets by the police. This caused immediate reform in Korea. The brutal Governor General was recalled and was replaced by Admiral Baron Saito, a humane and enlightened statesman who has earnestly striven to improve conditions, with the result that Koreans are to-day being better educated and better governed than they have been within the memory of man. Also they are prospering. First steps are now being taken toward allowing them to participate in their own government, and if conditions seem to justify the extension of their privileges, it is hoped that they may ultimately have home rule.

From another passenger I got a story about an American who was captured by brigands in China. The victim was a civil engineer, very skilful at laying out railroad lines. The American International Corporation wished to send him to China to plan a railroad, but he demurred because he was in bad health. Finally, on being pressed by the company, he consented to go if his private physician was sent with him. This was agreed to.

In China brigands caught the civil engineer but not the doctor. They kept him for a long time. He was taken from place to place over the roughest country, walking all night, sleeping by day in damp caves, eating coarse and insufficient food. At last he was released. He returned in rugged health. The life of the brigand was just the thing that he had needed.

Somewhere in those seas that lie between the islands of Formosa and Luzon there arises a wide tepid current, known as the Black Current which, flowing northward, tempers the climate of Hondo, the main island of Japan. "To this beneficent stream," remarks the guidebook, "the shores of Nippon owe their luxuriant greenness."

As we crossed the Black Current a certain greenness likewise was revealed upon my countenance. I did not find the stream beneficent at all. It was only about two hundred miles wide, however, and by morning the worst of it was over. I came on deck to find the *Kashima Maru* riding like a placid, bulky water-fowl upon a friendly sunlit sea. And far away on the horizon lay a streak of mist that was Japan.

In an hour or two the mist attained more substance. It was like a colored lantern-slide coming slowly into focus. Some one showed me a white dot upon the shadow of a hill and said it was a lighthouse, and some one else discerned a village in a little smudge of buff where land and water met. Gulls were circling around us — gulls with dark serrated margins to their wings; smaller than those we had seen on Puget Sound. Foreign gulls! Since leaving Victoria we had sighted only one ship, but now an unladen freighter, pointing high and showing a broad strip of red underbody, reeled by like a gay drunkard, and was no sooner gone astern than we picked up on the other bow a wallowing, stubby caravel, with a high tilted poop like that of the *Santa Maria* — a vessel such as I had never dreamed of seeing asail in sober earnest. And she was hardly gone when we overhauled a little fleet of fishing boats having the lovely color of unpainted wood, and the slender graceful lines of viking ships. All of them but one carried a square white sail on either mast, but that one had three masts and three sails, two of which were yellow, while the third was of a tender faded indigo. It promised things, that boat with colored sails!

Distant white cliffs, tall and ghostly like those of Dover, brought memories of another island kingdom, far away through the cheek of the world, whose citizens were at this moment sleeping their midnight sleep — *last night*. Presently the white cliffs vanished, giving place to a wall of hills with conical tops and bright green sides splattered with blue-green patches of pine woods. And when I saw the brushwork on those wrinkled cone-shaped hills, so unlike any other hills that I had seen, I knew that Hokusai and Hiroshige, far from being merely decorative artists, had "painted nature as they saw it."

The villages along the shore could now be seen more plainly — rows of one-story houses taking their color from the yellow wood of which they were constructed, and the yellow thatch of their roofs, both tempered by the elements.

Then, as I was looking at a village on a promontory reaching out to meet us, some one cried out:

"Fuji! Come and look at Fujiyama!" and I ran forward and gazed with straining eyes across the sea and the hilltops to where, shimmering white in the far-off sky, there hung — was it indeed the famous fan-shaped cone, or only a luminous patch of cloud? Or was it anything at all?

"Where's Fuji?"

"Right there. Don't you see?"

"No. Yes, now I think —— "

"It's gone. No! There it is again!"

SO must the chorus ever go. For Fuji, the most beautiful of mountains, is also the most elusive. Later, in Tokyo, when some one called me to come and see it, it disappeared while I was on the way up-stairs.

Splendid as Vesuvius appears when she floats in opalescent mist above the Bay of Naples with her smoke plume lowering above her, she is, by comparison with Fuji, but a tawny little ruffian. For Vesuvius rises four thousand feet while Fuji stands three times as high. And although the top of Pike's Peak is higher than the sacred mountain of Japan by some two thousand feet, the former, starting from a plain one mile above sea-level, has the disadvantage of an immense handicap, whereas the latter starts at "scratch." Thus it comes about that when you look at Pike's Peak from the plains what you actually see is a mountain rising nine thousand feet; whereas when you look at Fuji from the sea the whole of its twelve thousand and more feet is visible.

Aside from Fuji's size, the things which make it more beautiful than Vesuvius are the perfection of its contour, the snow upon its cone, and the atmospheric quality of Japan — that source of so much disappointment to snapshotting travelers who time their pictures as they would at home.

A Japanese friend on the ship told me that though Fuji had been quiescent for considerably longer than a century there was heat enough in some of its steaming fissures to permit eggs to be boiled. Eighteen or twenty thousand persons make the climb each year, he said, and some devout women of seventy years and over struggle slowly up the slope, taking a week or more in the ascent, which is made by able-bodied men in half a day or less. Peasants of the region speak of Fuji not by name but merely as *O Yama*, "the Honorable Mountain", but my Japanese friend added that though the honorific *O*, used so much by his countrymen, was translated literally into English as "honorable", it did not have, in the Japanese ear, any such elaborate and ponderous value, but was spoken automatically and often only for the sake of cadence,

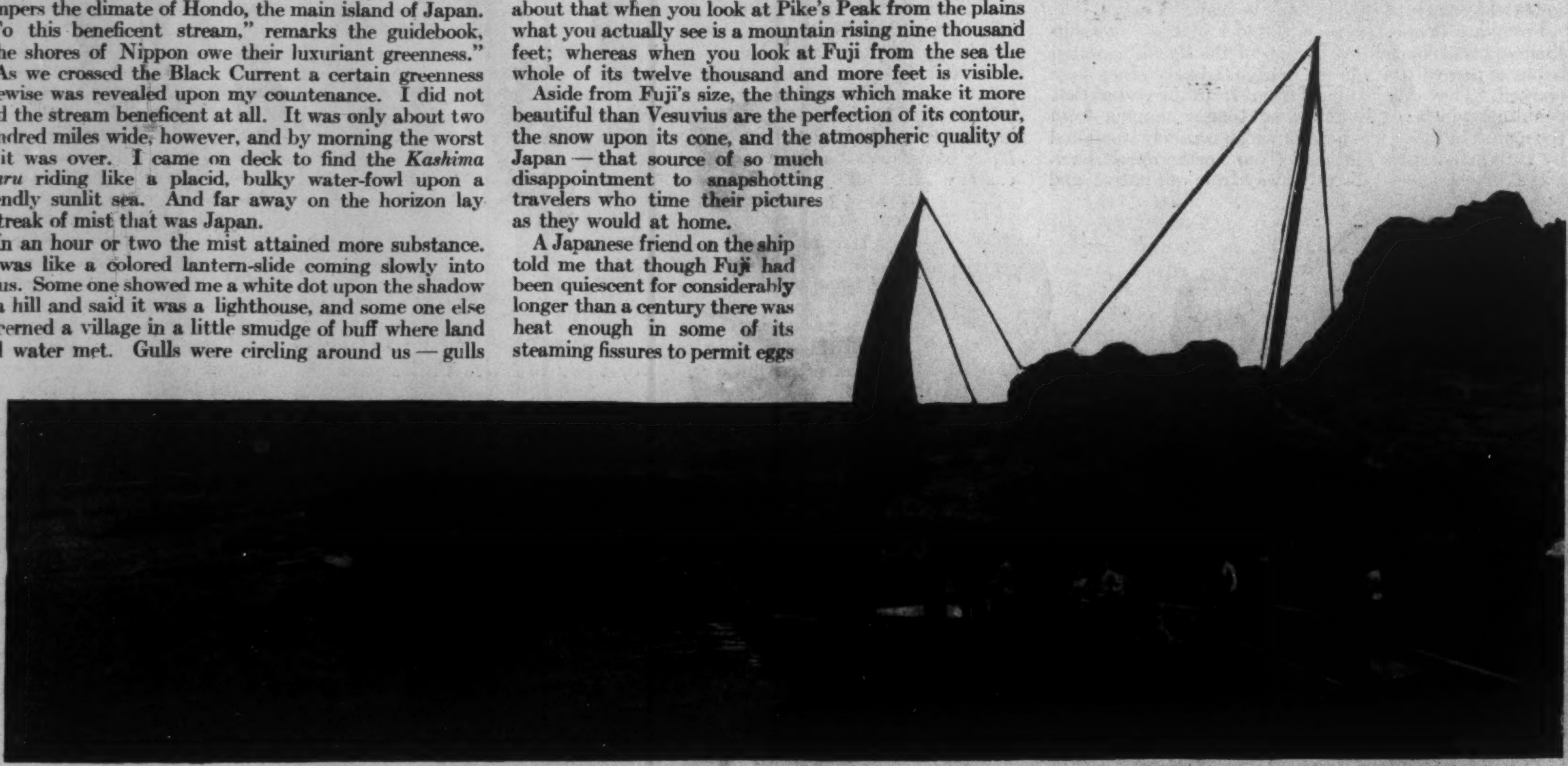
"We say *O* without thinking," he explained, "just as you begin with 'dear sir', in writing to a stranger who is not dear to you at all."

For Fuji, however, I like the full English polysyllabic of respect. It is indeed an "honorable mountain." The great volcanic cone hanging, as it sometimes seems, in thin blue air, has an ethereal look suggesting purity and spirituality, so that it is not difficult for the beholder from another land to sense its quality of sacredness, and to perceive its fitness to be the abiding place of that beautiful goddess whose Japanese name means "Princess-who-makes-the-Blossoms-of-the-Trees-to-Flower."

"There are two kinds of fools," says a Japanese proverb: " — those who have never ascended Fuji, and those who have ascended twice." To this category I would add a third kind of fool, the greatest of them all: the fool who fails to appreciate the spectacle of Fuji. A creature who would be disappointed in Fuji would be disappointed in any spectacle, however grand — be it the Grand Canon, the Grand Canal or the Grand Central Station.

The satisfying thing about Japan is that it always looks exactly like Japan. It could not possibly be any other place. The gulls are Japanese gulls, the hills are Japanese hills, Tokyo Bay is a Japanese Bay, and if the steamers anchored off the port of Yokohama are not all of them Japanese, many of them have, at least, an exotic look, with their preposterously fat red funnels or their slender blue ones. Even the little launches from which the port authorities board you as you lie in the harbor are not quite like the launches seen elsewhere, and though the great stone pier, to which at last you are warped in, might of itself fit the picture of a British seaport, the women and children waiting on the pier, trotting along beside the ship as she moves slowly to her berth, waving and smiling up at friends on deck, are costumed in inevitable suggestion of great brilliant flower-gardens agitated by the wind. Amongst these women and children in their bright draperies, the dingy European dress of the male is almost lost, so that, for all its pantaloons and derby hats, Japan is still Japan.

Through this garden of chattering, laughing, fluttering human flowers we made our way to — score one for New Japan — a limousine, and in this vehicle were whirled off through the crowd: a jumble of blue-clad coolies wearing wide mushroom hats and the insignia of their



The villages along the shore could now be seen more clearly — rows of one-story thatched·

employers stamped upon their backs, of jinrikis, and touring cars, and motor-trucks, and skirted schoolboys riding bicycles, and curious little drays with tiny wheels, drawn by shaggy little horses which are always led, and which, when left to stand, have their front legs roped. Over a bridge we went, above the peaked rice-straw awnings of countless wooden cargo boats; then up a narrow road, surfaced with brown sand, between rows of delightful little wooden houses, terraced one above the other, with fences of board or bamboo only partly concealing their tiny gardens, and sliding front-doors of paper and wood-lattice, some of which, pushed back, revealed straw-matted floors within, with perhaps more flower-like women and children looking out at us—the women and the larger children having babies tied to their backs. By some of the doors stood pots containing dwarf trees or flowering shrubs; by others were hung light wooden birdcages from which a snatch of song would come; and in front of every door was a low flat stone on which stood rows of little wooden clogs. Dogs of breeds unknown to me sat placidly before their masters' doors — buff dogs to match the houses, black and white dogs, none of them very large, all of them plump and benignant in expression. Not one of them left its place to run and bark at our car. They were the politest dogs I have ever seen. They simply sat upon their haunches, smiling. And the women smiled, and the children smiled, and the cherry blossoms smiled from branches overhead, and the sun smiled through them, casting over the brown roadway and brown houses and brown people a lovely splattering of light and shadow.

AND what with all these things, and a glimpse of a *torii* and a shrine, and the musical sound of scraping wooden clogs upon the pavement and the faint pervasive fragrance, suggesting blended odors of new pine wood, incense and spice — which is to me the smell of Japan; though hostile critics will be quick to remind me of the odor of paddy fields — what with all these sights and sounds and smells, so alluring and antipodal, I began to think we must be motoring through a celestial suburb, toward the gates of Paradise itself.

But instead of climbing onward up the hill to heaven we swung off through a garden blooming with azaleas white, purple, pink, and salmon-color, and drew up at a pleasant clubhouse. There we had luncheon; and it is worth remarking that, though prepared by Japanese, both the menu and the cooking were in faultless French. The Japanese gentlemen at this club were financiers, officials and prominent business men of Yokohama. One or two of them wore the graceful and dignified *hakama* and *haori* — the silk skirt and coat of formal native dress — but by far the larger number were habited in European style: some of the younger men in cutaways, but the majority in frock-coats, garments still widely favored in Japan, as are also congress gaiter shoes — a most useful style of footwear in a land where shoes are shed on entering a house.

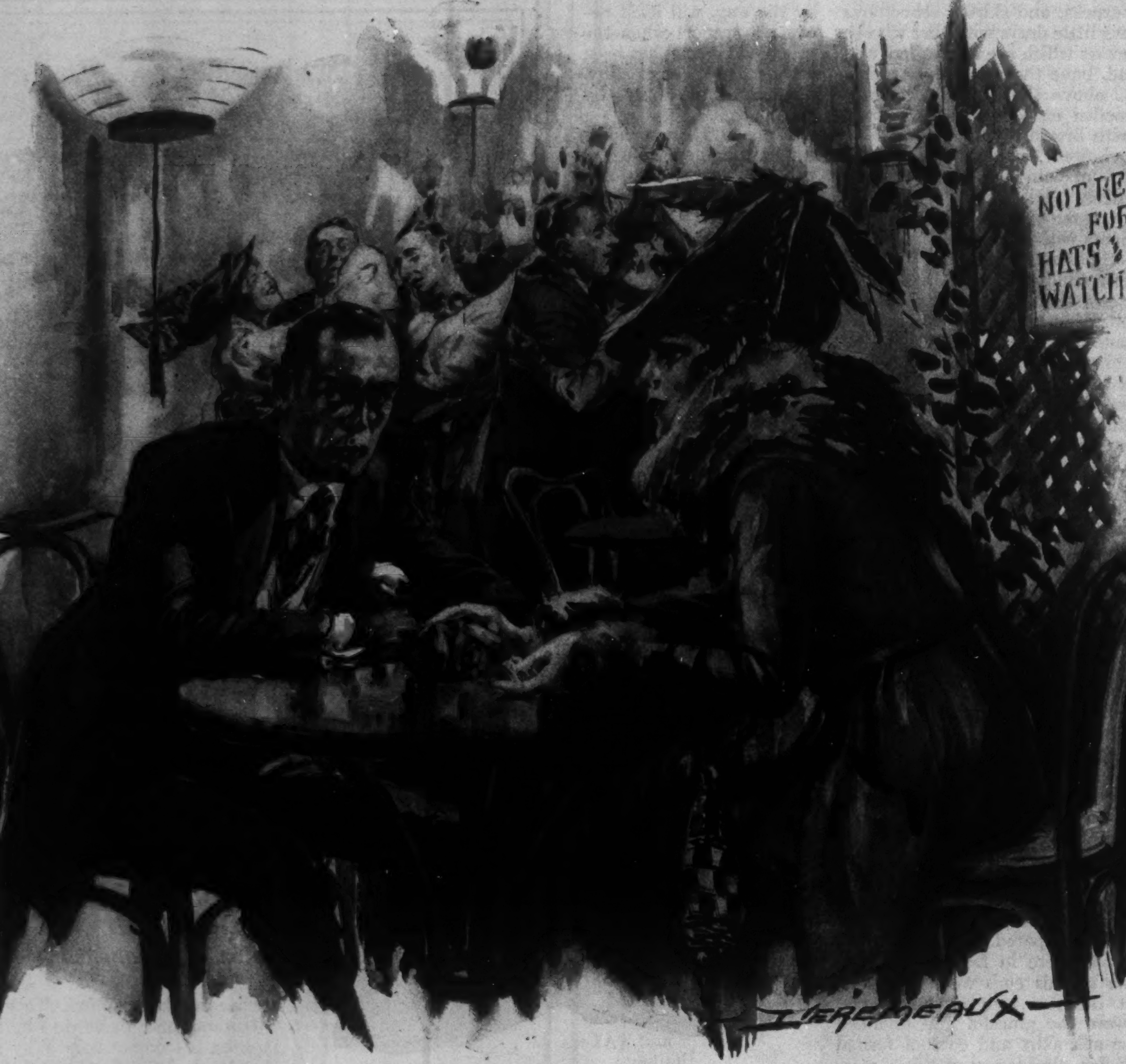
Luncheon over we drove to the station of the electric railroad that parallels the steam railroad from the seaport to the capital — which, by the way, will itself become a seaport when the proposed channel has been dredged up Tokyo Bay, now navigable only by small boats.

From the car window we continue our observations as we rush along. The gage of the steam railway, we perceive, is narrower than that of railways in America and Europe; the locomotives resemble European locomotives and the cars are small and light by comparison with ours. The engine whistles are shrill, and instead of two men, three are carried in each cab. This, we shall presently discover, is characteristic of Japan. It takes more people there to do a given piece of work. It is surprising to discover that, when we have heard so much of Japanese efficiency. But Japan's reputation for efficiency is after all based largely on her military exploits. Perhaps her army is efficient. Perhaps her navy is. Certainly the discipline and service on the *Kashima Maru* would bear comparison with those on a first-rate English ship. Yet why three men on a locomotive? Why several conductors on a streetcar? Why three servants in an ordinary middle-class home which in America or Europe would be run by one or two? Why fifteen servants in a house which we would run with six or eight? Why so many motor cars with an assistant sitting on the seat beside the chauffeur? Why so few motors? Why men and women drawing heavy carts that might so much better be drawn by horses or propelled by

[*Continued on page 66*]

There is something about those dainty little thatched-roof houses with their tiny gardens which appeals curiously to one's imagination and sentiment

roof houses taking their color from the yellow wood of which they were constructed



She put out her hand impulsively and rested it on his. "Won't you see that I mean it, honey? That I want you back?"

Framed *for* Broadway

Love, Smiles and Heart Throbs in this Unusual Story

by Walter Jones

Illustrations by Irma Dérèmeaux

"DID you get the booking, Eddie?"

Effie Eaton looked up questioningly from the bead bag she was fringing to the debonair Thespian who entered the footworn portals of Room 611. Her words were carefully casual, but the glance was full of import.

"Booking!" scoffed Eddie La Rock, with affected nonchalance. "Booking?—I got the air." And throwing his carefully-creased Dunlap on the bed, he lit a cigarette and dropped down on a trunk-lid.

"You don't mean," demanded Effie, "Santmann couldn't get us a route—not any of the Eastern time at all?"

"Not any a-tall!" informed Eddie bitterly. "He said the bookers thought we wasn't ready for the big leagues yet."

"Why, Eddie La Rock, we've spent six years *gettin'* ready for 'em!" Effie put down her bead bag and stared dismally at a faded artotype of Lillian Russell on the Hotel Marquess's dingy fresco. She dabbled her nose with her handkerchief, but she didn't weep; she had learned lachrymal economy. Tears ruined your make-up and when you did four shows a day you had your make-up on most of the time. "What did they say was the matter with the act?"

"What could they say!"—Eddie blew a disdainful smoke-ring. "Recognized artists like us that have got special material and could go in a production! Inside stuff, like we're always up against. I bet them bookers never went out to One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street Friday night. I bet they sent their office boys. We might be playin' Western stands six years, but still I'll tell the world we're over the heads o' these smart simps around New York. I'll tell the world——"

"But what was wrong with our frame-up, honey?" persisted Effie, when her lord and master had blown off several burbles of bombastic steam.

"The old stall!"—he threw away his cigarette and began pacing the floor indignantly. "Mixed teams got to have more novelty nowadays; the chatter was mostly released; and I ought to leave off my song numbers and stick to hoofin'. I told him it's a lie, we coughed up a hundred little iron men for the cross-fire and we been goin' great all over our Western route, six to eight recalls every theatre we played. 'Well, you better go on back there then,' he says, 'because I can't do anything for you around here now the way things are breakin'.'"

"Did he mention—anything about me?" asked Effie timidly.

Eddie coughed and swallowed. Then he came over and put his hand on his partner's shoulder. "I hate to tell you, girlie, because myself I think you been doin' right well in the act, like I've trained you. But your vamp bit—he said it's all wrong." He paused judiciously. "And I've been wonderin' if mebbe he ain't right, and you better just feed the talk, and dress the act, and come in on them few steps for the finish."

"Why, Eddie,"—Effie bit her lip—"it always gets me a hand, and you said yourself——"

"I know, but vamps are terrible out of date, honey. Even Theda Bara ain't doin' 'em any more. You could take it out and get you a new flash dress——"

"What's the use o' me wearin' clothes if I don't do anything in 'em! I s'pose this means we got to sign for them death trails again."

"We ain't drove to it yet, dear. We might stick around awhile and try a new agent. Something's liable to turn up."

"No, Ed,"—Effie realized her bonnie boy had already lingered too long on the Rialto—"we may as well take our medicine. You close for the route and we'll grab off a couple o' weeks this side o' Chicago to break the jump." She resumed her sewing resignedly. "We've got to try again, that's all. Some day mebbe we'll be framed for Broadway. Where've you been? I thought we were goin' out to dinner at that little French café."

"So we was, wasn't we?" He sidled over to the dresser. "I been lookin' forward to it all day, honey, but I couldn't get back to the hotel in time. After Santmann handed me the grand throwdown, it just seemed like I had to do something to cheer me up, so I went out to the Polo grounds, and it was a rotten game, and I was rushin' home to get you, when who do you think I run into? Harry Winggold, that was on them Interstate bills with us, and he had a gang with him, and says come on over to his old lady's for supper; and, seein' it was a free-feed, why, I — but all the time I was thinkin' about you, how disappointed you'd be, and — to-morrow, honey, we'll go sure."

Effie smiled rather bitterly. In Eddie La Rock's young life to-morrow never came. "It don't make any difference. I been all afternoon turnin' the cuffs on your silk shirts. What do you say we drop over to the Palace and catch the intermission?"

"Why, girlie, I — I can't very well, to-night." He was quietly slipping into a nobbily pointed collar and fresh tie. "I promised some o' the boys I'd step around to the Club and talk over them new equity contracts — for their own protection a person ought to be up on 'em, don't you think? You could run over to the Palace alone, or to-morrow —— "

"To-morrow," put in Effie cannily, "I'm goin' shoppin' for that new dress to wear in the act; so you better leave me — fifty or sixty bucks."

"Huh?" Eddie did a swift pivot from the mirror and caught up his hat. "Say, Ef, who do you think I am — Rockefeller? You've been doin' nothing but select wardrobe ever since we're in New York! And you've already got three stage dresses that are good as new."

"Why, Eddie La Rock, you know they've been to the cleaner's till they're all gray and limper'n a rag! You just said I ought to buy me a new gown."

"I meant" — Eddie eased toward the door — "make over that green one with the panniers."

"That old thing? Why, the silk's cut through!"

"Well, if you got to have something, go round to Madame Dora's and get it charged."

"I guess not. Enough o' *your* bills are followin' us over the country. I'll just find me an evening gown at one o' the second-hand shops and fix it over myself. And please, Eddie, it'll take forty, anyway."

"Darn it, honey, I hate to be stiff with you, but you're always stickin' me for coin — I got them English brogues to buy and I ain't very flush." He took out an anemic roll and peeled off a greenback. "Here's ten for a starter. Like I told you, I put in a complaint about that manager that canceled us in Erie; they're goin' to make him settle, and if his check comes through to-morrow ——"

Eddie pecked a connubial kiss and did a vanishing act, while his better half tucked the tenner in her First National with what grace she could. Her sense of humor still worked and if she hadn't been heartsore, she would have laughed at the gag about the fly manager: his check had been on the road so long it was a disgrace to the post-office department.

She was scarcely disappointed about the dress. It was the best fiction she could think of to salvage collateral. She knew Eddie wouldn't be any wiser about equity contracts when he returned than when he departed. He was sitting in a friendly game, from which, in the wee sma' hours, he would gumshoe in with a flat purse and an alibi. The French café would go glimmering and the rest of the week they would eat off the tenner in the Automat.

When, as a disillusioned bride, Effie had first found herself the victim of her husband's ingenuous evasions, she had fondly hoped to cure him of his selfishness, and extravagance, and philandering. But, an established single on the three-a-day, he had rescued her from a small-time tabloid, and, neither personally nor professionally, had he ever permitted her to forget her disadvantage. Six years of matrimony had taught her that if she wanted to live with Eddie La Rock, she would have to take him on his own terms. And so many other ladies wanted him, she was lucky to have him on any terms.

At thirty he was an irresponsible juvenile with a curly yellow mane, a face unlined, a gift of gab, and a way with women that would charm the bees off a honeysuckle. For the rare moments in which he was still her lover, Effie adored him. For the rest of the time, she mended his socks, and laundered his silk shirts, and made as cheery a job as she could of condoning him. She was used to poker losses, and broken engagements, and being reduced to "dressing the act": these were nothing. But their new disappointment in not landing the Big Time: that was everything.

THRICE they had advanced upon New York and thrice been turned back to the sticks. And Effie knew that, as far as she was concerned, this time was the last. Older than her husband and a mere filler in a two-act, she could no longer hope to contend with the flappers who were always knocking at vaudeville's doors. They had youth, and beauty, and class: assets the small time took out of you. If Eddie essayed Manhattan again, it would be with another partner. And once the team split ——

But this wasn't the only angle that hurt. She was ambitious for him, and, in a small way, for herself. She could never quite understand why they didn't get by. This trip they had been so positive they had even worked out the advertisement they were to insert in the trade papers.. Tucked tauntingly in the dresser mirror, it stood forth now and mocked her:

EDDIE — LA ROCK AND EATON — EFFIE
ENTERTAINERS DE LUXE
GREETINGS TO OUR FRIENDS AND THANKS
TO
ARTIE SANTMANN
THIS WEEK NEXT WEEK
ALHAMBRA RIVERSIDE
KEITH EASTERN TIME TO FOLLOW

"And Eddie said probably the last minute we'd be penciled in the Palace!"

She looked disgustedly at the carefully devised insert, then tore it into a hundred pieces and got out again the well-thumbed copy of "Variety" with the report of their uptown tryout.

"LA ROCK and EATON" — the reviewer had written ——

"SONGS and TALK.

"14 Minutes in One.

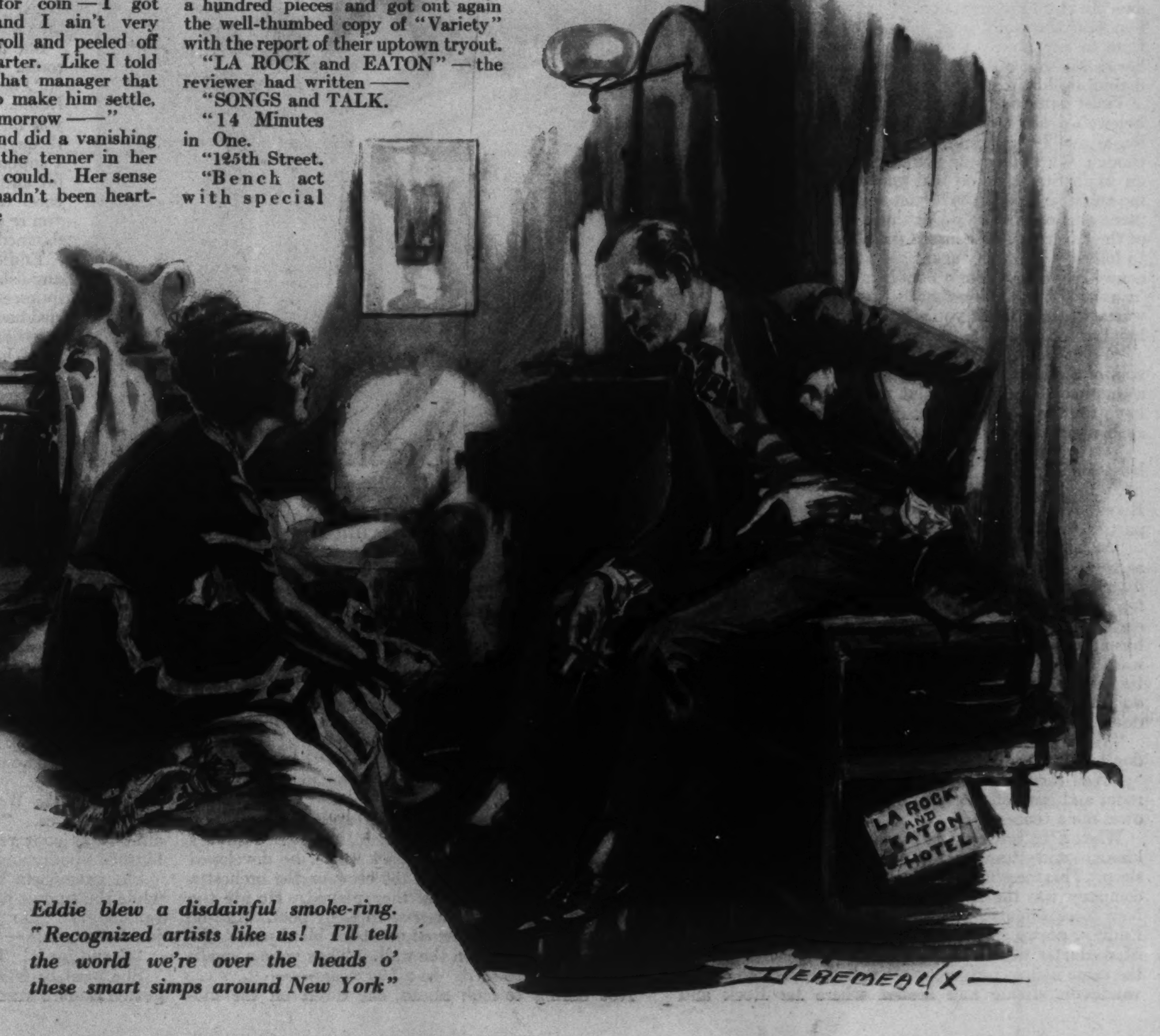
"125th Street.

"Bench act with special drop representing a Hicksville post-office. This team is evidently from the West and with their present layout they'll have to go back there. Turn opens with man loafing in front of the post-office. He is the postmaster's son. Girl enters to mail a letter. She is soubrette with show troupe playing the Town Hall. Comedy business (alleged), after which they go into a flirtation. He asks her, 'You're not little Jennie Dewdrop?' 'Why, yes, you're not Sammy Small?' After which, even in Harlem, they know the answer. He sings a couple of published comics and pulls some flip gags. Is rather long on looks and evidently thinks he's a wise cracker. Friday night he had another think coming. When he gets down to stepping it's a different story, but too late then to save the act. His partner, while not handsome, is a neat dresser and feeds the patter competently. She did a village vamp bit that got over. If the turn was re-framed to play up her possibilities for impersonation and feature his dancing, — but it won't be. Those turns never are. In the pop houses, they'll deliver."

Laying aside all rancor, Effie re-read the review. Hitherto she had contemptuously discounted it: Eddie was so sanguine and Santmann had assured them their contract was only a question of salary. Now she saw it was really constructive criticism. Showed them how to re-frame the act and get over. Her vamp bit *was* good — this wasn't the first time she had suspected Eddie of petty jealousy — and she could put in a couple of the impersonations she had been perfecting. And Eddie must get down to brass tacks and give them a little of the real essence, like he used to when they originally went out as a team. Lately cigarettes were getting to his wind and he was too lazy to dance. It would take nerve and rehearsals; but they could still do it and have New York eating out of their hands.

The longer she thought of the idea the more confident she became, until, in a burst of enthusiasm, she got up and tried Eddie Foy before her mirror, and practised her Grace La Rue glide, and decided she'd go again to study Nance O'Neil in "The Passion Flower."

When Eddie came in at three A. M., she put it up to him excitedly. But the moment was inopportune. Red-


LA ROCK AND EATON HOTEL
DEREMEAUX

Eddie blew a disdainful smoke-ring. "Recognized artists like us! I'll tell the world we're over the heads o' these smart simps around New York" eyed and wrathy, he had reversed a winning streak and sacrificed his case-note to a bum hunch.

"What's eatin' you, Ef?" he demanded. "Go on to bed and forget it. I'm off that dancing stuff for life. *My* brains is in my *head*, and some day I'm goin' to prove it to them big bookin' stiffs. And where do you get the idea you can do imitations? You only been gettin' away with the vamp bit 'cause it's sure fire and everybody's doin' it. That 'variety' guy's kiddin' you and you don't know it."

"Then you ain't willing to try rearrangin' our routine?" she persisted.

"Naw. What're you fixin' to do, make a dumb act out o' me?" And he buttoned his silk pajamas peevishly and dived into bed. "And another thing," — raising up impressively on his elbow — "any further arrangements you got for hoggin' the act, you better get rid of 'em before we start West — see!"

For the first time in many moons sobs shook Effie's throat and tears dampened her pillow. Eddie tossed uneasily on the edge of the tempest and finally gathered her forgivingly to his arms. "O' course I didn't mean nothing, little girl, only it's darned hard on a guy, workin' up a clever turn like I have and gettin' it throwed down; and then 'stead o' sympathizin' with him, his wife starts rubbin' it in."

The next morning he elected to consider himself an abused boy and hurried off to interview "a new author" who might "write them a line of talk." Effie collected all financial resources and went on a shopping tour. She even looked longingly at the gold reserve in her grouch-bag. Silk stockings she'd have to have and some bands of fur for an evening wrap. She lunched on a bowl of soup at Childs' and put in a nerve-racking afternoon making every dollar do the work of two. At five o'clock she was hurrying along Broadway, when she glimpsed her husband coming out of a picture show. Pushing forward to join him, she discovered he was not alone.

It was an awkward moment and Eddie rushed to the rescue of the cool glance she gave his elegant companion. "Why, hullo, honey, if this ain't luck! You're just in time to say howdy to Vi'let. I run into her comin' out of her agent's and we been makin' it old-time home week."

Violet smiled sweetly and extended a bejewelled hand. "Hullo, dearie. Seems like an awf'lly long time since I've seen you, though Eddie tells me you been campin' on Main Street. Too bad you didn't let me know, so I could have you down to my place on Long Island. Opening next week at the Riverside. O' course I got the Palace to follow — made my agent get me all the consekkitive New York bookings there is, 'cause I think a person hates to travel in warm weather, don't you? Santmann still handlin' your act?"

"Yeh," interposed Eddie, "but we're makin' a change. He didn't get us within a couple o' hundred o' what we ought to have for the Eastern time, so we're considerin' offers for a production."

"Well, I hope you make it," said Violet graciously. "So long, I got to be vampin'. If you're in town, be sure and catch me at the Riverside. I got a entirely new turn, with a dancing partner, and a jazz band that's a riot."

"Vi'let Harter's sure some flash!" admired Eddie, as the lady's opulent summer furs disappeared in the dinner-hour throng. "I bet them foxes nicked her for a few. It's a wonder you wouldn't keep up your street clothes better, Ef. How often have I told you in this business appearances is everything! Odd coincidence, wasn't it, me runnin' into her? We was talkin' over old times on the punkin' circuits. I'll say there's a dame's done a lot for herself! I'll say — What's the matter, don't you believe it happened like I said?"

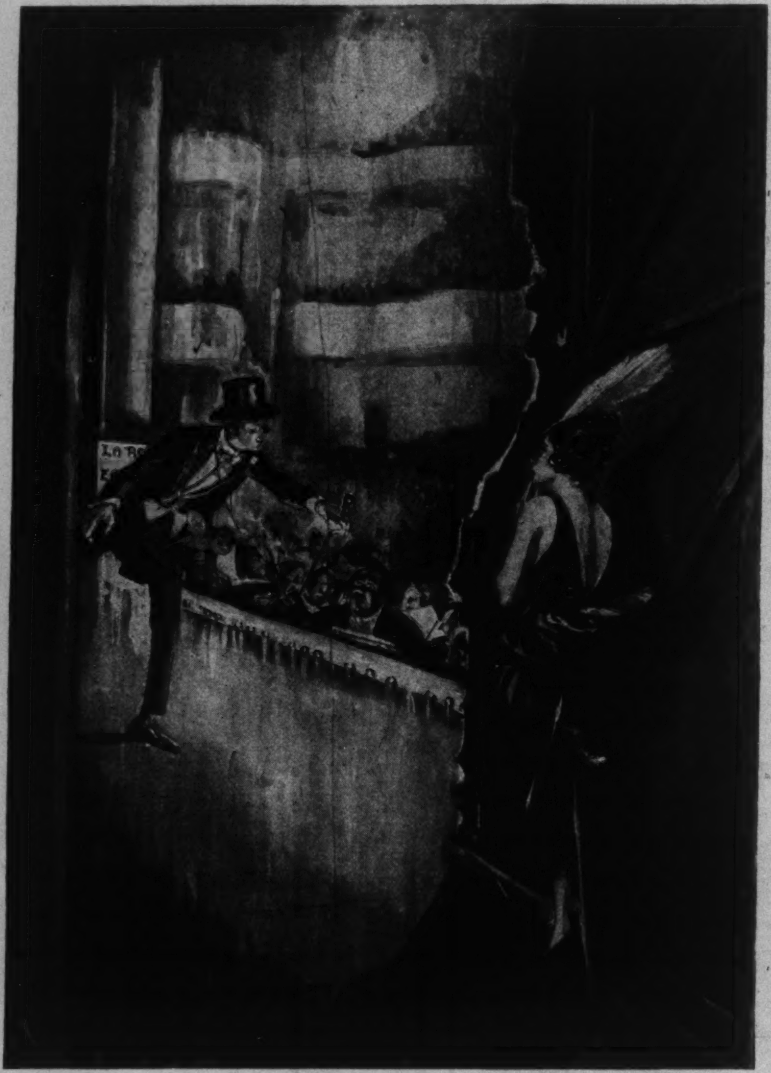
"Why, yes, I guess so. I'm just tired, Eddie. I don't want to talk."

"Well then," he caught her up, "you go on to the room and grab off a nap and I'll trek after a guy that owes me a tenner."

When Effie reached the Marquess, she slipped into a kimono and threw herself on the bed, but not to sleep. This meeting with Violet Harter in her husband's company was the last straw of disillusionment in her New York sojourn. Violet was an old acquaintance of Eddie's, gossip said an old flame. In the days when Miss Harter was a small-time single they had played the same houses. Since then she had crossed the great vaudeville divide and landed where La Rock and Eaton aspired to land. How was a mystery. Talent her friends said; her enemies called it brass.

To associates in the profession Eddie was forever boasting about their friendship and he was always holding her up to his wife as a model of success. And to-day she had certainly looked the part. Effie couldn't help contrasting her Fifth Avenue hat, and white fox furs, and fingers ablaze with "ice", with her own severely tailored turban, and serviceable serge, and lonely diamond supported by flawed emeralds. Violet had been a-glitter with Broadway shine. No wonder Eddie wanted to be seen with her. Their meeting might have been casual, but the odds were against it. She began to suspect his glib excuses of the past few days, his frequent excursions to the Polo grounds.

By nature Effie was not jealous. And while Eddie had always been susceptible, he had never been untrue. There was no harm now in his talking over old times with an old friend. Yet somehow she felt vaguely frightened, as if, through no fault of her own, she was losing ground with her husband and with life in general. Realizing this was a state of mind she must not indulge, she bathed away her fears with a hot towel and decided La Rock and Eaton must get out of New York as speedily as possible.



He had the goods and he sold them as he had never sold them before

A week later they took up the three-a-day — sometimes four-a-day — grind where they had left off in the spring. It was doubly hard now, because they had been so certain it wouldn't be necessary. Effie's vamp bit was replaced by some "fly gags" that a modest author had assured her partner would "knock 'em out of their seats", and for matinées she made over the pannier dress.

The weather took a hot turn and transportation facilities were uncertain, which increased Eddie's irritability. Never beloved back stage, he developed a fondness for run-ins with the crew or the orchestra leader in most every stand they played. He ate too much and confined his exercise to Kelly pool. And he was acquiring a phenomenal scent for blind pigs. She saw the handwriting on the wall. They were a small-time act going to seed. In a few years ——

Not daring to look ahead, she dwelt on the moments when she was still compensatingly happy: rare occasions when they had a quiet game of high-low-Jack in their room, or she pillowed his head in her lap and read to him the lurid society fiction he loved, or they put on their glad rags and invaded a *dansant*. She took a wifely pride in keeping up his wardrobe and was pleased with the attention he attracted in restaurants and public places.

But these interludes were infrequent and there was nothing in her stage work to stimulate her. She simply dressed the act and fed the chatter. Wondering sometimes if the vamp bit had been so impossible, she made up her mind to stand him in a corner and make him listen to her other impersonations. Of course he wouldn't let her use them; but ——

The experiment was never tried. Eddie caught cold in a Turkish bath, whither he had repaired to sweat off surplus poundage. It was a throaty, persistent cold that followed him through a split week. Saturday the manager permitted him to cut one of his songs. Booked into an Oklahoma oil metropolis, they played their first show with difficulty. Afterward, at the boarding-house, Eddie was stricken with dizziness and nausea.

He insisted he'd be able to go on; but the doctor she called pronounced it influenza and ordered him to bed. It was within an hour of the time for them to appear when she got word to the house manager. He threw up his hands in despair. "What am I going to do? My show's all shot to pieces. You're the second team on the sick list with this darned flu and my dumb act's working without their property trunks. There ain't a emergency turn within fifty miles o' here. Couldn't you go on and do a single?"

Effie's heart went into her boots. She knew only the simpler dance steps and they had but one song double in their routine. And Eddie had kidded her out of her confidence in the vamp bit. She was about to refuse, when she thought of the impending doctor's bill and the hole the manager was in.

"Aw, come on, Miss Eaton," he urged. "Just plug a couple o' song numbers and fake a little stepping."

She assented and hurried back to their room.

"First show I ever missed!" writhed Eddie. "It's a awful tough spot to put you in, little girl; but if you can just ease through, I'll be workin' again to-morrow. I suppose you got to give 'em the vamp bit and that Mary song we used for a encore. Wise the leader to cover you up if you're slippin' and don't try none o' them damned jay impersonations!"

Eddie was sweating with professional anguish. She soothed him into grudging quiescence, rummaged her trunk, and hurried back to the theatre. She was switched to go on second and the manager encouraged her from the first entrance. "Hop into it, Miss Eaton, and hand it to 'em between the eyes."

She went out for the Mary song — and felt lost on the stage without the bench and their special drop. And she missed the support of Eddie's flip smile and easy confidence. The orchestra played her introduction three times before she could begin. All through the verses she felt her throat tightening; but she stuck it out, and, after the second chorus, fled in a panic to the wings.

"You're doin' great!" cheered the boss, patting her shoulder. "Now go on back and open up your boller, 'cause they're all your friends out there."

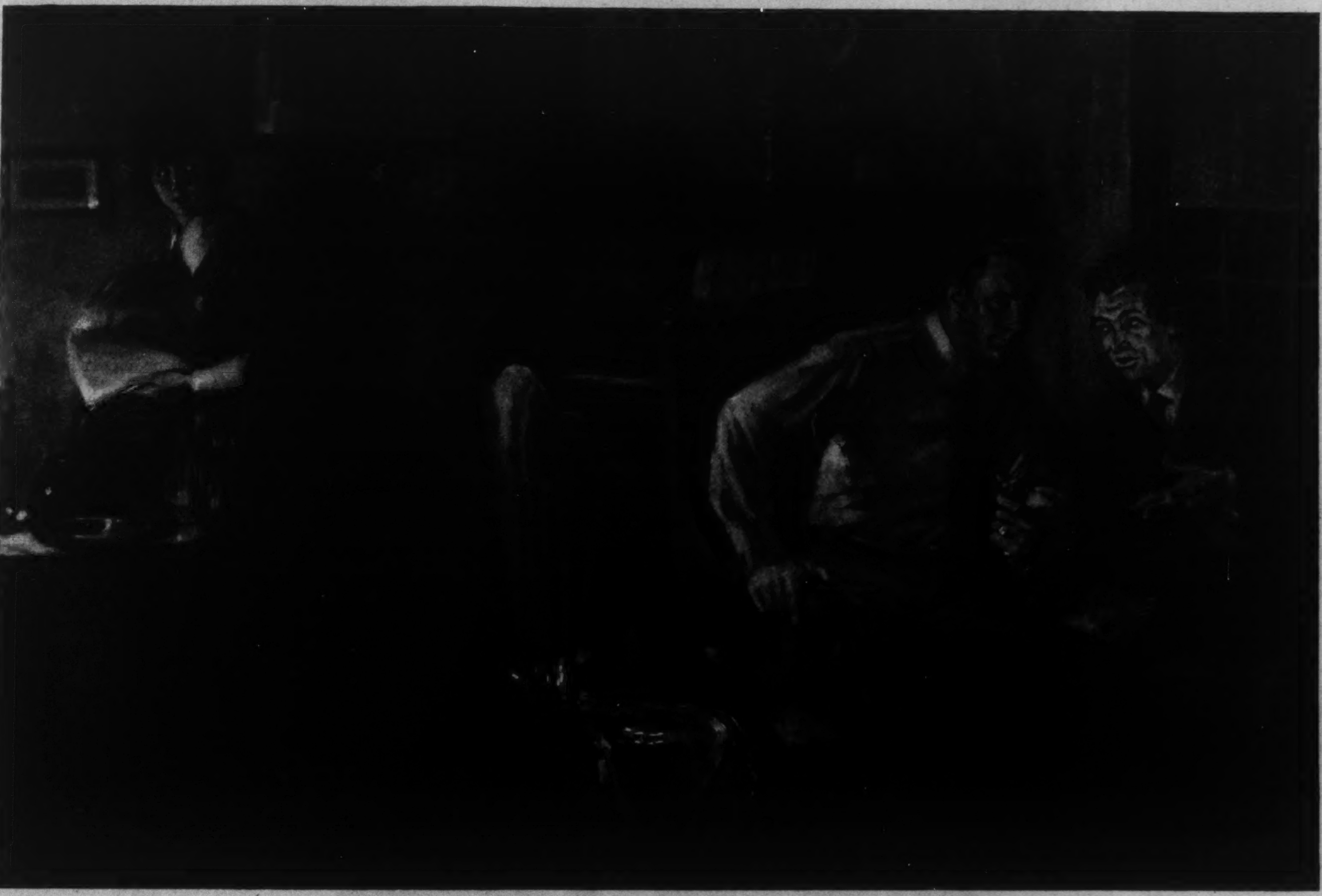
His kindly touch heartened her and lessened her fears of an utter flop. And she was on familiar ground now. The vamp bit came back like an old friend that begged for greeting. She'd find out, once for all, whether Eddie was right. There was instant silence when she began, and laughter here and there that told she was holding them, and when she snapped out of character and bowed off, the house echoed with applause.

"Some Teda Wara!" — the manager stared at her with wide eyes. "Where do you get that stuff? Why ain't it in your regular act? Got any more?" She blushed vividly and nodded. "Well, go on, spill it."

She gave them Eddie Foy for an encore, and then, while the tumult raged, looked up at her mentor questioningly. "Do you think they'd stand for — that joss-house scene — from 'The Man Who Came Back'?"

"Stand for it! They'd eat it alive!"

She went back excited but unafraid. She had forgotten Eddie's warning, and the [*Continued on page 64*]



Bertha couldn't hear all they said, but she was hypnotized by what she did hear, and by the facile emphasis of the Jew's hands. And when she noted his virile intensity, her curiosity went far ahead of her imagination

His Dear Cassandra

How an Attractive Woman Manages a Stubborn Male

by Holworthy Hall

Illustrations by Marshall Frantz

WHEN Picard, at twenty-four, deserted the insurance business to go on the stage, his friends in the home office gave him a testimonial dinner at a dollar-and-a-half a plate, and to conclude the dinner, they naturally required Picard to make a speech. Picard stood up, flexed his jaw, and said exactly what was on his mind.

"Fellows," he said, "I may never be the greatest actor in the world, and I don't expect to be; but I do expect to make a reputation for myself, and I do expect to get a little power, sooner or later, because I'll *work.* And the first time I'm back on Broadway, I'll have a dinner in memory of this one — and in memory of what the encouragement of you fellows has meant to me." Then he gave them "The Heathen Chinee" to laugh at, and Whittier's "Marguerite" to cry at, and Hamlet's soliloquy to wonder about; and after he had finished, there was nothing more for his friends to do except to leave a little something for the waiters, and escort Picard over to the Grand Central Terminal. There, in the train-shed, all but one of them prophesied to Picard that he would quickly repeat, on the legitimate stage, his immense success in amateur dramatics.

The toastmaster of the evening had been a man named Benham, a reader of serious books and a shepherd of all his companions; and Benham and Picard were known to be inseparable. At the last minute, when they were shaking hands, Benham suddenly lost color.

"Stuart," he said awkwardly, "we've been pretty good pals; I can't let you go without telling you one thing. I haven't talked about it before, because I knew it wouldn't be any use. You're so stubborn. You've had this offer, and now you can't see anything else. You can't see that you're throwing away a big business career — an absolutely sure thing, too, because all of us realize that you're the ablest one of the crowd — for this — this gamble."

Picard's grip tightened, but his jaw was prominent. "You really didn't need to mention it," he said, constrained. "I've known all along, You just don't believe the Lord ever intended me to be an actor."

Benham wet his lips, and nodded. His anxiety always to be honest, even if his honesty happened to hurt somebody, had made him hurt Picard at a time when honesty wasn't in the least demanded. "You see, you're never open to conviction, Stuart."

"Not by argument — no, I'm not."

His friend Benham kicked at a concrete pillar. "I can't help feeling the way I do about your acting; but maybe I'm only selfish. I hate to think what the office is going to be like when you're gone. And I'm afraid of the gamble. I'm afraid it'll spoil you, and sour you. And I swear I hope I'm wrong about the whole thing. But I know perfectly well you don't want to be an actor always — you just want distinction, and power, and money. And you could get them easier, and quicker, and surer, if you stayed right here with the rest of us."

"No, I couldn't. Nobody could. Fifteen years from now you'll be one of the people who'll look at me, and wonder why nothing interesting ever happened to *you.* You're right in one respect, though — I want distinction, and power, and money; but I want to get 'em in an interesting way. Something to do with drama. I'm sorry you think I won't."

Benham lifted his head, and met Picard's eyes. "Well — if you *should* ever want to come back to us again, there'll always be a place for you as long as I'm there. Maybe you'll never want to come. Maybe your stubbornness is just what'll make your fortune, somehow or other. And if this is what you really want, why, then, no matter what my private opinion is, I'll give up anything I've got in the whole world to help you succeed."

"I know you would," said Picard, deeply stirred. "And you're the only man in the world I'll ever take anything from, if I change my mind."

Then his other friends pounced down upon him, and put him aboard the Mohawk Valley special; and in the morning he reported to the manager of a second-rate stock company, and went to work.

When he left New York, he had regarded his company with tolerant contempt; he knew that it was a cheap company, but it had offered to give him an impetus on the long road to glory, and he reminded himself that because a man determines to go to Paris, he needn't be ashamed of the necessity of passing through Dover. Within twenty-four hours, however, he had sloughed off the last of his illusions, and perceived that even in Dover — to continue the metaphor — he appeared like a clumsy rustic. He had never conceived himself as a genius, but he had relied upon his energetic ambition and his common sense, and it bruised his self-respect to be considered a blockhead. Some men might have resented the epithet by a display of fists: Picard resented it by devoting eighteen hours a day toward making it inapplicable.

It was only a few months ago that he had starred as "Crichton" in the greatest of all the Comedy Club productions; and now he was estimated too wooden to be allowed to walk on as the messenger in "Mrs. Temple's Telegram." He shuddered to realize that while he had been a petted amateur, and the recipient of praise which hardly stopped short of comparison with Gillette and Drew, he had been ignorant of the simplest fundamentals of the profession. He was successively chagrined, dazed, humble and despondent; indeed, except for that paramount stubbornness of his, he would certainly have deserted the stage at the end of the first week, and gone limping back to the insurance business. As it was, he wrote Benham that it took more intelligence to be a bad actor than it did to be a good insurance solicitor; and Benham knew that it was futile to argue with him.

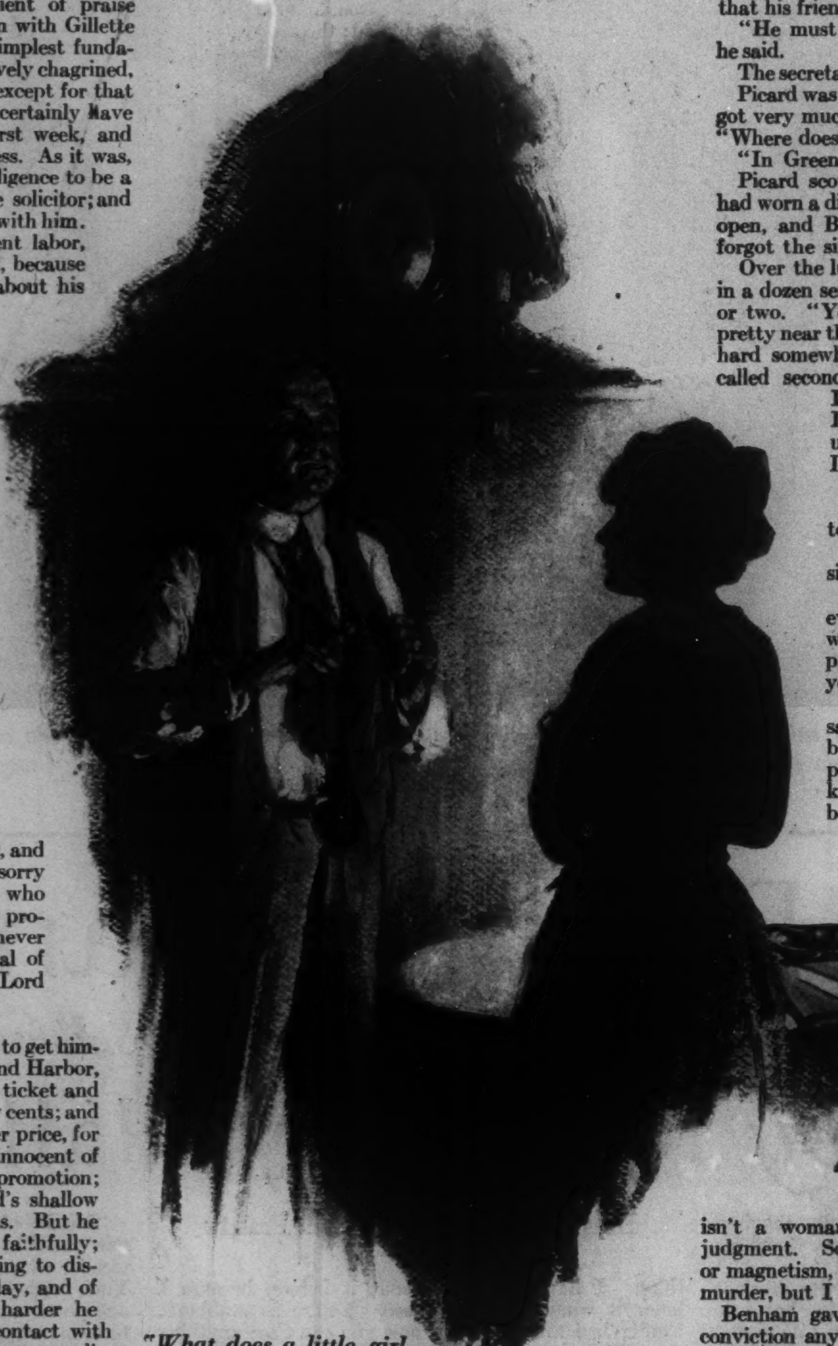
By the end of the second week of diligent labor, Picard found himself faintly encouraged, because the director had stopped yelling at him about his hands and feet. By the end of the month, he had begun to carry himself with a mildly deprecating assurance. He had a splendid figure and a pleasant face, and a voice which would have won him chevrons in the Army; he learned to handle small and foolproof parts with some facility; and by mid-season he was at least a credit to his salary. More than that, he had acquired a slight following of local flappers, which means money in the box-office for a stock company; and when he got his first letter from a vapid schoolgirl, he wouldn't have exchanged places with Sir Henry Irving. He spent his spare time in reading plays and studying plays and devouring library books about play-writing and the history of the theatre; and if ever he could have translated his knowledge into his performances, he would have been a greater man than even the hero of his ambitions.

Benham's letters were a poultice to his vanity, but office routine and office gossip had never seemed so basically uninteresting, and Picard was presently aware that he was sorry for Benham. He was sorry for everyone who was tethered to a desk, or employed in any profession less fascinating than his own. He never remotely suspected that Benham's appraisal of him was absolutely sound, and that the Lord had never intended him to be an actor.

WHEN the season was over, he contrived to get himself a place in summer stock at Portland Harbor, where the tourist buys a round-trip trolley ticket and a reserved seat in the orchestra, all for sixty cents; and in the autumn he was re-engaged, at a better price, for the Mohawk Valley. If he had been less innocent of the stage, he might have been suspicious of promotion; for it stood to reason that no man of Picard's shallow training was equipped to play juvenile leads. But he played them, and he worked hard and faithfully; always studying and reading, and struggling to discover what were the elements of a good play, and of a good interpretation of a part; and the harder he worked, the easier he found it to lose contact with Benham. Then notice went up, and the company disbanded; and Picard made his first acquaintance with the fact that some theatrical contracts have only one side.

His earliest reaction was of pugnacity; so that he rushed to a lawyer, and talked excitedly about enforcing his rights. It took the lawyer half a day to persuade him that a suit against a bankrupt is a waste of energy; but when Picard finally got the axiom into his head, he slowly perceived that he could even use the misfortune as a stepping-stone. His literary knowledge of stagecraft was becoming profound, his constant study had given him a certain sense of authority; and he perceived that it might actually be a blessing to him to hunt for experience in a broader field.

Now the stage depends for its permanence not upon the few distinguished artists whose names are written large upon the billing, but upon the consistently steady average of their support. Picard was just good enough to make himself as quietly inconspicuous as a piece of furniture, and this ability proved to have a marketable worth. He went on the road with a triumphant farce, and he was admittedly the best informed and also the poorest actor in the cast. Subsequently, he was hired to support a repertory queen who didn't expect to be overshadowed by any of her subjects; and after that, he filled a stock engagement in Vancouver. His salary had now risen until it equalled his last salary in the insurance office; but Picard's jaw was quite as firm as ever, and his fund of dramatic information was voluminous. He had never left off craving for distinction and command, and he had never forgotten the old platitude that knowledge is power; but somehow his craving and his labor and the platitude couldn't ever seem to coincide. As a matter of fact, when he had lost his original uncertainty, which had appealed especially to women as a native and lovable shyness, he had lost the only hold that he would ever have upon an audience.



"What does a little girl like you know about it? I'm the business man, Bertha. You're the rest of it"

From Vancouver he drifted down the coast to San Francisco, and east to Denver for two busy seasons; and east again to Chicago, still in stock, and just as he finished his second season in Chicago, a New York manager happened to see him in a glove-fitting part, and over-appreciated him, and brought him back to Broadway at three hundred dollars a week, to play in a comedy which was destined to run all summer. Picard arrived in the metropolis at eleven in the morning, and at the quarter-hour he had sent in his card to Benham.

The formalities of the occasion amused him, but at the same time, they impressed him. A uniformed page delivered him over to a pretty girl in a snug anteroom, and the girl took his card, and disappeared through a door which gave glimpses of polished mahogany. When she returned, she said that Mr. Benham was in conference, but would probably be free within twenty minutes.

"I haven't seen him for eight years," said Picard, "or heard from him for six. What is he now, anyway?"

"He's fourth vice-president," said the girl, casually.

The revelation took Picard's breath away; he sat down hard, and stared at the lithographed calendars on the wall. He wondered how long ago it was that he had fallen into the habit of being sorry for Benham. To be sure, Benham must be thirty-six, while Picard was only thirty-two; and yet, eight years ago, they had worked side by side on a common footing. Picard's immediate grandeur was gently shaken by the thought that his friend had acquired power by staying at home.

"He must be on the board of directors, then, too," he said.

The secretary nodded, without looking up. "Yes, he is."

Picard was speculating whether a fourth vice-president got very much more than three hundred dollars a week. "Where does he live now?"

"In Greenwich, Connecticut."

Picard scowled at the calendars, and wished that he had worn a different suit. Then suddenly the door swung open, and Benham was on the threshold, and Picard forgot the silent years which had gone between them.

Over the luncheon table, Benham dismissed the past in a dozen sentences; and outlined the future in a phrase or two. "Yes," he said, "I suppose some day I'll be pretty near the top. Next year, unless I fall down pretty hard somewhere, I'm likely to be that particular dog called second v-p and general manager. Of course, I'm thirty-six, and I've been here ever since I was sixteen. . . . But if *you'd* stayed with us, Stuart, you'd have gone up faster than I have. They all said so. I say so myself."

"That's nice," said Picard absently.

"Do you ever wish I'd persuaded you to stay?"

"You couldn't have," said Picard, and sighed reminiscently.

Benham laughed. "You're stubborn as ever, Stuart. Tell me, are you satisfied with your success? Have you got all the prestige and so-on you wanted — or do you see it in sight?"

"I haven't changed my mind yet, anyway," said Picard, but he did change the subject, because he feared that Benham might possibly choose to be honest again. Picard knew very well that his name was far from being a household word, but he wasn't anxious for Benham to tell him so. "By the way, that's a mighty nice girl you've got in your office."

Benham raised his head. "Miss Carpenter? She's a girl in a hundred. I simply couldn't get along without her.

"She's got the finest business judgment, and the keenest judgment of people ——"

"Oh, nonsense!" said Picard, with a grimace. "I used to be in the insurance game, myself. There isn't a woman in the world who's got any business judgment. Some of 'em may have enough personality or magnetism, or whatever you call it, to get away with murder, but I don't call *that* business judgment."

Benham gave another laugh. "Aren't you open to conviction any more than you used to be?"

"Not on main principles. I've seen a good bit of life since the old days, and I knows what I knows, — and I knows women. That reminds me . . . are you married yet?"

"Not yet," said Benham, cautiously.

"Prospects?"

"Dim, but favorable."

"No one I know, I suppose?"

"No one you really know," said Benham, gravely.

They parted on the best of terms, and Benham agreed to see the show as soon as possible, and Picard mentioned his desire to redeem his pledge, and give a testimonial banquet to those of his friends who still remained in the insurance office. He couldn't refrain from being a wee bit lordly about it; but afterward he was penitent, because he knew that he hadn't yet done anything to be lordly — or even modest — about.

He had been engaged to replace in a comedy which had already run for a hundred nights an eminent star who was entitled to a vacation. It was a brilliant opportunity for Picard; the job was temporary, but he knew that if he handled it well, it meant a season on the road at the head of the second company, and after that, the sky for a perspective. He knew that he needed only a single victory on Broadway to put his income on a level with Benham's and his fame on a level infinitely higher. Picard wasn't exactly jealous of Benham, but in view of what had befallen both of them, he was inclined to be a little jealous of himself. He rejoiced that Benham had done so extraordinarily well, but he was also disturbed by what Benham had said about Picard's own squandered chances in the insurance business. Benham was already an executive, and Picard owned scarcely two thousand dollars in the bank; but here at last was the crossroad where the traffic regulations allowed the worm to turn. He told himself that under no conditions would he ever permit himself to gloat over Benham; but he would dearly love to put himself in such a position that he could gloat if he wanted to.

He went twice to the office to see Benham, and on both occasions he had to wait; but he pleasantly employed the interval in chatting with Benham's pretty secretary. Later, he expressed to Benham the utter idiocy of claiming that any girl with a face like that could possess any commercial acumen whatsoever. Incidentally, he added that she didn't need it.

"She's an awfully nice girl, though," said Picard, with his eyes on vacancy. "I'd like to meet her mother."

"You'd have to," said Benham, after a pause, and then he remarked, thoughtfully: "If you're serious, why, I dare say it could be arranged. You might even send 'em a couple of tickets for your show. If you sent 'em through me I guess it would be all right."

ACCORDINGLY, Picard sent the tickets; and when he went on for the first time, Miss Carpenter and her mother were in front. Benham was also in front, together with all the available office friends of eight years ago. They applauded him vigorously — once he even had to take a second bow — and yet afterward he was vaguely conscious that somewhere he had missed his opportunity. He gave the dinner, and his old friends were highly complimentary, — all but Benham, who was judicially silent — but Picard's mind was glued to the morning newspapers, so that he made himself a fairly indifferent host.

The stage director had merely said to him, "You did all right;" but the best of the morning notices said that Picard's performance never rose above the standard of a stock company; and when he remembered that for such a comment he had slaved and studied through the tedium of eight long years, he wished that he had forgotten his promise to give the dinner. The only consolation was that he hadn't bragged to Benham.

He was permitted to call upon the Carpenters; and the privilege carried with it a genuine welcome. He was a gentleman and he was a friend of Mr. Benham's, and he talked easily, and entertainingly. They hoped that he would come to see them often; and Picard had already begun to chafe because he could come so seldom — because Miss Carpenter was busy in the afternoons, while he himself was busy in the evenings. But it soon appeared that all three of them were fond of the open country; and dating from that discovery Picard was radiantly content. He took them, on those summer Sundays, far up into the hills of Westchester where they had picnics, and disregarded all the No-Trespass signs, and Picard and Miss Carpenter found it convenient to call each other by their first names.

They were the happiest Sundays he had ever known; but the week-days were increasingly clouded by that same vague consciousness of something missed. To be sure, he was drawing his salary, and he was getting a respectable number of laughs, but he was nevertheless uncomfortable. In the presence of his associates, he felt curiously like an alien; he felt as though they regarded him as a wet-blanket upon their own accomplishments. And while he suffered from this introspection, he was not at all desirous of seeing too much of his friend Benham.

In the second act, he had a ten-minute wait, and usually he ran up to his dressing-room for the forbidden cigarette, lighting his match, with perversive humor, upon the warning placard issued by the Fire Commissioner. One evening, however, just as he reached the iron stairway, the cigarette was suddenly undesirable to him, and he came back slowly, and lurked behind the leg-drop, yawning and waiting. As he stood there, the murmuring voices of the stage director, and of the leading woman, who owned a part of the show, came clearly to his ears. They were barely arm's-length distant from him, concealed by an angle of canvas; they thought that Picard was safe up-stairs in his dressing-room.

"Stuart's flopping," said the woman, without animus. "Oh, he tries hard enough, but when a man can't read his lines and can't act, what's the sense of paying him three hundred dollars a week to be a cigar-store Indian? Every time he goes on, he slows up the action like an emergency brake."

The director murmured a response, and the woman spoke again. "Well, I think we've found a man, finally, and I'm going to see that Stuart gets his notice to-morrow. I'm sort of sorry for him, too. If he wasn't so pig-headed, he *might* learn to be a fairly decent actor. The funny part of it is that off the stage he *looks* like an actor, and *talks* like an actor. Funny, isn't it?"

Picard's hands went clammy, and for an instant, his world was blank. The voices dwindled off toward the down-stage entrance; Picard drew a long tremulous breath, and began to think; and it was significant that before he thought of the personal consequences of his failure, he thought of what Miss Carpenter would say about it, and of what Benham, in his more mature diplomacy, might refrain from saying. Then when he visualized the goal which had eluded him — the leadership of the second company next season, and the return to Broadway as a star in his own right; the prestige and the salary and the influence — when he visualized all this, Picard was ghastly white beneath his make-up. Automatically he roused himself at his cue, but he went on only to butcher the best scene in the play, and when he came off he was fully as angry as the girl who had played opposite him.

He got his notice, but he didn't tell Benham about it. On Sunday, he told Miss Carpenter, and was strengthened by her sympathy and concern.

"If I were in your place —" she began; but Picard interrupted her.

"Please don't!" he said downcast. "I don't want any advice; all I want is to be near you, and feel that I can talk to you. There's nothing much I can do now, anyway. It's off-season. I'll take a rest until next month when they begin signing up for the fall productions."

It was a comfort to him, during this interval, to be able to spend some of his evenings with the Carpenters. His worries hadn't softened his character but they had made him very much more susceptible; so that perhaps his spirit had never been so restless as in this period consecrated to rest.

When the calendar was favorable, he went to the best of the agents, and although the man received him well enough, he grinned spontaneously at the suggestion of three hundred dollars a week. "I can put you in a Middlemass piece for a hundred and seventy-five, all right," he said. "That is — it's open."

"A good part?"

"The heavy," said his agent. "It's a shop-play. The heavy's supposed to be a bad actor — I guess you can do it all right, if you don't make it too realistic."

Picard winced, but he signed his name to a contract, and spent a reeking fortnight in rehearsal at Bryant Hall, before the influenza reached out for him and caught him. When he was on his feet once more, — and this was late in October — his savings account was cut squarely in half and an infinitely better man had taken his place in the Middlemass production. Eventually, because no higher terms were thrust upon him, he consented to receive a hundred and fifty in another play, which captivated Stamford on the try-out, but endured for precisely six nights in the metropolis before the men from Cane's came up to cart away the scenery to the storehouse.

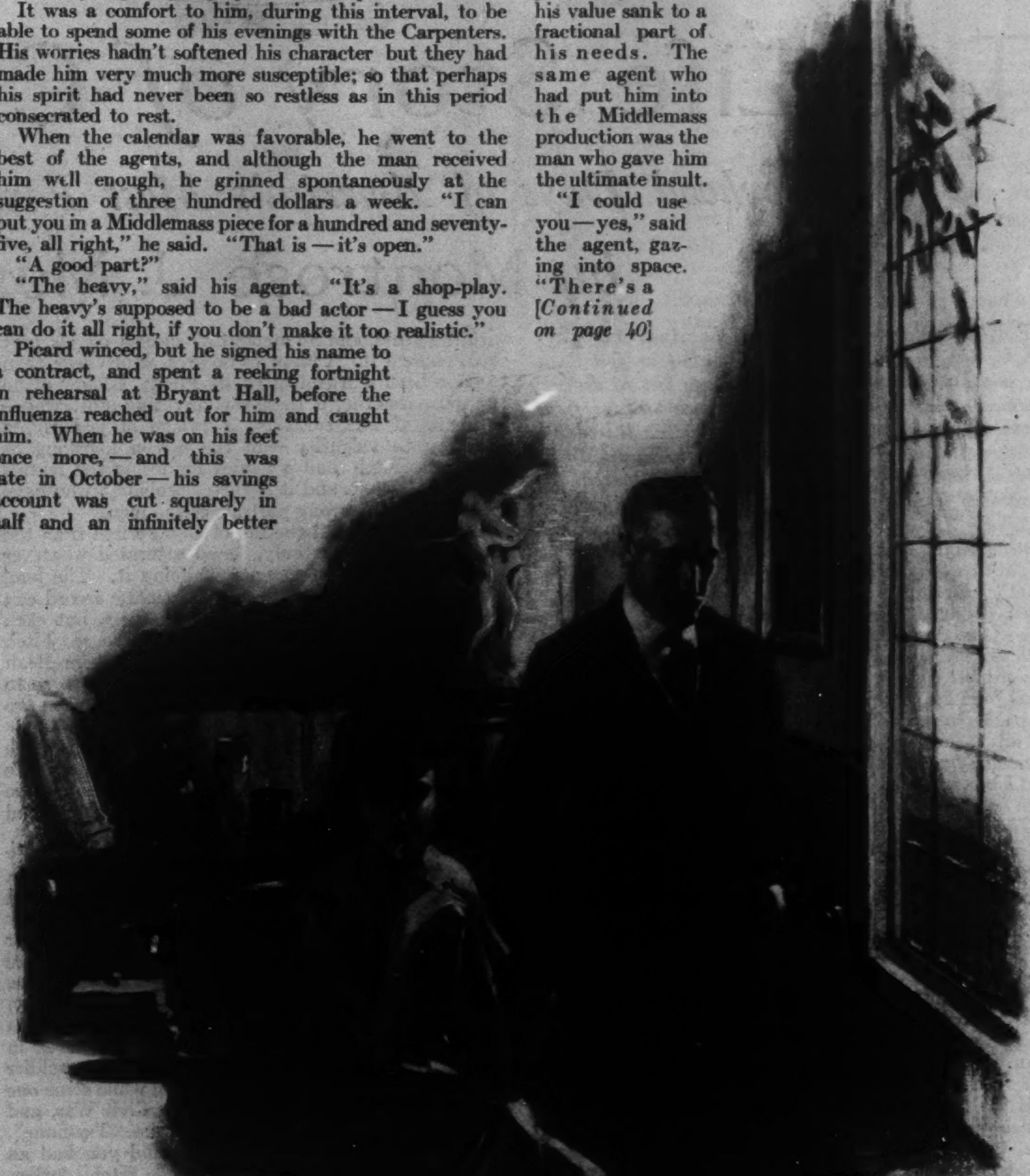
"Sometimes," he said moodily to Miss Carpenter, "I wonder if that isn't where I ought to go, too — to Cane's."

Picard was getting demoralized. He was offered a hundred, and scornfully refused it; offered a hundred and twenty for stock, and refused it — changed his mind and went back too late — and knew that it had been a double error to go back at all. He was offered ninety, and snapped at it, just for a stop-gap; but the director released him on the third day. It was now half a year since he had enjoyed an income; and in the meantime his capital had dwindled almost to the vanishing point. Abruptly he sensed that as a sweeping generality, he wasn't wanted. He was capable of giving lectures on dramatic composition, and the technique of the modern play; but nobody wanted him to illustrate his education. One manager told him to his face that he wasn't good enough to go out with a second company to play the cities; and another told him that he was wasting time when he tried to get an engagement from anybody who had ever seen him act.

It was known on the Rialto, of course, that Stuart Picard was out of an engagement; and as soon as it was known that this condition was practically chronic, his value sank to a fractional part of his needs. The same agent who had put him into the Middlemass production was the man who gave him the ultimate insult.

"I could use you — yes," said the agent, gazing into space. "There's a

[*Continued on page 40*]



"You've made Stuart and he's too stubborn to admit it! What couldn't you do for a man," he said, almost inaudibly

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There have been imitators of Clyde Fitch in the theatre, but no one so far has approached his incommunicable touch, which was at once entertaining, enlivening, and fundamentally true.

THERE was no event in the life of Clyde Fitch without its special atmosphere. From earliest childhood what befell him carried with it a rare flavor which one has to resurrect in order to know the personality of the boy, the youth and the man. Under all circumstances he surrounded himself with a picturesque background, against which he and his friends moved, lighted largely by a radiance which was his alone. He was always the center of life, the prime mover in any undertaking. In other words, one cannot speak or write of Clyde Fitch without emphasizing his genius for friendship. The first letter I have of his, written when he was ten, begins a long chain of correspondence which is a continual outpouring of his love for those who loved him. He was generous to a degree, and from the fulness of his heart he gave, and gave lavishly — not only of his worldly possessions, but of his confidence and trust. This characteristic became early manifest; it deepened with the years, and no amount of success on his part could change it. I know of no greater privilege than to have been a friend of Clyde Fitch; I know of no one more exacting if there was anything unworthy — a breath of idle curiosity, a twinge of jealousy, a tendency to vulgarity — in the person knocking at his door. Fitch had a genius for losing the friends he did not want, and it is these, probably, who have perpetuated the wrong portrait of the man.

It is useless to tell the life of Clyde Fitch from the standpoint of events only, he so saturated whatever he did with his own manner of doing it. The long list of plays which stands as his dramatic record can be computed with mathematical exactness, but each play has its own personal anecdote. I can see Fitch showing Mansfield the bit of business where Beau Brummell holds his forearm perpendicularly so as to keep his hand white; I see him on a step-ladder in the theatre one afternoon pinning roses to a stage trellis for a scene in "Lovers' Lane"; I can hear his voice now as, one midnight, at Katonah, he read me the first two acts of "The City", and verified for me the theatrical superstition that to have Clyde Fitch read his own plays to a manager disarmed criticism.

In association with him, there were continually evident the conflicting strains of inheritance which struggled for ascendancy. There is vividly stamped upon my memory a scene in his dining-room, shortly after his death, which vivified the Puritan and Cavalier elements in his nature. His mother and father were telling me of their romantic courtship, which Clyde, as an Amherst student, used as the basis for a story, and which afterward added to his fame in "Barbara Frietchie." Captain William Goodwin Fitch, even in his later years, retained the erectness of his soldier days in the Union Army. Sit with him while some one played over the bivouac songs of the Civil War, and tell him that you were a reader of the "Try-bune", which paper was his political Bible, and you had an instant claim on the affections of Clyde Fitch's father. There was a preciseness about him, born of his New England inheritance, and it was this preciseness which brought him into conflict with his son, when, as a Senior at Amherst, Clyde was beginning to show those literary inclinations so different from the Captain's hard-headed business sense as an insurance actuary. The elder Fitch had no faith in the earning power of the pen; to write was to dabble, and it hurt the Captain to think that his son would be a dabbler. Strange irony of fate that Clyde should die intestate, and that, by the laws of New York, the bulk of the dramatist's fortune should descend to him! But, divergent though the father and son may have been in temperaments, there was a moral rectitude in Clyde which was a direct impress of New England upon him. While his spirit was volatile, he had a rigid code of ethics, which no one and nothing could transcend. He likewise had a deep religious sense, which often made him debate within himself whether, being an Episcopalian, he was not a constant churchgoer more

Clyde Fitch as a baby — in the arms of a black mammy for the æsthetic pleasure he got from the service than for any deep spiritual reason.

One could easily see, however, that the bulk of Clyde Fitch's inheritance came from his mother's side of the family. Alice Maud Clark had spent her girlhood at Hagerstown, Maryland. Her mother had bequeathed her a fund of wit and humor, more so than her other three daughters, Laura, Mary and Annie. Her dash and beauty were at their height when the Union Army fluctuated back and forth through the town in pursuit of Lee's Army, which at one time seemed headed for Washington. Hagerstown was in the throes of uncertainty, the Clark mansion in the direct line of communication. Sometimes the Confederates filled the streets, and at other times the Federals. The Clarks were Northern sympathizers, but their doors were never closed to a "rebel" in want of food. "The Scriptures tell us to feed our enemies," declared father Clark, and he went on that principle. But it was a difficult matter handling four daughters in such an atmosphere of unrest. He would send them to the shelter of the cellar, when the firing was hottest. Three times in one day Hagerstown passed into the hands of the Confederates, but finally they had to evacuate. "Girls, you can come up, now," called father Clark, "we are Union once more." This is a veritable Clyde Fitch situation; it might have been taken from the manuscript of "Barbara Frietchie."

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The romantic wooing of Fitch's parents was told in "Barbara Frietchie"

No one at college could play girl parts as he could. At the left Fitch as Lydia Languish, in Sheridan's "The Rivals"

Elmira, New York, enters into the life of Fitch merely as the accidental place of his birth on May 2, 1865. The picture of him as a baby is not unlike a myriad southern beginnings — in the arms of a black mammy, showing all the signs of having been amply and generously dressed by her mistress. Clyde himself begins to emerge into definiteness about the time his family moved to Schenectady, his father — still wearing his soldier's cap — having entered the insurance business. From now on we must picture the boy under the devoted care of his mother — a care which was binding and to some degree confining. There had been another child who had died; Mrs. Fitch watched Clyde with an intensity heightened by the tragedy of the loss. Wherever she went she maintained an atmosphere of her own, which her neighbors wondered at and admired; she did the daring thing by following the fashion rather than by being bound by tradition, and her home in Schenectady was the comment of her friends; she was the disturbing element, the innovator. Until she came, chairs had been placed "just so", staidly against the walls, and tables were set at such and such an angle. She pulled her chairs and tables out into the center of the room, she made cosy corners, and piled the sofas with pillows of vari-colored silks. The demure parlors of Schenectady's ancestors fled before the touch of a new taste!

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Thus Clyde got his first schooling in the art of furnishing. At a very early age he showed his inheritance of distinctive ideas of decoration in the furnishings of his room. These reminiscences will be full of comment about the new treasures for his collection, which accumulated more and more as his trips abroad increased, until, at the time of his death, he had fitted up an old barn on his estate as a museum, where his overflow purchases could be seen by his friends. He had a passion for rare things, and in the "Beau Brummell" days he would go without a dinner, or borrow from his valet that this passion might be satisfied.

In Schenectady, the flavor of Clyde Fitch as a little boy still clings around Washington Street, by the river. There are still the houses, with their gardens; still some of his girl friends and kindergarten teachers. They remember the four-year-old boy, when he first came, sitting on his stoop, patiently cutting out paper dolls from a fashion catalogue. This is one of the stages of babyhood, just as surely as marbles are an accompaniment of March winds at school. We can suspect that Mrs. Fitch told Clyde not to move from those steps, for we know she had a door cut between her house and the one next, where Ned Watkins lived — the idol of Clyde's affections at the time; he wanted to be and dress like Ned — and this passageway between the two homes kept the boys from the street. There were three little girls who also became his devoted slaves. On cold days one of them, Kate Fanchot, pulled him to school, securely tucked into a sled, and the teacher, Mrs. Kitty Mason, took him out and unwound him. One of his kindergarten teachers, in after years, attended a reading which Clyde gave in Schenectady. He was on his way to Chicago, where he was to begin rehearsals for "Nathan Hale", and he stopped over to read parts of the play and some sketches from his book, "The Smart Set." The little kindergartner who sat in the front row had grown fatter with the years, and Fitch had changed in everything except a boyish heart. The two must have caught each other's thoughts. The little lady shook with merriment and enjoyment, and Clyde's love of fun was ever near the surface. A hearty laugh broke into the entertainment — a mixture of memory, sentiment and happy fellowship.

Hetty Yates lived at a sharp turn of the river — here it was that Clyde painted over her mantel "Fire burn, cauldron bubble" — the beginning of many inscriptions which at college and at home, he was to have around him, and to give to his friends. If there was a sentiment in print which appealed to him, he would frame it and have it near him — as a kind of voice out of the wilderness, which would be with him a day, a month, a year or a lifetime. I remember telling him once of Maeterlinck's [*Continued on page 54*]

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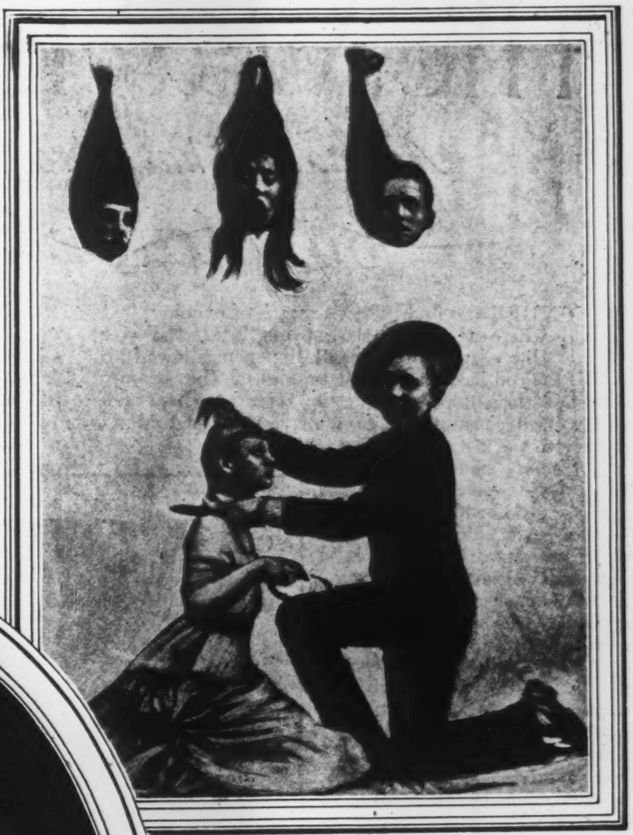


The picture of himself (Fitch) as Bluebeard could be mistaken for no other hero and certainly the fate of the "wives" is realistically noted

No one at college could play girl parts as he could. At the left Fitch as Lydia Languish, in Sheridan's "The Rivals"

The romantic wooing of Fitch's parents was told in "Barbara Frietchie"

Thus Clyde got his first schooling in the art of furnishing. At a very early age he showed his inheritance of distinctive ideas of decoration in the furnishings of his room. These reminiscences will be full of comment about the new treasures for his collection, which accumulated more and more as his trips abroad increased, until, at the time of his death, he had fitted up an old barn on his estate as a museum, where his overflow purchases could be seen by his friends. He had a passion for rare things, and in the "Beau Brummell" days he would go without a dinner, or borrow from his valet that this passion might be satisfied.

In Schenectady, the flavor of Clyde Fitch as a little boy still clings around Washington Street, by the river. There are still the houses, with their gardens; still some of his girl friends and kindergarten teachers. They remember the four-year-old boy, when he first came, sitting on his stoop, patiently cutting out paper dolls from a fashion catalogue. This is one of the stages of babyhood, just as surely as marbles are an accompaniment of March winds at school. We can suspect that Mrs. Fitch told Clyde not to move from those steps, for we know she had a door cut between her house and the one next, where Ned Watkins lived — the idol of Clyde's affections at the time; he wanted to be and dress like Ned — and this passageway between the two homes kept the boys from the street. There were three little girls who also became his devoted slaves. On cold days one of them, Kate Fanchot, pulled him to school, securely tucked into a sled, and the teacher, Mrs. Kitty Mason, took him out and unwound him. One of his kindergarten teachers, in after years, attended a reading which Clyde gave in Schenectady. He was on his way to Chicago, where he was to begin rehearsals for "Nathan Hale", and he stopped over to read parts of the play and some sketches from his book, "The Smart Set." The little kindergartner who sat in the front row had grown fatter with the years, and Fitch had changed in everything except a boyish heart. The two must have caught each other's thoughts. The little lady shook with merriment and enjoyment, and Clyde's love of fun was ever near the surface. A hearty laugh broke into the entertainment — a mixture of memory, sentiment and happy fellowship.

Hetty Yates lived at a sharp turn of the river — here it was that Clyde painted over her mantel "Fire burn, cauldron bubble"— the beginning of many inscriptions which at college and at home, he was to have around him, and to give to his friends. If there was a sentiment in print which appealed to him, he would frame it and have it near him — as a kind of voice out of the wilderness, which would be with him a day, a month, a year or a lifetime. I remember telling him once of Maeterlinck's

[*Continued on page 54*]

The Watchers *in the* Swamp

Animals That Are More Interesting Than Many Humans

by Major Charles G. D. Roberts

Illustrations by Paul Bransom

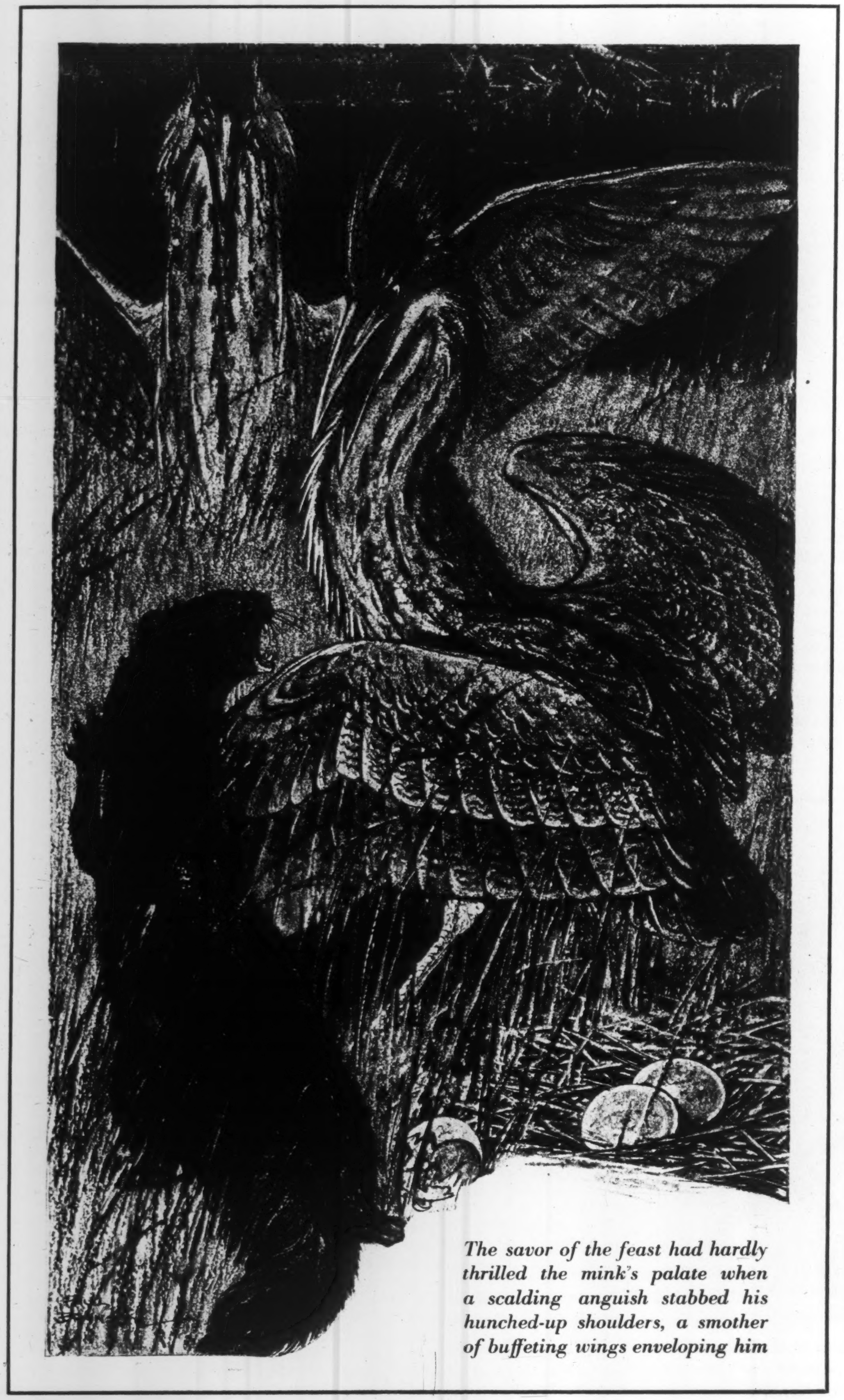
UNDER the first pale lilac wash of evening, just where the slow stream of the Lost-Water slipped placidly from the open meadows into the osier-and-bulrush tangles of the swamp, a hermit thrush, perched in the topmost spray of a young elm tree, was fluting out his lonely and tranquil ecstasy to the last of the sunset. *Spheral—spheral—oh—holy—holy—clear*—he sang; and stopped abruptly, as if to let the brief, unfinished, but matchlessly pure and poignant cadence sink unjarred into the heart of the evening stillness. One minute—two minutes—went by; and the spaces of windless air were like a crystal tinged with faint violet. And then this most reticent of singers loosed again his few links of flawless sound—a strain which, more than any other bird-song on this earth, leaves the listener's heart aching exquisitely for its completion. *Spheral—spheral—oh—holy—holy*—but this time, as if seeking by further condensation to make his attar of song still more rare and precious, he cut off the final note, that haunting ethereal—*clear*.

Again the tranced stillness. But now, as if too far above reality to be permitted to endure, after a few seconds it was rudely broken. From somewhere in the mysterious and misty depths of the swamp came a great booming and yet strangulated voice, so dominant that the ineffable colors of the evening seemed to fade and the twilight to deepen suddenly under its sombre vibrations. Three times it sounded:—*Klunk-er-glungk . . . Klunk-er-glungk . . . Klunk-er-glungk* . . . an uncouth, mysterious sound, sonorous, and at the same time half-muffled, as if pumped with effort through obstructing waters. It was the late cry of the bittern, proclaiming that the day was done.

THE hermit-thrush, on his tree-top against the pale sky, sang no more, but dropped noiselessly to his mate on her nest in the thickets. Two bats flickered and zigzagged hither and thither above the glimmering stream. And the leaf-scented dusk gathered down broodingly, with the dew, over the wide solitudes of Lost-Water Swamp.

It was high morning in the heart of the swamp. From a sky of purest cobalt flecked sparsely with silver-white wisps of cloud, the sun glowed down with tempered, fruitful warmth upon the tender green of the half-grown rushes and already rank water-grasses—the young leafage of the alder and willow thickets—the wide pools and narrow, linking lanes of unruffled water already mantling in spots with lilypad and arrow-weed. A few big red-and-black butterflies wavered aimlessly above the reed-tops. Here and there, with a faint elfin clashing of transparent wings, a dragon-fly, a gleam of emerald and amethyst fire, flashed low over the water. From every thicket came a soft chatter of the nesting red-shouldered blackbirds.

And just in the watery fringe of the reeds, as brown and erect and motionless as a mooring-stake, stood the bittern. Not far short of three feet in length, from the tip of his long and powerful dagger-pointed bill to the end of his short rounded tail, with his fierce unblinking eyes round, bright and hard, with his snaky head and long, muscular neck, he looked, as he was, the formidable master of the swamp. In coloring he was a streaked and freckled mixture of slaty greys and browns and ochres above, with a freckled whitish throat and dull buff breast and belly—a mixture which would have made him conspicuous amid the cool light green of the sedges but that it harmonized so perfectly with the earth and the roots. Indeed, moveless as he stood, to the indiscriminating eye he might have passed for a decaying stump by the water-side. His long legs were of a dull olive which blended with the shadowy tones of the water.



The savor of the feast had hardly thrilled the mink's palate when a scalding anguish stabbed his hunched-up shoulders, a smother of buffeting wings enveloping him

FOR perhaps ten minutes the great bird stood there without the movement of so much as a feather, apparently unconcerned while the small inhabitants of the swamp made merry in the streaming sunshine. But his full round eyes took in, without stirring in their sockets, all that went on about him, in air or sedge or water. Suddenly, and so swiftly that it seemed one motion, his neck uncoiled and his snaky head darted downward into the water near his feet, to rise again with an eight-inch chub partly transfixed and partly gripped between the twin daggers of his half-opened bill. Squirming, and shining silverly, it was held aloft, while its captor stalked solemnly in through the sedges to a bit of higher and drier turf. Here he proceeded to hammer his prize into stillness upon an old half-buried log. Then, tossing it into the air, he caught it adroitly by the head, and swallowed it, his fierce eyes blinking with the effort as he slowly forced it down his capacious gullet. It was a satisfying meal, even for such a healthy appetite as his, and he felt no immediate impulse to continue his fishing. Remaining where he was beside the old log, thigh deep in the young grasses and luxuriously soaking in the sunshine, he fell once more into a position of rigid movelessness. But his attitude was now quite different from that which he had affected when his mind was set on fish. His neck was coiled backward till the back of his head rested on his shoulders, and his bill pointed skyward, as if the only peril he had to consider seriously during his time of repose might come, if at all, from that direction. And though he rested, and every nerve and muscle seemed to sleep, his gem-like eyes were sleeplessly vigilant. Only at long intervals a thin, whitish membrane flickered down across them for a fraction of an instant, to cleanse and lubricate them and keep their piercing brightness undimmed.

Once a brown marsh-hawk, questing for water-rats, winnowed past, only ten or a dozen feet above his head. But he never stirred a muscle. He knew it would be a much more formidable and daring marauder than the marsh-hawk that would risk conclusions with the uplifted dagger of his bill.

In about half-an-hour — so swift is the digestion of these masters of the swamp — the bittern began to think about a return to his easy and pleasant hunting. But, always deliberate, except when there was need for instant action, at first he did no more than uncoil his long neck, lower his bill to a level, and stand motionlessly staring over the sedge-tops. One of the big red-and-black butterflies came wavering near, perhaps under the fatal delusion that that rigid yellow bill would be a good perch for him to alight on. A lightning swift dart of the snaky head, and those gay wings, after curiously adorning for a moment the tip of the yellow bill, were deftly gathered in and swallowed — an unsubstantial morsel, but not to be ignored when one is blest with a bittern's appetite.

After a few minutes more of statuesque deliberation, having detected nothing in the landscape particularly demanding his attention, the bittern lazily lifted his broad wings and flapped in slow flight, his long legs almost brushing the sedge-tops, back to the post of vantage where he had captured the chub. As soon as he alighted he stiffened himself erect, and stared about as if to see whether his flight had been noticed. Then, presently, he seemed to remember something of importance. This was the season of mating joys and cares. It was time he signalled his brown mate. First he began snapping his bill sharply, and then he went through a number of contortions with his throat and neck, as if he were trying to gulp down vast quantities of air, and finding the effort most difficult. At length, however, the painful-looking struggle was crowned with achievement. Once more, as on the preceding evening, that great call boomed forth across the swamp, sonorous yet strangulated, uncouth yet thrilling and haunting, the very voice of solitude and mystery: — *Klunk-er-glungk* . . . *Klunk-er-glungk* . . . *Klunk-er-glungk*.

Almost immediately came an acknowledgment of this untuneful love-song — a single hoarse *guaw-awk,* and another snaky brown head and yellow dagger bill were raised above the tops of the sedges. The hen-bittern, in response to her mate's cry had just come off her nest.

FOR some tranquil moments the two eyed each other without stirring, and it almost seemed as if their very immobility was a mode of expression, a secret code for communication between them. The result, if so, appeared to be satisfactory. The hen came stalking solemnly through the grass and sedges toward the water's edge, only pausing on the way to transfix and gulp down a luckless frog. And the stately male, once more spreading his spacious vans, flapped slowly over and dropped again into the grass some ten or a dozen feet from the nest.

The nest was a rather casual structure of dry grass and weeds, in a hollow of the turf, and more or less concealed by leaning tufts of swamp grass. It contained three large eggs of a dull greenish buff, clouded with darker tones, and blending elusively with the soft colorings of the nest. These precious eggs the male-bittern was to stand guard over with jealous vigilance, while his mate was away foraging. The sun was softly warm upon them through the thin shadows of the grass blades, and he knew they would not chill during her brief absence. He took his post just near enough to keep his eye upon the nest, without unduly drawing attention to its hiding-place.

This patch of water-meadow, perhaps a half-acre in extent, on which the bitterns had their nest, was one of many such tiny islands scattered amid the interlacing channels of Lost-Water Swamp. It formed a congenial refuge for all that small life of the wilderness which loves to be near water without being in it. It was particularly beloved of the meadow-mice, because the surrounding watercourses and morasses were an effectual barrier to some of their worst enemies, such as foxes, skunks and weasels; and they throve here amazingly. To be sure the bittern would take toll of them when they came his way, but he did not deliberately hunt them, rather preferring a diet of frogs and fish; and moreover his depredations upon the mice were more than counterbalanced by his eager hostility to their dreaded foes, the snakes. So, on the whole, he might have been regarded by the mouse community as a benefactor, though a rather costly one.

Even now, as he stood there apparently thinking of nothing but his guardianship of the nest, he gave a telling example of his beneficence in this regard. There was a tiny, frightened squeak, a desperate small rustling in the grass-stems, and a terrified mouse scurried by, with a two-foot black snake at its tail. The bittern's head flashed down, unerringly, and rose again, more slowly, with the snake gripped by the middle, held high in air, as if on exhibition, between the knife-edge tips of that deadly yellow bill. The victim writhed and twisted, coiling itself convulsively around its captor's head and neck. But with two or three sharp jerks it was drawn further back, toward the base of the mandibles; and then, with an inexorable pressure, bitten clean in two; the halves uncoiled and fell to the ground, still wriggling spasmodically. With grave deliberation the bittern planted one foot upon the head half, and demolished the vicious head with a tap of his bill. This done, he

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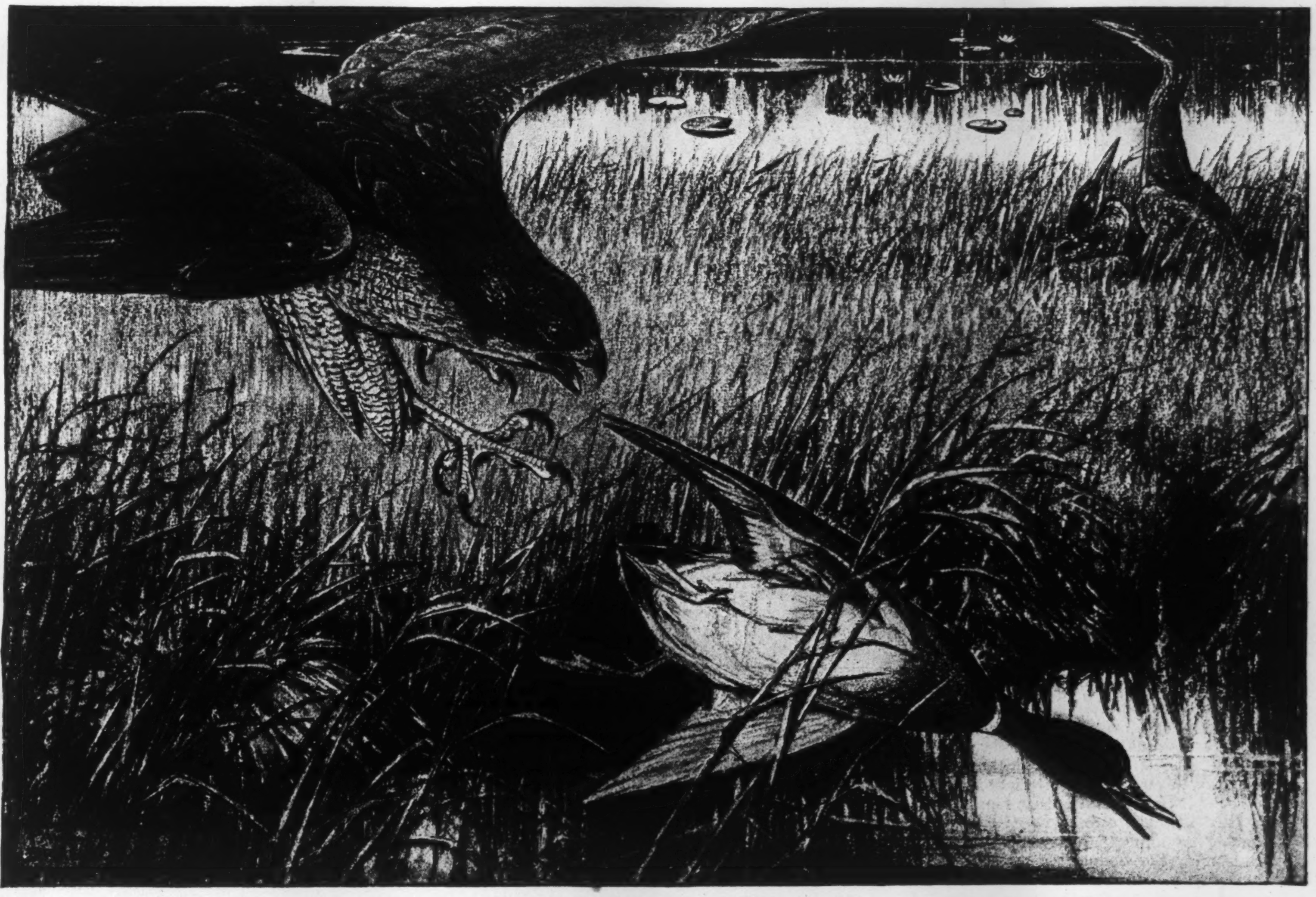

The inscrutable Fates of the wilderness, too seldom lenient to the weak, decided to favor the drake. The destroying talons of the hawk clutched convulsively at the curled tips of his tail as he vanished into the water

There are privileged persons who possess the faculty of allowing their organisms to be used as a medium of communication by intelligences on the other side of the veil

How I Know The Dead Exist

A New Presentation of an Absorbing Problem

by Sir Oliver Lodge

Illustrations by Lejaren A. Hiller

HOW do I know the dead exist? I know because I have talked with them. There might have been existence without the possibility of communication; there cannot be communication without the actuality of existence.

The whole question is one of fact; do the discarnate communicate intelligibly and in their own personality, or not? I say that they prove their own identity exactly in the same way as a man at the end of a telephone could prove his identity, if it were suspected.

The ways of doing this are numerous; — vivid incidents and reminiscences are among the most obvious, and the first likely to be used; more elaborate devices follow. If the deceased is a scholar, he can give evidence of learning and invent classical or other problems which need scholarship to solve, or he could quote from authors and books, specially known to himself, and allow us to verify the quotations after some search. All this has been done. If the deceased person has traveled extensively, he can recall incidents not yet published but of which the traces or records can still be found. If he has left behind him secret papers or hidden objects, he can reveal them. In all these ways identity can be, and has been, proven.

But the first and primary question is, how can a discarnate person communicate with us at all? How can he make visible or audible signs, when he is not possessed of a material organism?

To appeal to our senses matter must in some way be moved. Granted! The only way in which we can move matter is through our bodily material organism, by the aid of its complex nerve and muscle mechanism. Granted also! How then can a discarnate being, even if he exists, produce any impression on our senses?

Either by constructing a temporary mechanism by aid of the old unconscious constructive ability, whereby his old body was originally put together from terrestrial particles assimilated by vegetation and the like, — or else by borrowing the ready-made mechanism of some other person who is willing to allow it to be controlled or operated for a time by an alien intelligence.

Such vicarious control might have been impossible. The facts of hypnotism and telepathy show that it is not impossible. A hypnotic patient acts more or less according to the will of the operator, a telepathic percipient can receive ideas which have germinated in the mind of some one else. These facts open the door to a possibility of vicarious use of a bodily organism. A medium is one who, for a brief period, allows his or her hand or arm or voice to be actuated by an intelligence not their own. Such people — i.e., people who are born with this faculty — appear to be not so completely isolated from the psychic universe as most of us are. They have leaks or adits into the unseen. The phenomenon has been recognized in various forms, of which genius is one. A genius is one who receives impressions from a high source into his consciousness, and who works them up into something of value. A medium is one who subconsciously or automatically receives impressions or ideas, and merely converts them into the ordinary code of language; constructing the words perhaps in the same way as they also sometimes construct forms or images, — visual phantasms which are constructed by the mind on receipt of a telepathic impact, and are often mistakenly assumed to be due to the presence of a real physical manifestation. Unless there is good ground for postulating a materialized appearance it is simpler to take an apparition as a mental image objectively interpreted.

The mediumistic faculty must be rather rare and there appear to be many grades of it. Probably no medium is able to convey a thought quite pure and unadulterated, quite free from any admixture of her own. The old habit of using the organism mentally is bound more or less to sophisticate or cloud or modify the message. The better the medium the more clearly is it conveyed.

The analogy of music is helpful. The good composer conceives a symphony; an executive artist reproduces it. In the reproduction we may find the inspiration of Bach or Beethoven modified and colored by the methods and peculiarities of the interpreter.

The executive musician is a medium for the reproduction of the ideas recorded or communicated in some way by a composer; and the skill of the executant is a necessary condition for us ordinary people to appreciate the music. Most of us have no power of receiving or interpreting ourselves; we depend on a performer or medium. The analogy of the composer and the performer — the communicator and the medium — is fairly close.

Continually we need an intermediary. Most of us require a translator before we can appreciate the Classics; and we require the services of a telegraph operator before we can send a wireless or any other telegraphic message. The employment of a medium is nothing exceptional; the only exceptional thing in connection with communication from the discarnate is the first or telepathic step which presumably has to be taken — the influence received from a discarnate mind.

But what is called telergy, or the direct operation on an organism, is by no means to be excluded. How can that be done? I cannot say. How we work our own brain-nerve-muscle mechanism we do not know; we only know that as a fact we do. It may be possible therefore that, given the mechanism in a fair state of efficiency, we may still be able to work it — even though it normally belongs to another person. And if that person goes into trance, or otherwise half vacates the organism, then its use by the discarnate is likely to be easier.

Allowing the procedure not to be unintelligible, we have next to consider the substance of the messages, and how far they bear the marks of personal identity. Suppose, then, we are in touch with a discarnate classical scholar, through a medium completely innocent of both Latin and Greek, it may not be possible for him actually to speak to us in those languages through a brain in which there are no suitable channels, no deposits from which to select; but a converse operation

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may be possible. We may ask him for the meaning of certain Greek words; and the reply may show clear understanding of their significance. For instance, through the medium, Mrs. Piper, my deceased friend, F. W. H. Myers, was asked what the words *Kai autos ouranos akumon* suggested to him. It was rather troublesome to get such apparently gibberish words through the sensorium of the medium, but as soon as this was accomplished the reply was distinct. He said that these words recalled to him Plotinus, and Tennyson, and Arthur Henry Hallam, and *In Memoriam.*

Now the fact was that those words, in Greek character, had been prefixed by Myers in his lifetime to a poem of his on Tennyson which was not published till after his death and they were chosen from the writings of Plotinus, a Neo-Platonist philosopher and mystic of about the third century A. D. Hence the mention of Plotinus and of Tennyson, by the communicator on the other side, was absolutely correct, and certainly not the result of chance. Furthermore, the reference to a particular poem, *In Memoriam*, brought to us information which we had not previously possessed; for they showed us why that particular quotation from Plotinus had been selected by Myers as a motto appropriate to a poem by Tennyson. The words occur in a passage wherein Plotinus is laying down the conditions for high spiritual intercourse or communion with the divine spirit. He says that the mind must be calm and placid, the conscience undisturbed, the surroundings peaceful; "calm be the earth, the sea, the sky, and let heaven itself be still" — *Kai autos ouranos akumon* — literally "and the heaven itself waveless." So far Plotinus. But in the poem *In Memoriam*, about the 90th to 95th section, Tennyson is also laying down the conditions under which communion with the dead may be possible, and he too insists on the necessity for mental and physical calm — "They haunt the silence of the breast, imaginations calm and fair, thy memory as cloudless air, thy conscience as a sea at rest." And then he goes on to describe a peaceful summer evening when in solitude, and with the air so still that the tapers burned out of doors without flickering, he had his first sense of communion with his deceased friend Arthur Henry Hallam, and felt his soul caught up into psychic immensities, an experience for which he had been longing but had not previously been sufficiently calm to attain.

The emphasis on calmness, common to both Plotinus and Tennyson, had evidently caught the attention of F. W. H. Myers, when here with us, and had caused him to select that passage from Plotinus as a motto to his poem on Tennyson.

It is all clear enough now, but it was not clear to us when we asked the question; and surely it is remarkable that this information on a literary topic was obtained from the deceased Myers in response to no stimulus other than a pronouncement of four Greek words, absolutely meaningless to the medium.

No one incident ought to be convincing, and this is only one of a multitude but when a large number of incidents are put together — some of them of the domestic or trivial variety, some of them spontaneously conveying information on events occurring elsewhere, some of them enabling us to understand literary features or to get a clue to some recondite point — when all these incidents are out together and it is perceived that the only hypothesis that will fit all the facts is communication with a discarnate intelligence, and that all other attempted explanations break down, some in one direction, some in another — then the proof becomes cumulative to an extraordinary degree. The body of evidence is continually growing, and, to those who study it, it speaks unmistakably and with absolute conviction to the effect that the dead are in no sort of way extinct. They are simply outside our sensual ken, they are not out of touch mentally and spiritually, and they can actually communicate with us occasionally, by permission of those privileged persons who are only partially secluded in their physical body and who possess the faculty of allowing their organism to be used as a medium of communication by intelligences on the other side of the veil. That such a faculty has its dangers, goes without saying; that it can be of service to psychological science in demonstrating an important fact, is obvious, too. It surely behooves us to protect persons who possess the genuine faculty, to discourage those feeble-minded folk who imagine that they have the gift when they have it not, and ruthlessly to weed out and condemn those impostors who seek to imitate the genuine power by fraudulent devices.

The veil is not impenetrable; the link of affection is not broken by death; and through the grave and gate of death there shines a dawn of more than mortal vision

My contribution must be in the nature of a caution. Communication with the discarnate undoubtedly occurs, but always through some physical medium or instrument. Some physiological organism is absolutely necessary, as a link between the mental and the physical. We cannot receive any kind of message here and now save through bodily organs, that is through something that acts as an instrument or vehicle of communication. The instrument may be our own brain-nerve-muscle system — in which case we ourselves are acting as the medium — or it may be through the brain-nerve-muscle system of some one else, who is acting like a telegraph-operator as a link of communication. In every case it is vitally important to remember that the properties, the idiosyncracies, of the medium affect the message. Pure and unadulterated communion can hardly occur. An inspired message or a thought has to come through an earthen vessel; and the result is to deface it to some extent, to confuse or to sophisticate or to modify it somehow. Occasionally, in moments of extreme lucidity, the medium appears quite transparent, but there is always a trace of opacity and sometimes it is badly colored. Those who judge of a scene by looking at it through colored glass, without making allowance for the sophistication of the medium, will be deceived.

They can be deceived without the slightest semblance of fraud. Fraud is not common, but misinterpretation is. The medium may be quite unconscious of the necessity for caution: it is for the educated sitter to realize that he must not take things at their face value; he should record all that is said, but he must study and collate it afterward. Much varied experience is necessary to do this properly. Interpretation even of a foreign language is not easy; hence to that study people give their minds, and by comparison of many languages dictionaries are compiled.

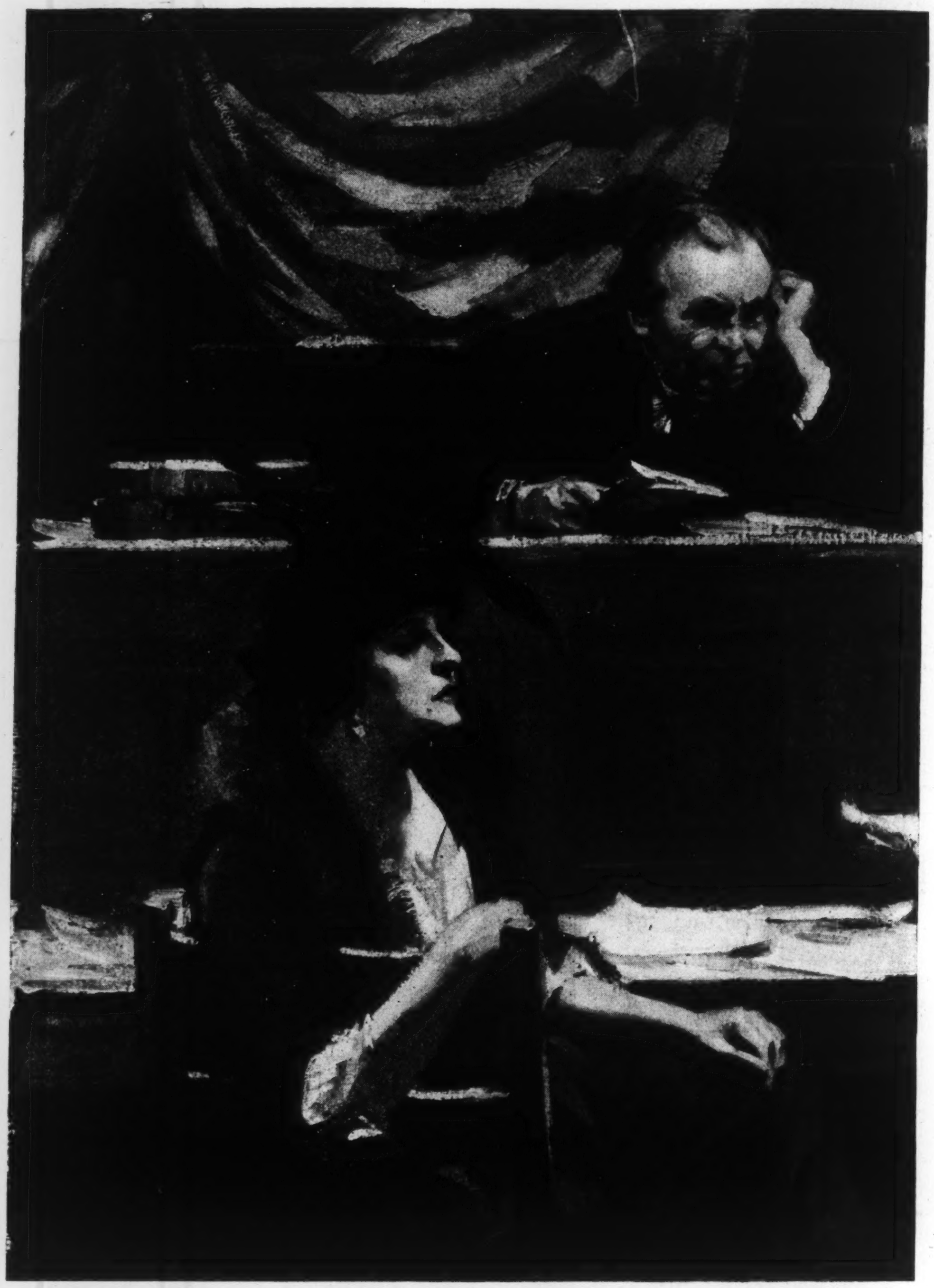
Language from another world, though it may appear to be ordinary English, is not likely to require less interpretation than the language of another continent. The difficulty is how to establish a code when a new class of facts have to be expounded. The things they have to express must differ from our things, and, though they may try to translate their meaning into our mode of thought, the task must be one of some difficulty. They must ultimately [*Continued on page 37*]

The Man, The Tiger *and* *the* Snake

Further Adventures With an Unusual Trio

by Ferdinand Reyher

Illustrations by Pruett Carter



There was a sinuosity to the prisoner's movements — a flimsily clad motion Comlough. I have never spoken to the prisoner nor she to me, but

"That friend only is the true one who is by when trouble comes; words are air, a deed talks louder than a solo played on drums."

HE had met **THE MAN** in the person of Evans Lynn, a banker who had embezzled, who had asked and received aid of him and had promised to repay when the occasion arose. Cooper Comlough also had met **THE TIGER** in the person of an ex-convict, unjustly pursued by the police. When Cooper had rescued him — **THE TIGER**, Joe Glenn, he of the Mystic Fingers, — had promised to repay in kind in case of need.

These adventures had come to Comlough in the course of his operations in oil; in a campaign to put the crooks out of business and establish a corporation which would merit the confidence of the public. Lynn, the embezzling banker, had been caught in the crash that followed Cooper's attack on the crooks. Another factor, perhaps the determining one in influencing Comlough to give aid, was that Lynn's wife, Marcia, and Comlough were old sweethearts. It was Marcia's money that Lynn had lost as well as his own and the bank's.

How will **THE MAN** and **THE TIGER** reward their benefactor? When will Cooper meet **THE SNAKE**? And what of Marcia?

FOR many reasons now, Comlough would have preferred not to visit the Lynns, but Marcia called him up and made him promise to come for dinner the following night. She was leaving the day after to open their country house, Knollynn. He planned to go directly from their house to the station, as he was leaving for Washington at midnight on certain matters of importance connected with United Americas and the Estacado venture.

He walked to Lynn's residence and as he approached it his feelings were a mixture of trepidation and embarrassment. He had an unimaginative dread of betraying, in some involuntary look, gesture or lack of old cordiality, his knowledge of Lynn's acts, none of which in reality he would — could — have done. Deep within him the tenderness he always had for Marcia was even greater now that the instinct of helping had come with the opportunity of so doing. But he felt more than ever under the necessity of concealing his feelings from her. As he rang the bell he remembered — or thought he did — that he had never visited Marcia and Lynn since they were married without a certain embarrassment of which the present seemed only an acute variant. One of the things which made it easier for him, however, was his preoccupation with his own affairs. The first slight hitch in his plan to get control of the Estacado had occurred that day. He had received a wire from Texas that Kilcairn could not be found. He had lighted out unexpectedly a few days before and no one knew where he had gone.

Lynn had fully recovered his old self-possession and Comlough found moments in which to admire what, after all, must have been an acted gaiety. When they finished dinner Marcia accompanied them into the library. Just as they sat down to smoke Miss Graves, the governess, came in to call her to the nursery to say good-night to the children.

"Come up with me, Cooper," she said. "They will just love it."

He went up into the beautiful, airy nursery with its clutter of toys, sunshiny pictures and gay colored loveliness and general sense of immaculate, cosy spaciousness. The tiny pajamaed Marcia insisted on clambering over him, while the more sedate Evans confronted him with great, grave gaze and the demand for a story. He rumpled little Marcia's intractable gold curls into still greater dishevelment and recited a kind of white house on a green hill against a blue sky account of a wee girl and big tame coyote and a still bigger horse he had seen on a ranch in Texas. Evans heard him solemnly through and courteously said "Thank you, sir." Little Marcia shoved her touselhead under his arm and drew his hand down over hers. Then she swung herself up and whispered, "I wants a big dog and horsey, too, Uncle Cooper — may I?"

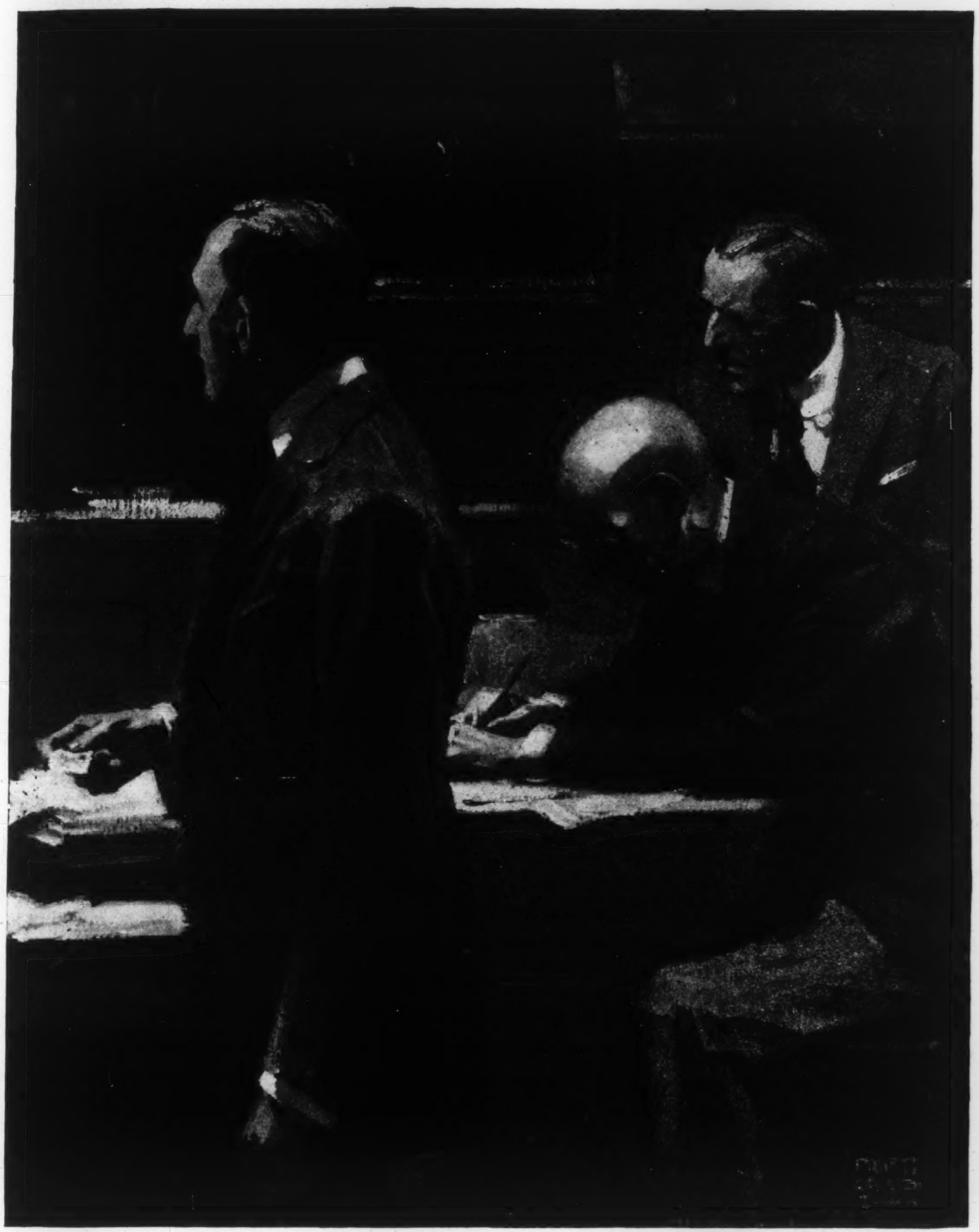
He was deeply glad that he had been able to help Lynn; but somehow, the thought of it made him ill at ease. He found himself avoiding Marcia's clear gaze whenever it turned on him. He fancied there was questioning in it. He wondered that Lynn could have risked all this upon anything in the world, no matter how certain it might seem.

In the library Lynn sat back in his chair intently puffing a cigarette, his coffee untouched on the tray beside him. A speculative gleam lighted his eyes as he lazily brought them to meet Comlough's when the latter entered.

"Everything all right now, Evans?" asked Comlough.

Lynn nodded. "Quite, old man." He dropped the cigarette in the tray and abruptly got up. "Come into the study." He rang for the butler. "Timmins, tell Mrs. Lynn, Mr. Comlough and I are in the study and to let us know when she comes down."

Comlough had suspected for some years that this was a method of Lynn's to apprize Marcia that he did not wish to be interrupted; to-night he felt sure of it. As they entered Lynn's study, a rather severe, workman-like shop in his otherwise sumptuous home,



which was almost reptilian and just as fascinating. "Your Honor, I am Cooper I should like to appear for her, as a citizen who witnessed an outrage"

Comlough's attention was immediately attracted by an object not in the room when he had been there last. It was a polished metal sphere about three feet in diameter, set in a cast-iron base. On one side and toward the bottom a few lever-like projections and a small disc knob broke the shining smoothness of its surface. The steel sphere was set between Lynn's green-gray Italian desk and a metal cabinet.

"What's that?" Comlough pointed to the big sphere.

Lynn smiled.

"Take a close look," he said, leading the way to it. "Ever see one like it? Can you see a crack in it anywhere?"

For a moment Comlough saw nothing but the unbroken sheen of the surface. Then he discerned the tiniest imaginable breath of a circle on the side about quarter way round from the disc and levers. He ran his finger over it, but touch was a sense too clumsy to discover it.

"That's the door," said Lynn. "The latest thing in safes. There's not a chisel in the world that can nick it, nor an acid that can rot it. Even if it were drilled here at the knob and blown apart it wouldn't rip, and if it did it wouldn't do a bit of good, because it wouldn't be open then. Even if it were got into by violence, in spite of everything, a current leading from the base would be waiting inside powerful enough to electrocute a man."

"Sounds thrilling!" laughed Comlough. "Where and why did you get it?"

"The Spheroid Safe and Vault Company had a master mechanician named Brownlow in their shop. He perfected the first Atlas safe, and was — this is strictly between us, Cooper — well, swindled out of a fair share of the proceeds. He spent eight years perfecting this fellow and I induced Munthe to loan him money to incorporate in his own name, holding security on his patent. This is the first finished product he turned out."

"Looks stunning, must say — not bad in any parlor, eh! Does he make 'em in boudoir styles, too?" asked Comlough solemnly. "Got it for Marcia's jewelry, I suppose."

"That and whatever papers and so on I want to stick in. Safer than a bank."

The same thought about the safety of a bank must have gone through both their minds, because Lynn dropped his eyes and bent over the safe. His body cut Comlough off from a view of his hands. He heard a sort of rachet clicking; a whirl forwards and backwards; another triple click and a circle of the surface raised itself about two inches with a winding motion as though unscrewing itself from the rest. Another whirl of the disc and a third rachet clicking, and the circle of steel slowly turned on an invisible hinge like a door opening. A blank wall of copper stretched across the opening. A series of six curved steel pins, about an inch thick, pierced the copper at one side and held the circular steel door as solidly as though it were nailed to a granite slab.

"That copper sheet is lined with a three-inch thickness of steel. The outside surface of the safe turned in," Lynn explained.

It opened and slid noiselessly apart in response to another manipulation of levers and disc, and something he did to one of the hinging pins. An array of little doors with individual disc knobs was revealed. In the center a door about eighteen inches square evidently guarded the main box, or compartment, which was surrounded by a series of various sized but much smaller spaces. Lynn opened the large door by its own combination, and all but two or three of the others. There were nine in all. Comlough noticed that once he took his hand from a knob which he was about to turn. The opened compartments contained jewel boxes, papers, trinkets of sorts.

"Well," said Comlough as Lynn, taking out several papers first, again closed the safe; "if I ever get the Hope diamond or the Kohinoor or the Crown Prince's diary I shall buy myself one of these things."

They settled themselves in chairs and Lynn spread out the papers he had taken from the safe and pushed them toward Comlough.

"Here's the first reaction from the Texan Improvement crowd. Fifty thousand will buy that block."

Comlough had already given out two statements which had killed the market on that stock.

"Good enough for a start," he said. "I'll give you an order for it on Hannemann." He made the order out. "Everything smooth with you now, Evans?"

"Perfectly. Your plans running as you want them?"

"Ye-es —" Comlough hovered over the word. "Kilcairn has momentarily disappeared, that's all."

"Think he might have got wind of anything?"

"No. We'll locate him in a day or so, I guess. But it's queer. Left no word where he sailed to. That's the funny part of it. He's the kind that leaves tracks a county wide behind him."

Lynn puffed reflectively on a fresh cigarette.

"It would hold you up pretty bad if you didn't locate him or his stock, wouldn't it?"

"THROW me against Bonsell and Cann, that's all. And enough! Kilcairn could stick me pretty hard if he got a stray notion."

"It would be bad if Bonsell and Cann — or somebody with their block — got hold of Kilcairn's, and got pig-headed, wouldn't it?"

Comlough gave a short laugh.

"Damned bad!" he said grimly.

"What's doing in Washington, Cooper?" asked Lynn, changing the topic.

"An unborn railroad for one thing. Here — this will give you the lay of the land." He leaned over the desk and traced a map on a pad. "Here's the Canassus — Utopian Acres are over there, northwest; here's Cactus Hollow, a ravine really, coiling round from Utopian and shooting a spike across and touching Canassus about here. Here's a place called Healy's Farm, where we connect with the Long Horn and Lone Star's contemplated spur — this is the line of their franchise. We're going to pocket that by tomorrow or Thursday. I'm not waiting till Porter gets back after all. There are people in Washington who can induce him to give me his whole road, contingent franchises and all. The entire line I have to establish for my transportation purposes goes about like this. Swinging out from the Canassus and Utopian through Cactus Hollow, winding in here, and out here — Cougar Gorge — into Red Basin, over here to the foot of Table Hill and Erckmann's Creek. It's fairly clear sailing from there to Healy's Farm, and from Healy's Farm to Sheridan, the last station on the Long Horn and Lone Star. All these are spurs we need. I'll probably switch the Long Horn off its own main track here at Moore, the third station beyond Sheridan, and cut across here with a new line to Baird's Ford. From there I can connect up with the principal roads, as well as Houston and the Gulf, with a total of more than a thousand miles of rail saved. The route I've shown you here is a hundred dollars a foot cheaper than any other possible one."

Lynn examined the chart interestedly.

"How's Washington going to settle it?" he asked.

"Morrissey, Lommax and Krull in the Senate and House. They'll assure me of what state concessions I need, and put their shoulders to the sale of Porter's property through a chap named Walpole, who was associated with him."

Comlough leaned back, tearing the paper with the drawing on it into small pieces. He leaned over the desk and threw them into the metal waste basket behind it.

"Good work, Cooper!" said Lynn quietly. "You're winning out in a big way, old man."

It did Comlough good to hear this from his old friend. He glanced at the clock and rose.

"Got to trot now, Evans. Have to drop in on Stover before I leave, to get a note from him to somebody who may be of use to me in Washington. Due to meet him at that Broadway club of his before ten-thirty. By the way, please ask Timmins to call up my place and have Ochia bring my bag to the station."

They went into the library and while Lynn instructed Timmins to do as Comlough had requested, the latter took leave of Marcia who had entered a moment before. Comlough had the impression that she had been waiting for them, but had respected Lynn's desire not to be interrupted. He had the half-thought — half-hope, perhaps — that Lynn would tell her of his work, as he had told it to Lynn. He both wanted and didn't want her to surmise how much of his love for her had been turned into the channels of his work.

"I'll go a ways with you," said Lynn suddenly, as Comlough turned to shake hands with him.

They walked down Fifth Avenue a few blocks, then stood on a corner chatting, while Comlough kept a lookout for a taxi. Walking alone up Fifth Avenue a stylishly-garbed woman passed them. Comlough was glancing down the Avenue for a cab, but as the woman passed he happened to turn toward Lynn sufficiently to note his expression. Lynn's face had that predatory impassiveness with which the better bred male appraises a casual woman that might interest him.

In the taxi Comlough found himself meditating over that expression on Lynn's face as the woman passed. The incident — it hardly was one — rather one of those little moments of casual appearance which sometimes let outsiders deeper into men's souls than years of day to day companionship — maintained itself insistently in his mind. To save his soul he could not keep from connecting Marcia with it either, which irritated him. He had no especial sympathy with anchoret ideals, being neither a hermit nor a monk in a world populated to a charming degree by desirable women; but there were considerations of square play involved in a partnership of faith with a woman like Marcia. It was not a question of decency, perhaps, but certainly one of good breeding for Lynn to give no occasion for speculation to any man; himself — Lynn — included. Somehow, he seemed to be happening upon Lynn in betrayals of that credo of his — good form — a great deal lately.

The entrance to the Broadway political club which Deems Stover visited on necessary occasions was by way of a continuous double flight of stairs. At best, day and night they were dingily lighted, and to-night, as Comlough climbed them, a curious thing happened. He was half-way up the second flight when the low-candle-powered lamps over the landings went out and the stair and hall were blanketed in darkness. At that moment a spread of illumination was emitted for a moment as the club-room door above opened and two men came out. They closed the door and stood for a moment on the landing above Comlough.

"Hell, Pooley, what's the idear enyways?" said a mean, whining voice. "I been waitin' since twen'y after nine an' ets twen'y o' 'leven now. 'N hour 'n' twen'y minits. What'n hell kep' che?"

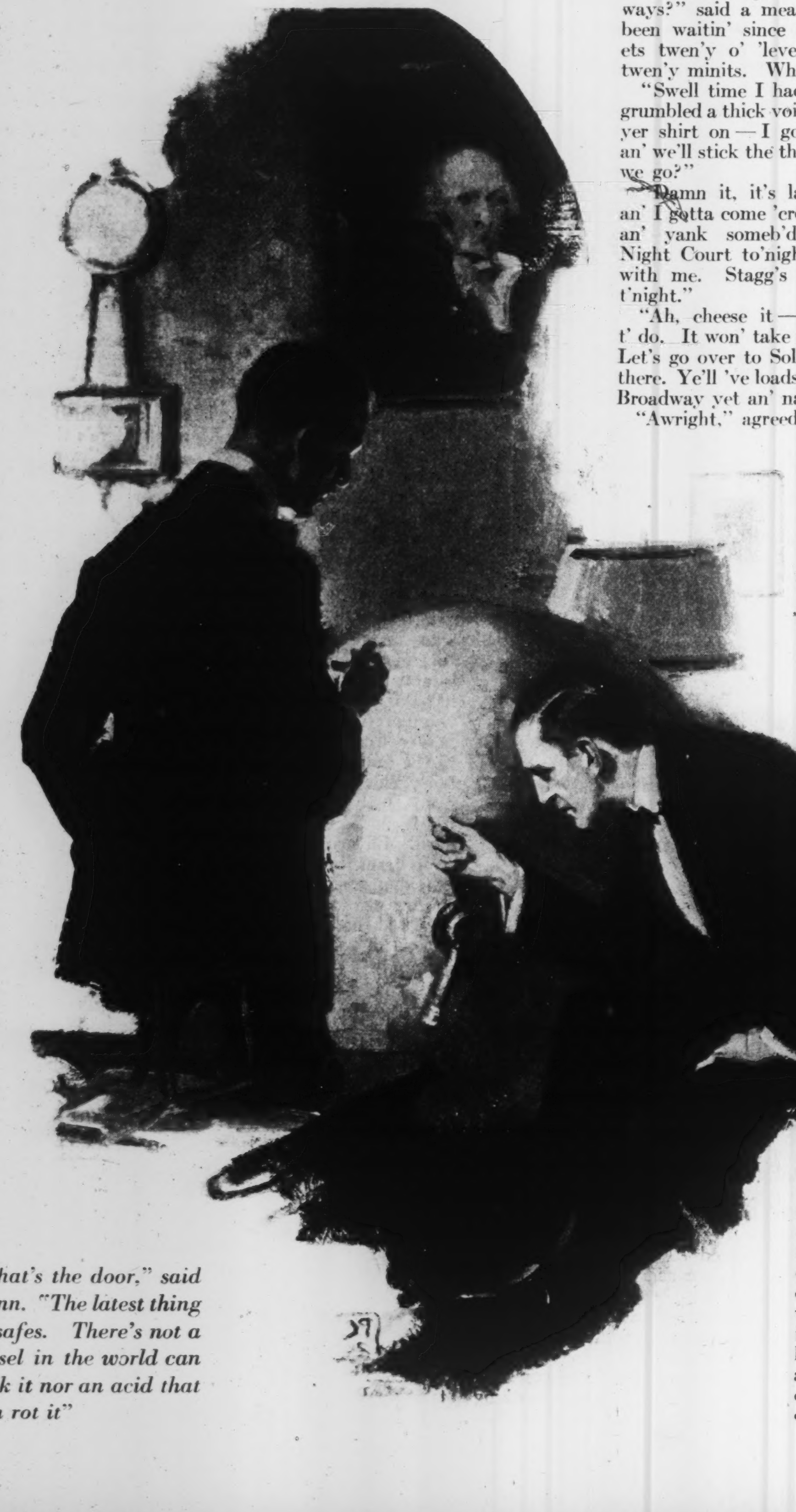
"Swell time I had diggin' up Weaver," grumbled a thick voice in response. "Keep yer shirt on — I got the real dope now, an' we'll stick the thing through. Where'll we go?"

"Damn it, it's late's hell f'r me now an' I gotta come 'cross with a couple pulls an' yank someb'dy inna that damn' Night Court to'night or'll be hell t' pay with me. Stagg's giv' me warnin' jes' t'night."

"Ah, cheese it — thet'll be easy 'nuff t' do. It won' take us more'n a half-hour. Let's go over to Sol's. Kelly'll mebbe be there. Ye'll 've loads o' time t' shoot along Broadway yet an' nab off eny ol' tart."

"Awright," agreed the other sullenly.

Comlough shuffled purposely against the steps and the two men above started down promptly. They jostled him slightly in passing. As he fumbled for the doorknob to the club-room the lights went on again. Out of curiosity he bent over the banister and looked down. The stouter of the two men, who were now just reaching the street level, had on a gray suit and a black derby; the other, somewhat cut off from Comlough's view by his companion, wore a suit of brown stuff and a brown Fedora.



"That's the door," said Lynn. "The latest thing in safes. There's not a chisel in the world can nick it nor an acid that can rot it"

He opened the door and went in. Those who know Deems Stover have probably felt the incongruity of him in any such surroundings. At once the antithesis and parallel in political acumen to M. B. Patricks — the famous M. B., political Nestor to the New York *Chronicle* and to all the Walsh papers; a quiet-spoken gentleman who knows by intuition the unexpected dartings of the political goose, which may lay golden eggs, and never recommends slaughtering it. Stover, too, was quiet-spoken, sagacious and a gentleman. But in contrast to M. B. he seemed a precocious child; not as old as Tammany itself. Slender, boyish, alert, smiling. A thin long face, with a thinner, longer nose, and thick dark brown hair; steady lens-like eyes, a slight Yankee nasality of speech. He knew everybody, could use them and everything from the spread eagle to the walking delegate. He divided life equally between meeting people, the long-distance telephone and the telegraph office. And always there remained his youth and enthusiasm; especially youth — the more astonishing that since he was out of college this boy had been in the most youth-sapping, illusion-crushing game in the world. Probably he had retained his youth because he had never had any illusions to lose.

HE had been born enthusiastically sophisticated, and sophistication being one of those rare traits of man likely to suffer no diminution in force with the years, he had kept it along with his enthusiasm and his youth. Standing behind the rickety railing which was supposed to give a conference privacy to one end of the big room, talking to a puffed-out man who dangled a fraternal watch-charm that would almost have covered a teacup, nobody would have suspected that Stover was the mental and organizing force behind some of the most astonishing political maneuvering in the state and country. Without interrupting his conversation he waved a boyish greeting through the fog of tobacco smoke at Comlough, as soon as the latter entered. Comlough picked his way between two intensive poker games with an extensive fringe of spectators who seemed to resent his efforts to get through.

"Hello! Waiting for you, Cooper," Stover gripped his hand. "Let it go at that then, Sam, and ring up Smiley to-morrow and tell him how you made out. Come over here, Cooper." He led the way to the farthest corner of the railed-off space. "Sit down, boy."

"Just left Lynn. Had dinner up there to-night. Wants to be remembered to you."

"How's he anyway? I saw him Wednesday afternoon, first of May," Stover had that gift of exact memory for passing trifles. "Over on Thirty-seventh Street just off Sixth Avenue. He was with Marcia — I think. Didn't get a chance to get to him."

Comlough's mind reverted to the incident of the passing woman on Fifth Avenue a half-hour before, and matched it with Stover's words. He happened to know that on Wednesday, May first, Marcia had not been in town. Stover took something from his pocket.

"Here's your letter to De Pinna. You know Dick Worthington and Billy McDill pretty well, don't you, Cooper?"

"Of all the august Senate and the honorable House, none better."

"Well, it should be clear sailing then. Worthington has strings on your man Walpole, and McDill is thick with your Venezuelan party."

They talked a few minutes more and then went down-stairs together, parting at the curb where Stover entered a gray touring car to be rushed off to some midnight conference or other.

Comlough walked slowly down Broadway lost in the flux of half-thoughts. He was rather grotesquely summoned out of them. A woman jostled against him in the crowd issuing from a theatre. Her face came close to his; her eyes, fairly large but like diamonds for hardness and intentness, fastened on his; her body grazed his insinuatingly, while a reek of patchouli and violets and odoriferous talcum swirled around him and she and he were separated by the infilading crowd. He sought to place her. He had seen her somewhere before. Then he recalled, not her, but a woman he did not know either, of whom she reminded him — the woman who had passed Lynn and himself on Fifth Avenue. Had she not been coming out of the theatre — the program still in her hands — he would have believed she was the same one. He crossed Thirty-fourth Street and turned toward the station, when he noticed that it was only quarter-past eleven, an hour before his train left. He was not sleepy, and the night was lovelier outdoors than in a berth. Hesitating a moment on the opposite side of Broadway he faced north again and walked back.

As he approached Forty-second Street, in the still water blocks between it and the [*Continued on page 51*]

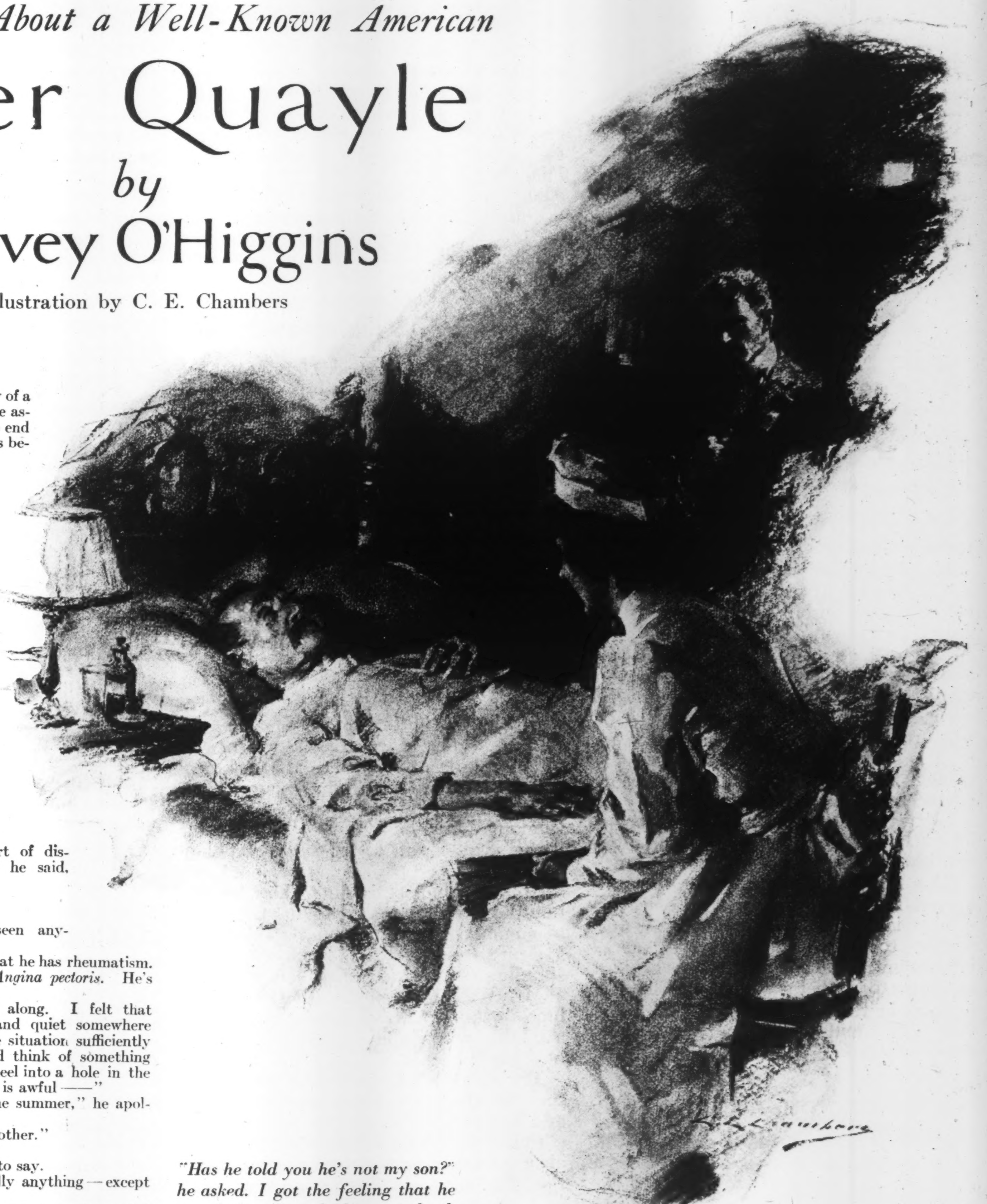
The Truth About a Well-Known American

Peter Quayle

by

Harvey O'Higgins

Illustration by C. E. Chambers



"Has he told you he's not my son?" he asked. I got the feeling that he was lying there looking at death and conserving every heartbeat

Part II

If I failed to give the quality of a dramatic dénouement to the astounding statements at the end of the last instalment it was because there was no true dramatic quality whatever in the scene. It was casual, and self-conscious, and distracted. Bob had a manner of bitter indifference to what he was saying; and when he said, "I'm not his son", he leaned forward to look out the cab window, at men working in the street, before he added "I've known it for years." I was staring at him, at once stupefied and incredulous. He looked at me challengingly. I looked away — but not before I saw that his manner was assumed in order to conceal emotion.

"Well," I decided, "this is a sweet mess."

He made a sound in his nose that was probably intended to be an amused snort of disgusted agreement. "Besides," he said, "he's dying."

"*Who's* dying?"

"The old man."

"Good heavens! I haven't seen anything——"

"No. They've given it out that he has rheumatism. It's neuralgia of the heart. *Angina pectoris.* He's likely to pop off any minute."

The cab rattled and jolted along. I felt that if we could only be stationary and quiet somewhere for a moment, I might realize the situation sufficiently to say something adequate and think of something helpful. We dropped a back wheel into a hole in the pavement just as I began: "This is awful——"

"Town's always torn up in the summer," he apologized. "Mending pavements."

"I mean it's awful for your mother."

"Oh." He nodded. "Yes."

I could think of nothing more to say.

"I haven't told her practically anything — except that I want to marry Angela."

If I had had any sense at all, I might have demanded some convincing proofs of his statements. How did he know that he was not P.Q.'s son? How had he learned that P.Q. and P.Q.'s father had run away and — Did he mean that the five hundred dollars, with which P.Q. had landed, was guilty money?

I got up courage, at last, to ask him that.

He said: "I suppose so. They left her in poverty there, with a child — Angela's mother. She never heard of them afterward. If he weren't dying, I'd go to him and make him fork out for her. He's not likely to leave *me* much. And the other two will never give up anything. And I can't tell mother about it. I don't want her to know he's been — that kind of —" He choked up.

And suddenly, in the midst of my horror and my sympathy, I found myself filled with an outrageous sense of exultation. To put it too flatly, I felt that life, after all, could be worthy of an author! And I struggled to repress the feeling, with disgust, in silence, dazzled by the bright romantic glamor of a guilty fortune, an illegitimate heir, an erring wife, a whole plot of old crimes discovered on a death-bed. How stranger than fiction! And how dramatically elucidative of everything that had puzzled me about the family — P.Q.'s pursuit of security, Bob's revolt and his unhappiness, the absence of all brotherly affection, the division in the house, the mother's painful mouth. It seemed that I had been almost a mind-reader in the way that I had penetrated to the old man's criminal secret, that evening at dinner. I began even to believe that he must have seen the accusation in my eyes and been disturbed by it.

I was recalled to the immediate realities by the sight of Gramercy Square. What was I to say? How was I to behave? How, especially, was I to face Mrs. Quayle?

I said to Bob: "Don't let your mother know I'm here yet. I want to talk this over with you before I see her" — by which I meant that I wanted to conspire with him in the inventing of some plausible untruth with which to deceive her. Accordingly, we sneaked up to Bob's rooms and locked ourselves in. And there, with him sunken in a large and melancholy looking armchair, while I walked up and down portentously before him, we went over and over the perplexities of his tragic situation.

He wanted to marry Angela Quayle. Well, since there was no real relationship between them, he might do so. But he had told his mother of his love affair under solemn pledge of secrecy; she had been horrified at the thought of his marrying a chorus girl; and she had kept his secret only because she knew that if his father learned of it, he might be [*Continued on page 48*]

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McCLURE'S is committed by tradition to serve loyal, humane and just causes — and to keep its pages clean and wholesome and unafraid.

NOVEMBER, 1920

A Coming Man

NEXT time you're hereabouts, ride over to Fort Lee and take a look at a coming man. He'll be standing at the ferry gate holding down a $3.00 job on which he manages to satisfactorily support a wife and an ambition.

At sixteen he was picking cotton on a Georgia plantation, a back country colored boy without an A, B or C to his name. At twenty-eight he has an army enlistment, a half-finished college course, and a comfortable bank balance to his credit. He reads Œdipus Rex in the vernacular, speaks three languages, adventures dauntlessly into the labyrinths of trigonometry and calculus, and has ridden to Canterbury with Master Chaucer and his ancient company.

Next year he expects his degree and after that there'll be a new student in the law department of N. Y. University.

This man, but three generations removed from savagery, born with every possible racial and social handicap, is too busy winning to waste time whining. America is his country and as much of it as he dares and cares to win belongs to him. There *are* barriers in the United States, but none that bombs and intrigue can *remove*; none that can *resist* purpose and pertinacity.

Back on the Job

ANOTHER great era of discovery and invention is at hand. With too much to do and too few to do it, with high prices and low production, with minimum cash and maximum obligations, the world must use its head until supply and demand are again balanced.

Don't waste time worrying about tomorrow. Imagination has stuck a monocle in its eye and is studying possibility through microscopes that will soon find requisite combinations of wealth and sustenance. Nature has enough reserves in the desert and jungles for coming necessities; the intelligence which in 1914 began devoting attention to smashing international strength is again on the job of construction and promotion.

These last five years sha'n't enduringly block progress. The present crippling costs of operation are stimulating the creation of canny devices whose nimble springs and magic cogs will extort double duty from precious minutes. Another batch of sterile territories is now worth the cost of reclamation. It will hereafter increasingly pay to rush into farther wilds to stud them with cities and energize their rich, loafing acreage. The earth hasn't shrunk, the plow and the tool chest are still here. Faith and hope and resolution are with us.

Harding, Wilson and Cox

THE Republicans are convinced that America is even more dissatisfied with Mr. Wilson than with the Democratic Party. In fact they insist the only actual Democratic party observed hereabouts in recent years *is* Mr. Wilson.

They accuse Mr. Wilson of conducting a monopoly in constraint of Congress. They imply that the members of his Cabinet are mere T-crossers and I-dotters. Their campaign orators are making noises remarkably similar to the criticisms leveled at one J. Cæsar, celebrated in Rome and Shakespeare. They call him an autocrat and offer Mr. Harding as an antidote.

Mr. Harding is a product of practical experience; Mr. Wilson was hothoused in a library.

Mr. Harding is a mixer among men — Mr. Wilson an observer in the distance.

Mr. Harding was an editor whose business it was to learn what people were thinking. Mr. Wilson was a professor whose trade it was to tell men what they should learn.

Mr. Harding's training has shown him the importance of studying the needs of common happenings and folks. Mr. Wilson's specialty was analyzing outstanding events and individuals.

Mr. Wilson traveled with the mental blue-stockings; Mr. Harding started as a small town printer and still remembers how his former comrades think and feel.

Try as they will historians can't keep their minds off the importance of history and its verdict.

Country editors on the other hand are always bothering about to-day's circulation, watching the effect of current news on immediate events.

Mr. Harding could succeed only by appreciating the importance of average citizens; Mr. Wilson was at least fifty years old before his interests or aspirations necessitated crowd contacts.

Mr. Harding is a producer and employer intimately familiar with the thousand and one little problems that constantly beset the worker and the boss. Mr. Wilson has never operated an enterprise in which his own money was invested, and, excepting a brief attempt at the practise of law, has never engaged in an undertaking which would directly familiarize him with the details of production and the problems of financing a venture.

Mr. Harding is the candidate of a party which regularly polls its heaviest vote where the greatest development has been attained, where the main assets of the country are located, where the principal plants and mercantile establishments are found, where the best and most newspapers are published, where the best and most schools and universities are situated, where voters are face to face with the worst aspects of alienism and its insolent radicalism, where the bulk of our taxes are earned and paid, where child labor is restrained, where the average of health and intelligence is highest, where workers enjoy the biggest incomes received anywhere on earth, All of which testimony as to its fitness to promote the welfare of the entire nation is offered in behalf of this party and the man whom it has selected to head our Government.

Mr. Cox is presented by the Democrats as the successful governor of a powerful and affluent state, the management of which he has directed through several administrations with signal adroitness and common sense. Mr. Cox like Mr. Harding is self-made, is an editor, and has demonstrated his business fitness by amassing a comfortable fortune. He is young, dynamic and broadly experienced. Mr. Cox champions Mr. Wilson's doctrines and is championed by Mr. Wilson's adherents. If elected he must rely upon the strength of the Southern delegations in the House and Senate to execute his programs. In return the South will naturally exact proportionate attention to its own interests.

Mr. Cox is for the League of Nations — Mr. Harding is not — and there we are.

Curbing the Swindler

"CAVEAT VENDOR," meaning "let the seller beware." Since the first barter all the odds have been against the buyer. Law and custom alike tipped the scales for the expert. Now the cheat, the trickster and the double-dealer must settle for every suave deception.

If goods are not as represented the nearest court will adjust the matter.

Dishonest advertising is prohibited by statute — so are a hundred little, keen practises so dear to cunning.

Goods at wholesale and retail must be sold on merit. "Presents," entertainments, secret commissions and the various burglar tools with which the unscrupulous of yore jimmied their way to fat orders are Federal offenses.

One by one craft is being stripped of its masks; the methods that used to put folks in the "Who's Who" of finance and commerce are getting them into disrepute and jail.

Who'd ever have thought the time would come when a credulous dollar, a widow's mite and a fool's fortune were safe from the swindler?

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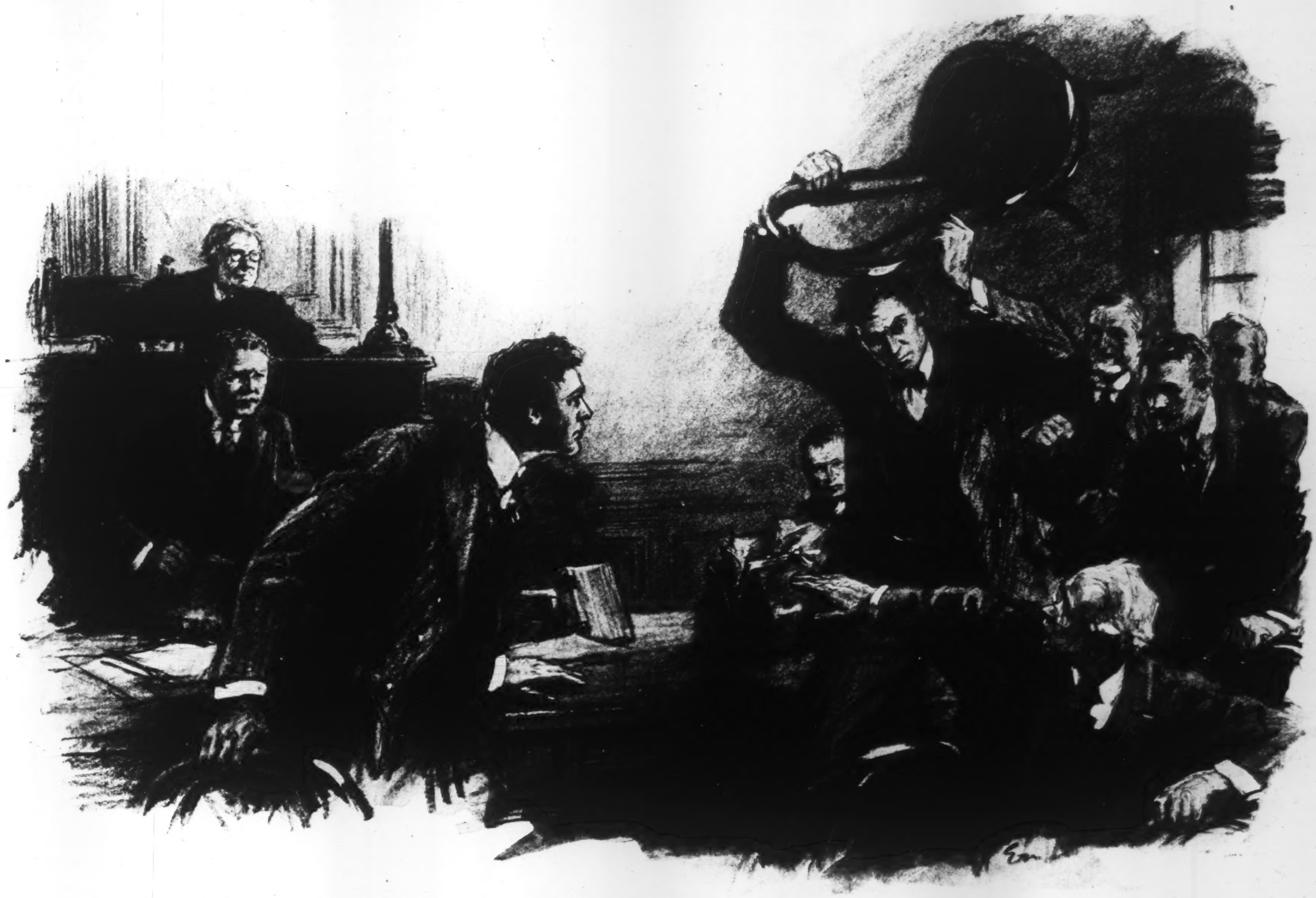

"You die! You die now! I take you with me!" It was Armiston who fell on the advancing madman as he towered over the little Dean, and the pair went to the floor with a crash

The Phantom Alibi

In Which Is Presented a Case Unique in Detective Fiction

by Frederick Irving Anderson

Illustrations by Ernest Fuhr

"NO! NO!" said Armiston, the extinct author, with the air of a sorely tried man doing his best to be civil. He turned to his desk, made a great to-do of being busy and interrupted. He had an impulse to rise and dismiss the persistent visitor with a bow. But he hesitated to be so abrupt. The fellow should take the hint!

"Murder," said the author, "is distinctly not in my line."

Oliver Armiston's visitor smiled, throwing a look of secret understanding at the fat Buddha who reposed among folds of flesh in one corner of the elegant room.

"You turned it to very good account once," he said mildly.

"I recollect your crew did me the compliment to tell me I was guilty," nodded Armiston.

"The guiltiest man unhung!" retorted the visitor, with relish. "You procured that crime! Our moderation on that occasion still astonishes me."

He was a man of fierce aspect, but his eyes had the habit of merriment. Parr, the deputy commissioner, for it was that exalted policeman himself, was recalling an incident in Armiston's career several years gone by, when the famous author of thrillers was gulled by a clever stranger into solving as fiction what proved to be a problem of fact. The fertile author not only contrived (on paper) to rob the unprincipled wife of a diplomat, but when the tale was published, tasted the bitter triumph of finding the clever stranger had executed the crime according to printed direction, not even eliding the murder which to Armiston, engrossed in the plot, had seemed unavoidable. This atrocity, succeeded as it was by a mysterious gift from the grateful perpetrator, had created such a sensation as to drive Armiston into retirement. No! Decidedly murder was not in his line!

Parr rose. Armiston forbore to look up for fear of detaining him. But Parr was not departing. He removed his top coat, remarking it was warm, and sat down again, smiling with sly satisfaction.

"You inspired that crime," said Parr easily.

"Your moderation on *this* occasion astonishes *me!*" broke in Armiston testily. "You arrest a reputable citizen for murder. You admit that the mere statement of the known facts, to any sane jury, would convict him. And then, as an officer sworn to uphold the law, you come privately to me, and say: 'Please, sir, as a personal favor, won't you prove my prisoner innocent.' Is the man innocent, then?"

"Yes."

"Then why arrest him, why accuse him of murder, if you know that he is not guilty? Does the law require a victim? Do you intend to prosecute him?"

"Certainly. I have no option."

"Even if you know he is innocent?"

"Facts, my dear boy. Facts. I can't go behind facts. *I* can't. You can. That's why I come to you."

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HERBERT KAUFMAN, *Editor*

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McCLURE'S is committed by tradition to serve loyal, humane and just causes — and to keep its pages clean and wholesome and unafraid.

NOVEMBER, 1920

A Coming Man

NEXT time you're hereabouts, ride over to Fort Lee and take a look at a coming man. He'll be standing at the ferry gate holding down a three per day job on which he manages to support a wife and an ambition to the satisfaction of both.

At sixteen he was picking cotton on a Georgia plantation, a back country colored boy without an A, B or C to his name. At twenty-eight he has an army enlistment, a half-finished college course, and a comfortable bank balance to his credit. He reads Œdipus Rex in the vernacular, speaks three languages, adventures dauntlessly into the labyrinths of trigonometry and calculus, and has ridden to Canterbury with Master Chaucer and his ancient company.

Next year he expects to stand for a degree and after that there will be a new student in the law department of New York University.

This man, but three generations removed from savagery, born with every possible racial and social handicap, is too busy winning to waste time whining. America is his country and as much of it as he dares and cares to win belongs to him. There are barriers in the United States, but none that bombs and intrigue can remove and none that purpose and pertinacity can resist.

Another great era of discovery and invention is at hand. With too much to do and too few to do it, with high prices and low production, with minimum cash and maximum obligations, the world must use its head until supply and demand are again balanced.

Don't waste time worrying about tomorrow. Imagination has stuck a monocle in its eye and is studying possibility through microscopes that will soon find requisite combinations of wealth and sustenance. Nature has enough reserves in the desert and jungles for coming necessities; the intelligence which in 1914 began devoting its entire attention to smashing international strength is again on the job of construction and promotion.

These last five years sha'n't enduringly block progress. The present crippling costs of operation are stimulating the creation of canny devices whose nimble springs and magic cogs will extort double duty from precious minutes. Another batch of sterile territories is now worth the cost of reclamation. It will hereafter increasingly pay to rush into farther wilds to stud them with cities and energize their rich, loafing acreage. The earth hasn't shrunk, the plow and the tool chest are still here. Faith and hope and resolution are with us.

Harding, Wilson and Cox

THE Republicans are convinced that America is even more dissatisfied with Mr. Wilson than with the Democratic Party. In fact they insist the only actual Democratic party observed hereabouts in recent years *is* Mr. Wilson.

They accuse Mr. Wilson of conducting a monopoly and constraint of Congress. They imply that the members of his Cabinet are mere T-crossers and I-dotters. Their campaign orators are making noises remarkably similar to the criticisms leveled at one J. Cæsar, celebrated in Rome and Shakespeare. They call him an autocrat and offer Mr. Harding as an antidote.

Mr. Harding is a product of practical experience; Mr. Wilson was hothoused in a library.

Mr. Harding is a mixer among men — Mr. Wilson an observer in the distance.

Mr. Harding was an editor whose business it was to learn what people were thinking. Mr. Wilson was a professor whose trade it was to tell men what they should learn.

Mr. Harding's training has shown him the importance of studying the needs of common happenings and folks. Mr. Wilson's specialty was analyzing outstanding events and individuals.

Mr. Wilson traveled with the mental blue-stockings; Mr. Harding started as a small town printer and still remembers how his former comrades think and feel.

Try as they will historians can't keep their minds off the importance of history and its verdict.

Country editors on the other hand are always bothering about to-day's circulation, watching the effect of current news on immediate events.

Mr. Harding could succeed only by appreciating the importance of average citizens; Mr. Wilson was at least fifty years old before his interests or aspirations necessitated crowd contacts.

Mr. Harding is a producer and employer intimately familiar with the thousand and one little problems that constantly beset the worker and the boss. Mr. Wilson has never operated an enterprise in which his own money was invested, and, excepting a brief attempt at the practise of law, has never engaged in an undertaking which would directly familiarize him with the details of production and the problems of financing a venture.

Mr. Harding is the candidate of a party which regularly polls its heaviest vote where the greatest development has been attained, where the main assets of the country are located, where the principal plants and mercantile establishments are found, where the best and most newspapers are published, where the best and most schools and universities are situated, where voters are face to face with the worst aspects of alienism and its insolent radicalism, where the bulk of our taxes are earned and paid, where child labor is restrained, where the average of health and intelligence is highest, where workers enjoy the biggest incomes received anywhere on earth. All of this testimony as to its fitness to promote the welfare of the entire nation is offered in behalf of this party and the man whom it has selected to head our Government.

Mr. Cox is presented by the Democrats as the successful governor of a powerful and affluent state, the management of which he has directed through several administrations with signal adroitness and common sense. Mr. Cox like Mr. Harding is self-made, is an editor, and has demonstrated his business fitness by amassing a comfortable fortune. He is young, dynamic and broadly experienced. Mr. Cox champions Mr. Wilson's doctrines and is championed by Mr. Wilson's adherents. If elected he must rely upon the strength of the Southern delegations in the House and Senate to execute his programs. In return the South will naturally exact proportionate attention to its own interests.

Mr. Cox is for the League of Nations — Mr. Harding is not — and there we are.

Curbing the Swindler

"CAVEAT VENDOR," meaning "let the seller beware." Since the first barter all the odds have been against the buyer. Law and custom alike tipped the scales for the expert. Now the cheat, the trickster and the double-dealer must settle for every suave deception.

If goods are not as represented the nearest court will adjust the matter.

Dishonest advertising is prohibited by statute — so are a hundred little, keen practises so dear to cunning.

Goods at wholesale and retail must be sold on merit. "Presents," entertainments, secret commissions and the various burglar tools with which the unscrupulous of yore jimmied their way to fat orders are Federal offenses.

One by one craft is being stripped of its masks; the methods that used to put folks in the "Who's Who" of finance and commerce are getting them into disrepute and jail.

Who'd ever have thought the time would come when a credulous dollar, a widow's mite and a fool's fortune were safe from the swindler?

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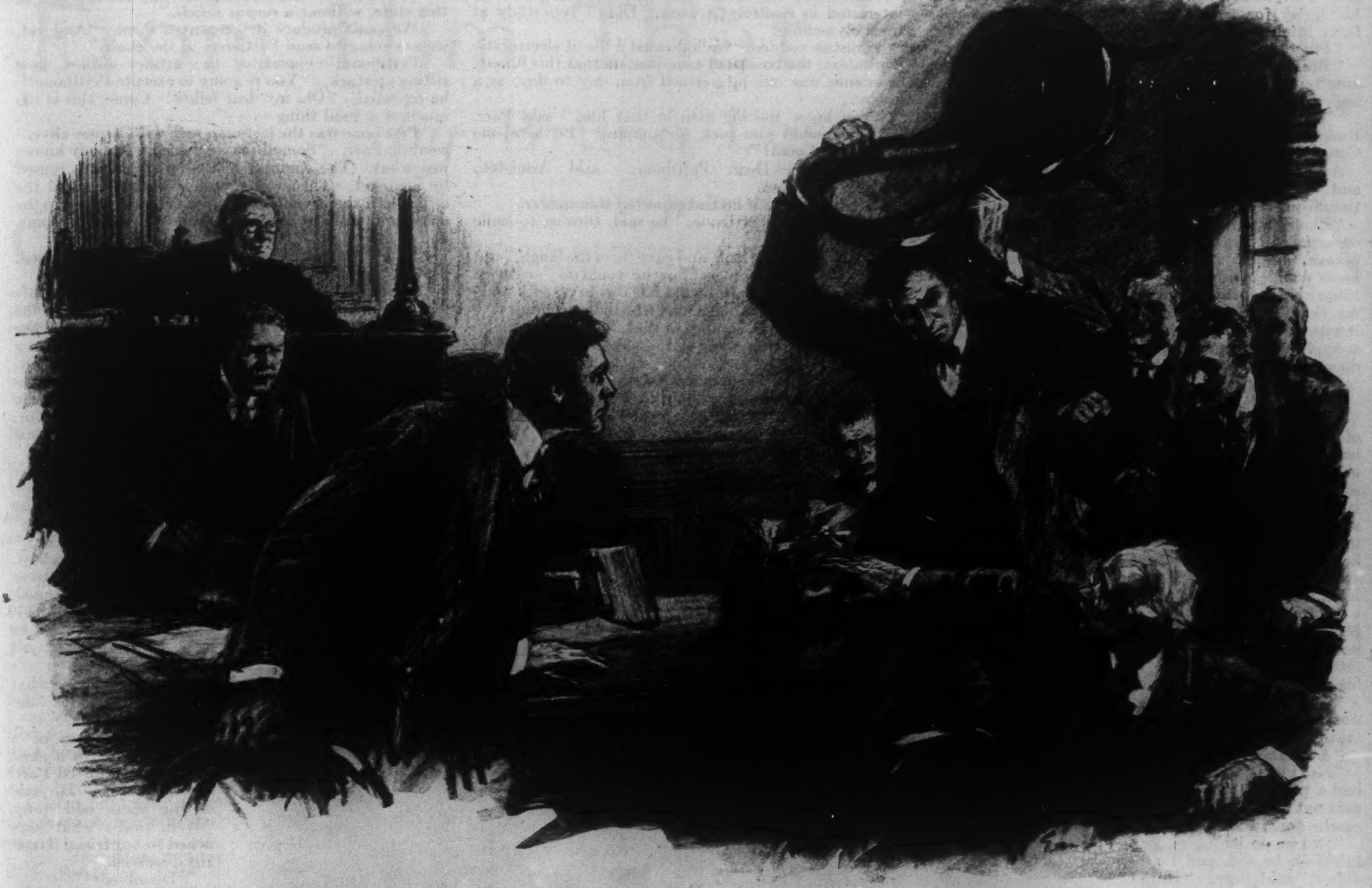


"You die! You die now! I take you with me!" It was Armiston who fell on the advancing madman as he towered over the little Dean, and the pair went to the floor with a crash

The Phantom Alibi

In Which Is Presented a Case Unique in Detective Fiction

by Frederick Irving Anderson

Illustrations by Ernest Fuhr

"NO! NO!" said Armiston, the extinct author, with the air of a sorely tried man doing his best to be civil. He turned to his desk, made a great to-do of being busy and interrupted. He had an impulse to rise and dismiss the persistent visitor with a bow. But he hesitated to be so abrupt. The fellow should take the hint!

"Murder," said the author, "is distinctly not in my line."

Oliver Armiston's visitor smiled, throwing a look of secret understanding at the fat Buddha who reposed among folds of flesh in one corner of the elegant room.

"You turned it to very good account once," he said mildly.

"I recollect your crew did me the compliment to tell me I was guilty," nodded Armiston.

"The guiltiest man unhung!" retorted the visitor, with relish. "You procured that crime! Our moderation on that occasion still astonishes me."

He was a man of fierce aspect, but his eyes had the habit of merriment. Parr, the deputy commissioner, for it was that exalted policeman himself, was recalling an incident in Armiston's career several years gone by, when the famous author of thrillers was gulled by a clever stranger into solving as fiction what proved to be a problem of fact. The fertile author not only contrived (on paper) to rob the unprincipled wife of a diplomat, but when the tale was published, tasted the bitter triumph of finding the clever stranger had executed the crime according to printed direction, not even eliding the murder which to Armiston, engrossed in the plot, had seemed unavoidable. This atrocity, succeeded as it was by a mysterious gift from the grateful perpetrator, had created such a sensation as to drive Armiston into retirement. No! Decidedly murder was not in his line!

Parr rose. Armiston forbore to look up for fear of detaining him. But Parr was not departing. He removed his top coat, remarking it was warm, and sat down again, smiling with sly satisfaction.

"You inspired that crime," said Parr easily.

"Your moderation on *this* occasion astonishes *me!*" broke in Armiston testily. "You arrest a reputable citizen for murder. You admit that the mere statement of the known facts, to any sane jury, would convict him. And then, as an officer sworn to uphold the law, you come privately to me, and say: 'Please, sir, as a personal favor, won't you prove my prisoner innocent.' Is the man innocent, then?"

"Yes."

"Then why arrest him, why accuse him of murder, if you know that he is not guilty? Does the law require a victim? Do you intend to prosecute him?"

"Certainly. I have no option."

"Even if you know he is innocent?"

"Facts, my dear boy. Facts. I can't go behind facts. *I* can't. You can. That's why I come to you."

"How do you know he is innocent?" In spite of himself, Armiston was giving heed. Nevertheless he was determined to smash Parr by logic, if insolence failed.

"How does a bird know North, in spring?" answered the imperturbable policeman, to whom nobody, not even his best friend, would have ascribed the smallest touch of imagination. He dealt with facts, as such; he was incapable of going beyond facts. He believed in shoe-leather and elbow-grease, not divination. Thus he had made his reputation as the very Nemesis of the law. And yet to-day he had come privately to the extinct author, whom he had not seen since that lamented circumstance of long ago, and said, somewhat astonished at his own words: "I am about to convict an innocent man of murder. Indeed I will, I must, unless you can find some way to prevent me." It was a tribute to the cogency of Armiston's fiction mind.

"Just what are the facts?" said Armiston, softening. And Parr, finally convinced that he had struck fire in his quest for subtlety of imagination to oppose his facts, hitched his chair nearer.

"Finger-prints —" he began — —

"Bosh! Finger-prints are not facts!" cried Armiston, now fairly in the saddle. "Anybody can counterfeit finger-prints. It's merely a process of photography."

"There you are!" exclaimed the deputy, beaming on Buddha. "I didn't know that. I don't know it yet. Can it be done?"

Armiston daubed his thumb with the ink-bottle cork, and stamped it on a sheet of paper, making his own thumb-print.

"Photograph that, life-size," said Oliver. "Print it on a pellicle of gelatine sensitized with bichromate of potash. Soak the gelatine in cold water. What have you? You will find on that pellicle of gelatine, in relief, the exact duplicate of the lines of my thumb. The lines stand up like type. Smear it with ink, grease, blood, anything — leave the imprint any place you want to — on a revolver handle, safe door, window — any place."

"Marvelous!"

"Not at all. Elemental," corrected Armiston dryly. "So much for your finger-prints! It's as old as the art of photography — it's used as a commercial process, to imitate photogravures. The trouble with you, Commissioner, is that you don't recognize a fact when you see it. You accept somebody's say-so. A finger-print is gospel to you. It isn't to me. It's the first thing I suspect. I wonder how many poor devils you've sent up, with your facts." He paused, rather pleased with himself. "Now trot out some more facts." He looked at his watch, as a gentle suggestion that his amiable mood would be of brief duration. Parr settled himself restfully in his chair.

"The murdered man was Sauer — J. H. Sauer," said the deputy.

"A reputable party?"

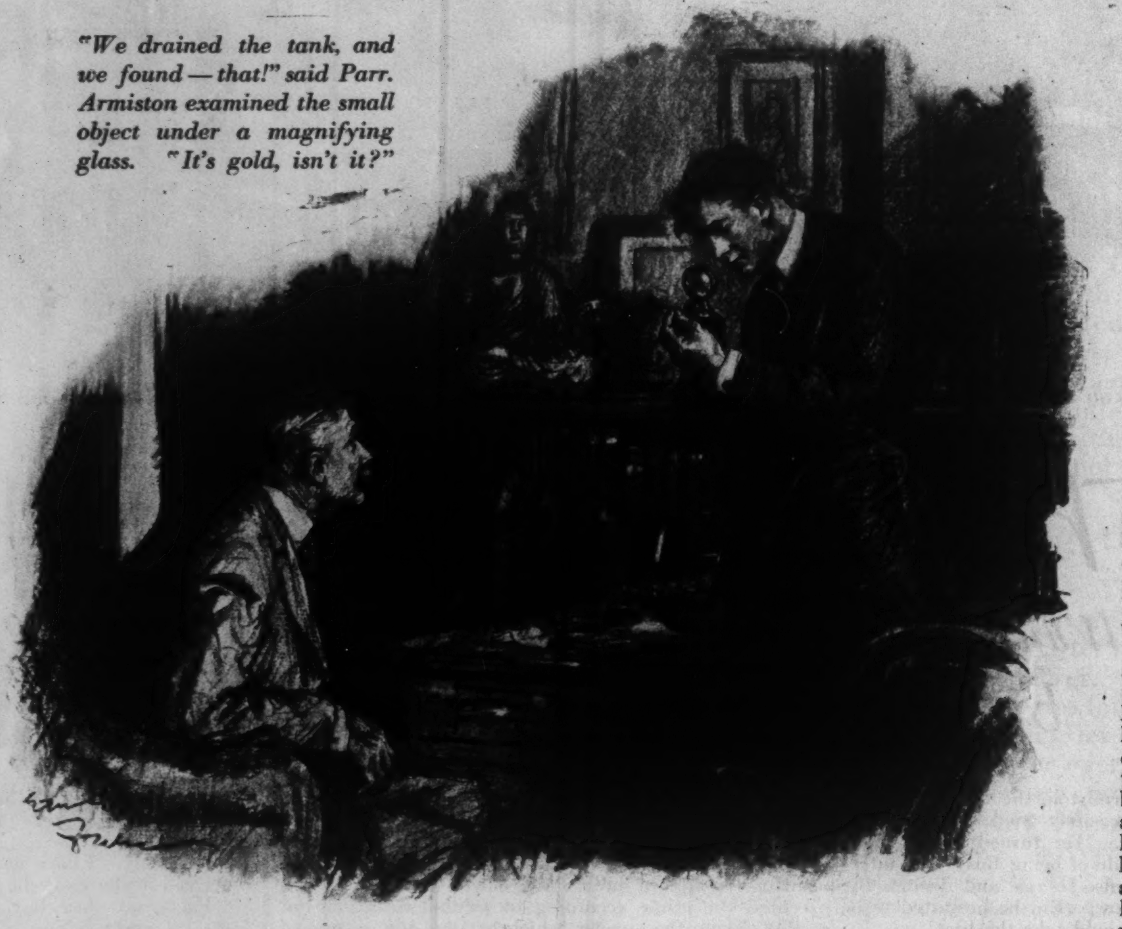
"No, I believe not. He had a process for making gold out of aluminum. It can be done, I am told."

"Did he do it?"

"Well, he did, and he didn't," said Parr. "He quietly interested a few people — good people — Brown, president of the Elm Park Bank, and Westcott, a technical man employed in the Assay Office, as another. Why is it," asked Parr, "that the clever crook selects the expert for his boob? This one did. Imagine Brown and Westcott, of all men in the world, falling for that sort of thing — the two men who above all others should have been wary. He demonstrated his process for them, and they were convinced he had what he claimed. There would be a pot of money in it, of course. But it meant a costly plant, to start. Well, when he found he had these two hog-tied, when they were willing to back him to the limit, Sauer got cold feet."

"Sauer? That's a new line, for a crook." Armiston, idly whittling a pencil, looked up.

"Wait." Parr was warming up. "After he had convinced the experts, the inventor himself began to have doubts. They were willing to go ahead, but he wasn't. He got the queer idea that he had been fooling himself, that there was a flaw somewhere. There was quite a row, I believe; but he wouldn't go ahead. They repeated that they were satisfied. He told them he didn't think their opinion was worth two whoops. Finally Brown, the banker, who saw riches slipping away from him, asked Sauer if he would be content to call in an umpire and let him decide. Well, Sauer backed and filled, and finally he said if they would call in an expert of unquestioned authority, all right. He would abide by the verdict. He didn't seem to be worrying over the fact that he might be fooling them. That was their lookout. He was afraid he was fooling himself."



"We drained the tank, and we found — that!" said Parr. Armiston examined the small object under a magnifying glass. "It's gold, isn't it?"

The functionary of police chuckled softly to himself.

"Armiston," he said, "you told me once you were interested in electrolytic work. Didn't you study at the Polytechnic?"

Armiston nodded. He indicated a file of electrolytic journals on the bookshelf as indication that this branch of science was one he pursued from day to day, as a hobby.

"You know the big men in that line," said Parr. "Whom would you pick for umpire? Is there one outstanding man?"

"Pettibone — Dean Pettibone," said Armiston, without hesitation.

Parr nodded, as if he had expected this answer.

"They picked Pettibone," he said, turning to smile at Buddha.

"And he took one look, and gave them the laugh," put in Armiston. "I know just how he would do — without batting an eyelash. But what has this to do with murder? And your executing a man who didn't commit it?"

"Patience! I am coming to that," said Parr mildly. "Well, they made several dates. Pettibone agreed to come, not because he took any stock in it, but just to humor Brown. Then our friend Sauer contracted a jumping tooth. And for about three weeks he groaned in a dentist's chair, more concerned about saving that tooth, than he was about his million dollars. Finally the tooth was fixed up, and they had a session. Pettibone handed Sauer some aluminum, and Sauer went ahead with his usual hocus-pocus. When the thing was cooked, or pickled, or whatever there was to be done, he opened up the crucible to show the gold. Not a trace!"

Armiston grinned.

"Count on Petty for that!" he said.

"Well, they tried it again, and again. Nothing doing." Parr regarded Armiston with his dry smile. "It seems Sauer had been furnishing his own aluminum, hitherto. Salted it, I suppose. Those two experts never suspected him. You can get a trace of gold out of any sample of commercial aluminum — not enough to pay, but you can show it. Pettibone suspected what had happened. He handed Sauer a piece of chemically pure aluminum. And he didn't give him a chance to dope the brew. Then he laughed at him. There was quite a blow-up. Brown quit cold, feeling as if he had been made a fool of. So did Westcott. They left in a huff. But Petty stayed behind, Sauer buttonholing him. The last Brown heard, Pettibone was explaining to Sauer, in words of one syllable, just what kind of a crook he was."

"He'd do that — make it a point of honor," agreed Armiston. He yawned. "This is all very thrilling, Commissioner," he said. "But when do you produce the corpse?"

"We don't," said Parr, grimly.

"What? You can't execute a man for murder, in this state, without a *corpus delicti*."

"We can't produce it," repeated Parr. "And yet, we are going to send Pettibone to the chair."

"Pettibone!" ejaculated the extinct author, now sitting up stark. "You're going to execute Pettibone?" he repeated. "Oh, my dear fellow! Come, this is too much of a good thing — —"

"Pettibone was the last man seen with Sauer, alive," went on Parr. "Something happened. Nobody knows just what. The engineer in the basement was roused by a racket. Then water began coming through the ceiling as if there was a flood up-stairs. He called up the office, and with the nightman broke into Sauer's rooms, and found — —"

"What?" exploded Armiston, for Parr had paused, smiling queerly.

"Nothing," said Byrnes. "Nobody there. The safe was open, a lot of papers were scattered about the floor. A chair or two was upset and broken; and the city water was pouring out of a broken pipe, from a connection that Sauer had had put in for his experiments. There had been a three-foot length of galvanized pipe over a lead sink. This pipe had been twisted off at the elbow, and there it lay on the floor. Somebody had been bludgeoned with it. On one end there was blood and hair. Otherwise — nothing."

Here the deputy paused again for dramatic effect.

"Have I hooked you on now?" he demanded nasally.

Armiston had sprung to his feet and was pacing the floor. He stopped in front of Byrnes.

"Pettibone arrested for murder! Oh, come, Parr," he said disagreeably. "This is too stupid, even for you." Parr grinned, with no ill-feeling. This was why he had come; he had deliberately played for this explosion.

"But the body — what became of the body?" demanded Armiston.

"What becomes of a lump of sugar in a glass of water?" retorted Parr. "It dissolves." He said in the same odd tone: "Well, that's what happened to our friend Sauer. He dissolved."

"'Dissolved?'"

"Pettibone's finger-prints were on one end of that pipe," said the policeman.

"Finger-prints, bah!" cried Armiston, angrily. To think that even police bungling would lay a sordid crime of this sort at the door of a man of Dean Pettibone's prestige was maddening.

"I will allow you that," said Parr. "But they led us to Petty. We searched his place. Why, I don't know. Only a fool would expect to find anything there. Still, he was the last man seen with Sauer alive—and something had happened to Sauer. In his laboratory Petty had a big lead tank full of liquid. We asked him what it was. He said it was residues. Residues of what, I don't know. Well, we drained that tank, and we found — this!"

He pushed his clubby fingers into a vest pocket and drew out a tiny ball of tissue paper, which he unwrapped carefully. He laid this small object of irregular shape on the desk. Armiston stared at it. He examined it, under a magnifying glass.

"It's gold, isn't it?" he said, puzzled. Parr nodded.

"It's the residue of our friend Sauer," he said coldly. "It is the *corpus delicti* that's going to convict Pettibone. It is the gold filling out of Sauer's tooth — the sole mortal remains of Sauer, that Pettibone couldn't dissolve in his vat."

Armiston sat down dumbstruck.

"Remember," continued Parr, with painful certitude, "it was only three weeks before, that the dentist made that filling. He used the amalgam process in making the pattern. He has the matrix — and it fits to a crossed T and a dotted I. Furthermore," said the policeman as he watched [*Continued on page 45*]

From Him That Hath Not

by Bruno Lessing

Illustration by Lee Conrey

ONCE upon a time a Poor Man who happened to be crossing the ocean on a big liner saw an opportunity to become acquainted with a Rich Man. This was in the old days of personal liberty. The Poor Man hung about the smoking-room watching the Rich Man play poker. His chance came when one of the players became seasick.

"If there's no objection," said the Poor Man, "I'll take his place."

"By all means," said the Rich Man. "Sit down."

During the play the Poor Man directed all his talk toward the Rich Man and he was so clever and so witty that he ingratiated himself in the Rich Man's affections. What is more, he lost more money than he could have paid in two hundred and fifty years. When the game was over he led the Rich Man aside and, in humble tones, he said,

"I am entirely at your mercy. I have lost more than I can afford to pay. I know that you are rich and have a kind heart and I throw myself upon your generosity. All I have in the world is a ten-dollar-bill and a gold watch which my father gave me."

The Rich Man was very sympathetic.

"Don't worry about it a bit, old man," he said. "I'll settle everything with the others and you will not owe me a cent."

"How can I ever thank you?" asked the Poor Man.

"Tut! Tut!" said the Rich Man. "Don't mention it. Just let me have the ten-dollar-bill and the watch."

The purpose of this anecdote is to illustrate a phenomenon which had been observed by philosophers for many centuries. The adage, "To him who hath shall be given", hardly goes far enough. He who hath not hasn't even a chance.

Abie Lazinsky, sitting in Susskind's Café, ruminating over the vicissitudes of fortune, had just about come to the conclusion that it was time for him to settle down. He was master of several dozen trades, occupations, avocations and arts of which, during the greater part of his life, he had industriously followed only one, viz: the art of living by his wits. The other methods of earning his living had always quickly palled upon him. It would be idle to attempt to describe him; he was merely an East Side *schnorrer*. In the sub-divisions of the human race a *schnorrer* plays exactly the same rôle as a homeless, wandering, mongrel dog plays in the canine world.

There were no other customers in the café at the time; everybody else on the East Side was working at that hour. Abie watched Susskind figuring his monthly balance.

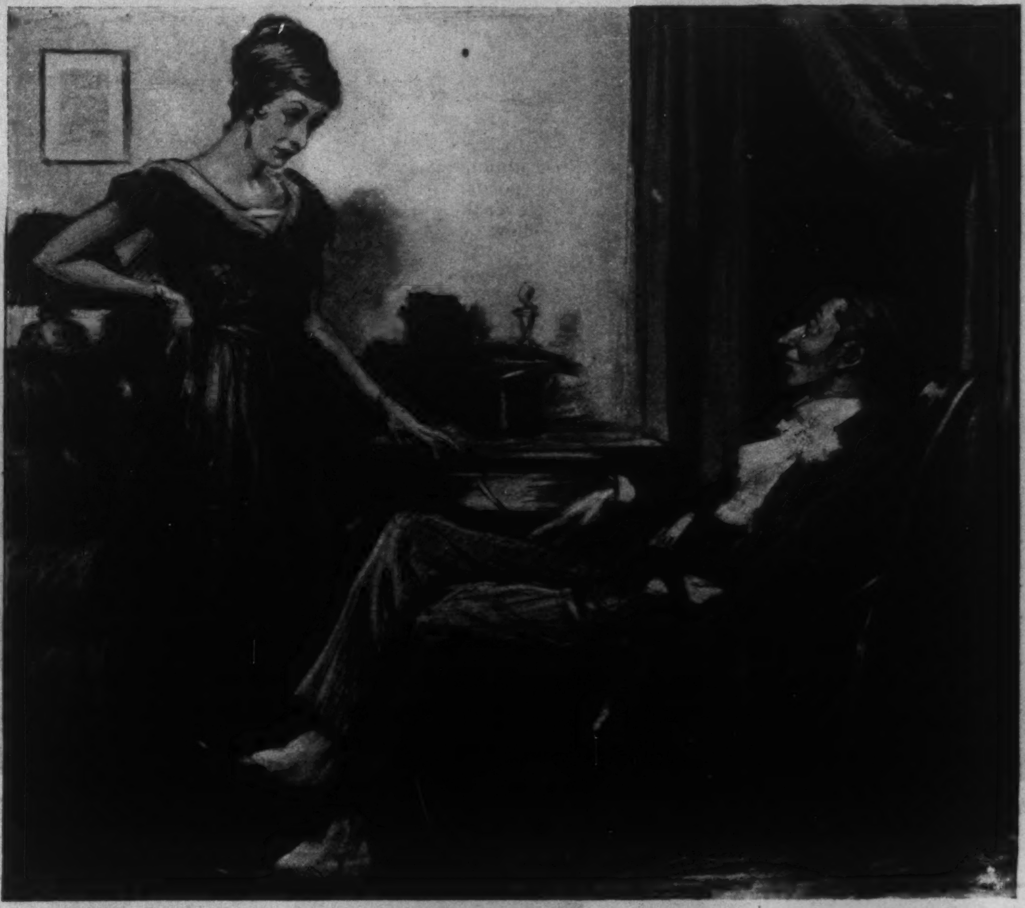
"Don't you think, Mr. Susskind," he said, "it's high time I settled down?"

"It's high time," said Susskind, without looking at him, "that you settled up. I got here nearly fourteen dollars what you owe."

"But I'm talking serious," said Abie. "Pretty soon I'll be thirty-eight years old — or forty-two, or something like that — and if I only had a good start I think, pretty soon, maybe I could retire. You don't know it but I ain't such a fool as I look."

"You couldn't be," said Susskind, calmly. "You're just a plain bum, Abie. Whenever I think how I let you hang around here and run up bills what you never pay, it gives me a pain. Now shut up because I'm adding figures."

Abie rose and wandered idly toward the counter. When he was sure that he had passed out of Susskind's range of vision he helped himself to two almond cakes from a heap upon a glass plate.



The fact that the widow had no money instantly killed Abie's idea

"So long, Mr. Susskind," he said. "If anybody asks for me say I'll be back."

As Abie went out, Susskind mechanically turned his head and contemplated the heap of almond cakes. Then he charged Abie's account with two.

Shortly after Abie had departed another customer entered and you would have known in an instant that he was of an entirely different caliber from Abie. Susskind slammed his account book shut and hurried from behind the counter to wait upon the customer.

"Some coffee, Mister Rosenberg?" he asked, deferentially. "Or a *slivovitz*, maybe? I got some new cherry cordial what you would like."

"I don't want anything," said Mr. Rosenberg. "Go away. I want to think."

SUSSKIND returned to his counter and his accounts but, out of the corner of his eye, he watched his customer. Meyer Rosenberg was not to be treated lightly. A man who owned tenement houses, a big dry-goods store and an automobile loomed higher in Susskind's estimation than the discoverer of the law of gravitation. For quite a while Rosenberg sat silent at the table, shaking his head from side to side, as if his burden of trouble were more than he could bear. And then it must have occurred to him that there might be relief in unburdening himself.

"It's no use, Susskind," he said. "When a fellow is a fool about a woman he's the biggest fool what is."

"You said something, Mr. Rosenberg," assented Susskind, gravely. "I hope you ain't in no kind of trouble."

"Trouble?" Rosenberg uttered a sarcastic laugh. "I got it right up to my neck."

"Ts! Ts! Ts!" clucked Susskind, sympathetically.

"Yes," said Rosenberg, "and, what's worse, she's a widow. Them's the worst kind." Slowly and gradually his story came out. Her name was Mrs. Tillie Marnoff and her eyes had dazzled him. After their third meeting he had taken her to dinner and, upon his return home, overcome by the memory of her charms he had written her a letter. Worst of all, he had actually mailed the letter. And now he could not remember exactly what he had written but felt sure that he had committed himself irrevocably and that, if she wished, the widow could bring suit against him for breach of promise of marriage.

"It ain't so much that I got any terrible objections to marry her," he went on, "but a fellow hates to be clubbed into getting married."

"Is she that kind?" asked Susskind. Rosenberg shrugged his shoulders.

"All women is every kind," he said, sententiously. "I hinted about the letter once and she said she lost it some place. Is that likely, I ask you? Sure it ain't. I betcha she's just keeping it to make trouble some day. I'd give anything if I could get that letter back."

A broad grin overspread Susskind's face.

"D'ye know Abie Lazinsky?" he asked.

"The *schnorrer?*"

"That's him. He's a pretty smart fellow only he's terribly lazy. And if he was dressed up he wouldn't be bad-looking at all. Why don't you send him around as a friend of yours and see if he can't get the letter for you? Maybe she'll get stuck on him."

"That ain't such a bad idea," said Rosenberg, meditatively. "You never can tell what women will do."

And so it happened that when, shortly after, Abie Lazinsky entered the café, he was invited for the first time in his life to sit down beside Rosenberg, the wealthy dry-goods merchant.

"D'ye know how to handle women?" asked Rosenberg. Abie extended his palms.

"Why not?" he asked. "It's easy enough, ain't it?"

"It all depends on how you come out," said Rosenberg. "Now I got a scheme and if you work it right I give you a chance to make some money. But you got to hold up your hand and promise to keep your mouth shut."

Abie held up his hand and promised, whereupon Rosenberg unfolded his scheme. He took Abie home with him.

"We got about the same shape," he said, "and I got some clothes what you can wear so you don't look so much like a bum. Then I'll write a letter of introduction for you. If she asks about me say I'm out of town. You can telephone to my office every day and tell me how you're getting along and if I want to send word to you I'll let Susskind know."

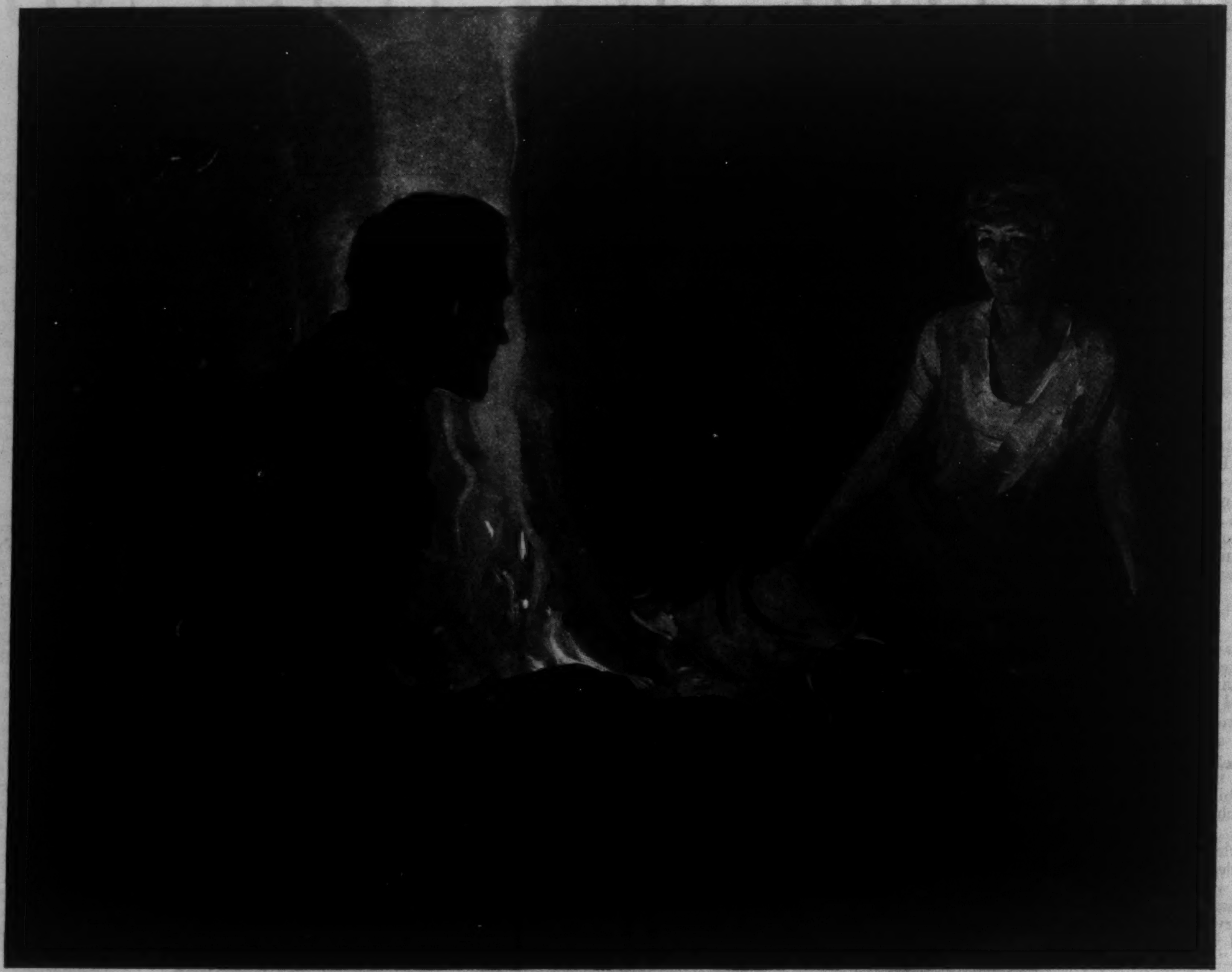
When Abie, clad in finer raiment than he had ever worn before in his life, gazed upon his reflection in a mirror he made a profound impression upon himself.

"Not bad at all, hey?" he asked. "How much did you say I get if I bring you the letter?"

"Oh, I'll give you fifty dollars," said Rosenberg.

"And the clothes?" said Abie. "Can I keep them?" Rosenberg smiled graciously.

[*Continued on page 44*]



Tall, white-gowned, slender and graceful, with the poise of a woman aloof and proud, and the sad face of a Madonna — what a woman to sit at Adam's camp-fire in Death Valley!

The Wanderer of the Wasteland

by Zane Grey

Illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton

WHEN Adam Larey came back to consciousness he was in a strange shack; there floated in to him the sound of low, guttural voices — Indian voices. He was so weak that he could not move but he was alive! The desert had not beaten him, after all.

Adam had had many hard, bitter lessons in the school of life since the day he and his unnatural brother, Guerd, arrived in the West — one seeing the world through the clean, honest glasses of sturdy youth, the other through the smeared lenses of the profligate. The break in the relations of two such contrasting types — inevitable from the beginning — came about over a girl. Guerd, the elder brother, as is natural with his stripe, played poacher; his philosophy was to take whether for good or ill; to dominate solely for the brutal pleasure of dominating. The brothers separated, met again, quarreled and Adam shot Guerd. Then followed his flight to the desert. It was death he sought; he wandered in circles, not caring, until stricken down by hunger and thirst.

Adam's wish would have been fulfilled had it not been for Dismukes, a prospector, who found him and nursed him back to life; gave him supplies and a burro to carry them. And it was Dismukes who restored his faith, who put him in the way of becoming a man.

With Dismukes' burro he started in search of a band of Indians, but the burro ran away, taking his supplies, and for the second time, Adam experiencing the tortures of hunger and thirst, looked death squarely in the face. But now that he knew that he was not to die life seemed sweeter somehow. How strong the spirit of life in him! "I — I wasn't ready — to die," he whispered.

Adam's present deliverer was an Indian chief, Charley Jim, and it was Charley Jim's daughter Oella who had nursed him. The Indians were only too glad to have Adam remain — for he hunted meat for them — and the young man himself might have remained with them indefinitely, so pleasing was the life to him, had it not been for Oella. She fell in love with this young wanderer, so different from her own kind, and Adam, not wishing from reasons of conscience to marry her, set off once more alone.

"I would marry you, cherish you as a white man cherishes his wife," said he to Oella in parting, "but I have blood on my hands. I can only remember and love you always."

His wanderings renewed, the first man he met was Dismukes. The prospector interested Wansfell, as Adam was known in the desert, in Death Valley, and Adam started on another journey of adventure which was to bring him in contact with Mojave-Jo, a she-devil — one of those odd, vicious creatures encountered wherever men go in search of gold. Perhaps Adam's real mission in Death Valley was to find a woman of whose unhappy existence Dismukes had told him, and the gorilla in the shape of a man who was responsible. He might be able to help her and he had promised Dismukes to do so if he could.

THE long-deferred hour at last arrived in which Adam, on a ruddy-gold dawn in early April, drove his burros out into the lonesome desert toward the Armagosa. He did not look back at Tecopah. His feeling was that of a man freed from prison, of a wanderer released from a hot, noisy, squalid, dusty pen into the wasteland of cool sweet air. Tecopah would not soon forget Wansfell! That was his grim thought.

The long drab reaches of desert, the undulating bronze slopes waving up to the dark mountains, called to him in a language that he felt. If Adam Larey — or Wansfell, wanderer of the wasteland, as he had come to believe himself — had any home, it was out in the vast open, under the great white flare of sunlight and the star-studded canopy of night.

This was a still morning in April, and the lurid sun, bursting above the black escarpment to the east, promised a rising temperature. The dry sweet desert air seemed to permeate Adam's brain and clear it of miasmas and shadows. He was free. He was alone. He was self-sufficient. The desert called.

As the sun climbed and the broad day brightened and widened its portals, and the hours passed, Adam drove his burros over the barren benches, along the wide flats where sage and greasewood began to fail, and the earth to take on a dirty whitish crust, a poison look. No longer did the burros stop to nip a plant, for vegetation grew scarce and withered. Not a living creature animated the monotony of that waste.

In the afternoon Adam rounded a corner of a league-long sloping *mesa*, and gazed down into the valley of the Armagosa. It looked the bitterness, the poison, and the acid suggested by its Spanish name. The narrow meandering stream gleamed like silver in the sunlight. Adam headed down into the valley. The sun was already westering, and soon, as he descended, it hung over the ragged peaks. He reached the creek.

In the shade of some mesquite and screw-bean trees, where a scant rank grass grew on the banks of the stream, Adam unpacked the patient burros.

Adam set about the camp-tasks long grown second nature with him. He built a fire of dead mesquite. Then he scoured his oven with sand, and greased it. He had a heavy pan which did duty as a gold-pan, a dish-pan, and a wash-pan. This he half filled with flour, and adding water, began to mix the two. He had gotten the dough to about the proper consistency, when a rustling in the brush attracted his attention. He thought he caught a glimpse of a rabbit. He caught up his gun and stole out into the aisle between the mesquites. As luck would have it he did espy a young cotton-tail, and was fortunate enough to make a good shot.

WHILE Adam was at his simple meal the sun set, filling the valley with red haze, and tipping with gold the peaks in the distance. When he had washed his few utensils, the red haze had given place to purple shadows. Adam skinned and cleaned the rabbit, and hung it high upon a mesquite, out of reach of coyotes, and then his tasks of the day were done.

The heat had gone with the sun. Adam's camp was somewhat cut off by brush on the stream side, and a slope on the other, so that he could not see far. When possible he always chose camps where he could gaze afar, first at the ruddy spectacle in the west, and then oftener and longer at the magnificent purple panorama always presented in the opposite sky. He walked to and fro in the lonely twilight. There was absolutely no sound. It was such solitude as only men of Adam's life could bear. He seemed to be growing at one with the desert and its elements. After a while the twilight shadows shaded into the blackness of night, and the stars blazed. Adam had been conscious all day of the gradual relaxing of strain, and now in the lonely solitude there fell away from him the feelings and thoughts engendered at Tecopah.

"Loneliness and silence and time!" he soliloquized, as he paced his sandy beat. "These will cure any trouble — any disease of mind — any agony of soul. Ah! I know. I never forget. But how different now to remember! . . . That must be the secret of the power of the desert over men."

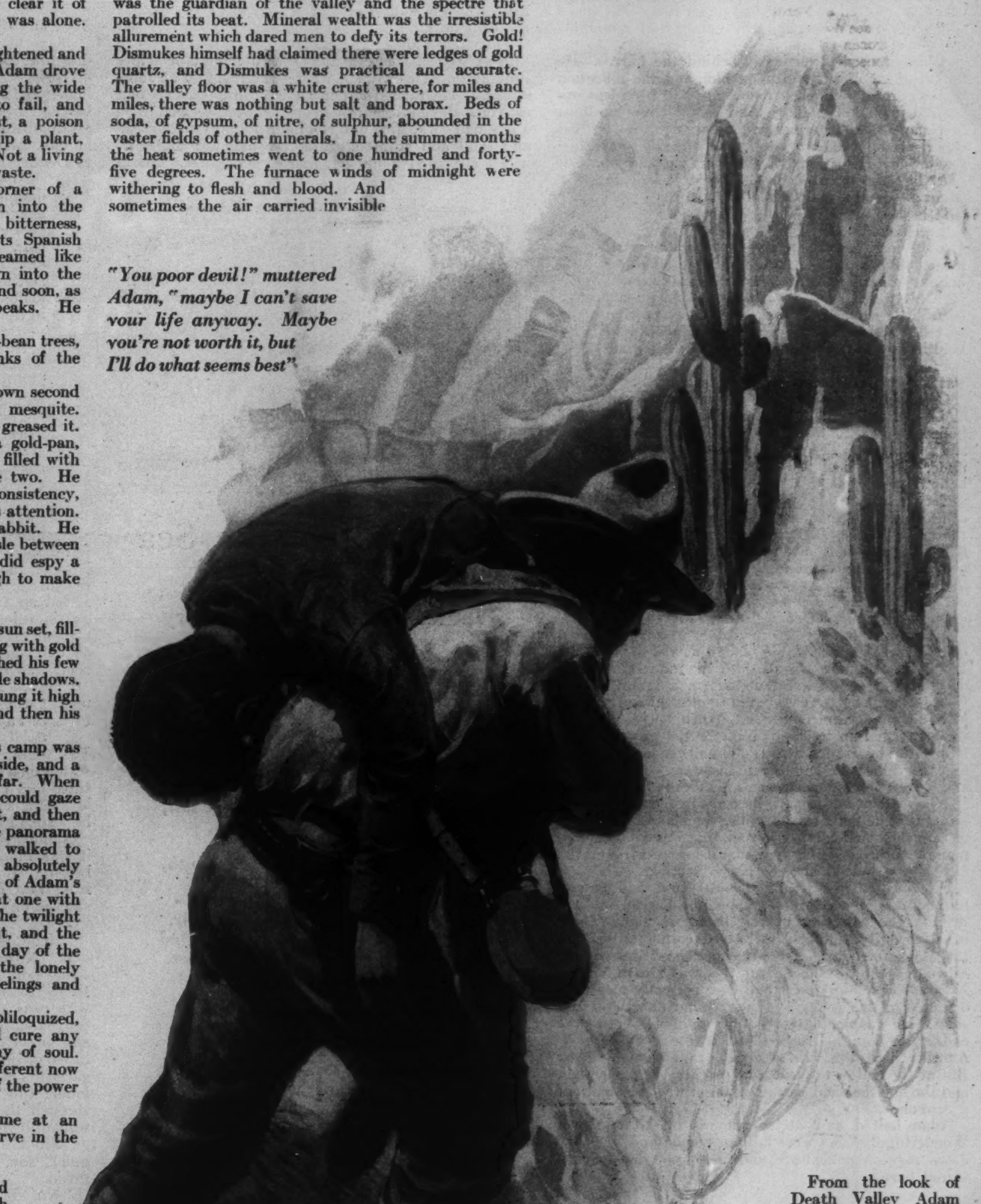
Adam's first sight of Death Valley came at an early morning hour, as he turned a last curve in the yawning canyon he had descended.

He stood in awe.

"Oh, desolation!" he cried. And it seemed that, as the shock of the ghastliness beneath him passed, he remembered with flashing vividness all that had come to him in his long desert wanderings, which seemed now to cumulate its terrible silence, desolation, death and decay in this forbidding valley.

He remembered the origin of that name — Death Valley. In 1849, when the California gold frenzy had the world in its grip, seventy Mormon gold-seekers had wandered into this red-walled, white-floored valley, where sixty-eight of them perished. The two that escaped gave this narrow sink, so many hundred feet below sea level, the name Death Valley! Many and many another emigrant and prospector and wanderer, by his death from horrible thirst and blasting heat and poison-dusted wind and destroying avalanche and blood-freezing cold, had added to the significance of that name and its dreadful fame.

Death Valley was more than sixty miles long and from seven to twelve wide. No two prospectors had ever agreed on these dimensions, although all had been in perfect harmony as to its hellish qualities. Death was the guardian of the valley and the spectre that patrolled its beat. Mineral wealth was the irresistible allurement which dared men to defy its terrors. Gold! Dismukes himself had claimed there were ledges of gold quartz, and Dismukes was practical and accurate. The valley floor was a white crust where, for miles and miles, there was nothing but salt and borax. Beds of soda, of gypsum, of nitre, of sulphur, abounded in the vaster fields of other minerals. In the summer months the heat sometimes went to one hundred and forty-five degrees. The furnace winds of midnight were withering to flesh and blood. And sometimes the air carried invisible death in the shape of poison gas or dust. In winter sudden changes of temperature, whirling icy winds down upon a prospector who had gone to sleep in warmth, would freeze him to death. Avalanches rolled down the ragged slopes and cloudbursts carried destruction.



"You poor devil!" muttered Adam, "maybe I can't save your life anyway. Maybe you're not worth it, but I'll do what seems best"

From the look of Death Valley Adam believed all he had heard.

He got his bearings, according to the map made by Dismukes, and set out from the mouth of the canyon to cross the valley. There was no trail, no track of man or beast in the sandy floor that sloped gradually down to meet the gray level and the white-patched center. Adam did not realize the strangeness of the scene until he had gotten clear of the confines of the canyon. Once out in the open he seemed to feel himself an infinitesimal pigmy of life defying gigantic and forbidding forces of nature. The morning was bright and still, and hot with a burn that penetrated Adam's shirt.

A long sandy slope dotted by dwarfed mesquites extended down to the bare crinkly floor of the valley, from which the descent to a lower level was scarcely perceptible. The walking was bad. When Adam's burros early in the day manifested uneasiness and weariness there was indeed rough going. The sand had given way to a hard crust of salt or borax, and little dimples and cones made it difficult to place a foot on a level. Some places the crust was fairly hard; in others it cracked and crunched under foot. Far ahead Adam could see a dazzling white plain that resembled frost or a frozen river.

Adam proceeded cautiously behind the burros. He felt the beat of the sun upon him, and the reflection of heat from the valley floor. He had been less oppressed upon hotter days than this. The sensations he began to have here were similar to those he had experienced in the Salton Sink where he had gone below sea level. His strength, however, was unimpaired.

At last the burros halted. Adam looked up from the careful task of placing his feet to see that he had reached a perfectly smooth bed of salt, glistening as if it were powdered ice. This was the margin of the place that from afar had looked like a frozen stream. Stepping down upon it Adam found that it trembled and heaved with his weight, but upheld him. He walked out a little way. There was absolutely no sign to tell whether the next yard of surface would hold him or not. Still from what he had gone over he believed he could trust the rest. It never was safe to cross those crusted salt sinks.

On the other side extended a wide flat of salt and mud, very rough, upheaved as if it had boiled and baked to a crust, then cracked and sunk in places. The crust continually crumpled under the hoofs of the burros, and gave forth hollow sounds, as if a bottomless cavern ran under the valley floor. As Adam neared the other side he encountered thin streams of water that resembled acid. It was necessary to find narrow places in these and leap across. Beyond these ruts in the crust began an almost imperceptible rise of the valley floor which, in the course of a couple of miles, led out of the broken choppy sea of salt to a sand and gravel level. How relieved Adam was to reach that!

It was now hot enough for Adam to imagine something of what a formidable place this valley would be in July or August. On all sides the mountains stood up dim and obscure and distant in a strange haze. Low down the heat veils lifted in ripples, and any object at a distance seemed illusive. When he reached the slope that led up to the base of the red mountains he halted the burros for a rest. The drink he took then was the fullest he had taken in years. He was hot and wet; his eyes smarted and his feet burned.

When Adam had rested, he consulted the map, and found that he must travel up the slope and to the west to gain the black buttress of rock that was his objective point. And considering how dim it looked through the haze he concluded he had better be starting.

He got up from the stone seat that had almost burned through his clothes, and bent his steps westward, driving the wearying burros ahead of him. Three miles toward the black buttressed corner he wanted to gain before dark — so his experienced desert eyes calculated the distance. But this was Death Valley. No traveler of the desert had ever correctly measured distance in this valley of shadows and hazes and illusions. He was making three miles an hour. Yet at the end of an hour he seemed just as far away as ever. Another hour was full of deceits and misjudgments. But at the end of the third, he reached the black wall, and the line that had seemed a corner was the mouth of a canyon.

Adam halted, as if at the gateway of the unknown. Wonderful shadows were falling, purple and blue low down, rosy and gold above; and the canyon smoked with sunset haze.

THE map of Dismukes marked this canyon, and a spring of water just beyond its threshold, and also the shack where the strange man and woman lived under the long slant of weathered rock. Adam decided not to try to find the location that night, so he made dry camp at the edge of the canyon. The weary burros might find scant picking along the wash that came down from above. Adam's diligent search for wood was rewarded by a few dead roots and sticks with which he started a little fire. His fare consisted of the remainder of the rabbit, some hard biscuits and a cup of coffee.

Darkness found him weary and oppressed. Tired and sleepy as he was, when he lay down in his bed, he felt the striking dissimilarity of this place to any other he had known on the desert. How profound the silence! Had any sound ever pervaded it? Adam could not believe any man and woman lived up this canyon. Dismukes had dreamed. Had not Adam heard from many prospectors how no white woman could live in Death Valley?

He went to sleep at last, and awakened somewhat later than usual. Over the Funeral Range the sun was rising, a coalescing globule of molten fire, enormous and red, surrounded by a sky-broad yellow flare. The valley was clear, still, empty, a void that made all objects therein look small and far away. After breakfast Adam set out to find his burros and to have a look at the canyon.

This high-walled opening did not appear to be a canyon, but a space made by two mountain slopes running down to a wash where water flowed at some seasons. The rugged corners gave it the appearance of a canyon. Beyond them there opened what seemed to be a gradually widening and sloping field, gray with rocks and sand and stunted brush, through the center of which straggled a line of gnarled mesquites. Adam found his burros here, Jennie asleep as usual, and Jack contentedly grazing.

The Call of the Sea

by

James Stuart Montgomery

Decoration by Richard F. Lahey

Blow the wind from out of the West,
Softly, sweetly, blow and blow.
A motherly sea that lulls to rest,
Cuddles and cradles us to and fro.
He who has lived by funnel and mast,
Belongs to the sea. She holds him fast,
And he shall return to the sea at last,
As sure as the West Winds blow.

Blow the wind from out of the South,
Coaxing wind and a sky that's fair,
The sea's salt kiss is on his mouth,
Her lang'rous breathing stirs his hair.
She lures as a woman — love confessed
By half-veiled eye and heaving breast,
And he, on land shall know not rest,
As sure as the South Winds blow.

Blow the wind from out of the East,
Raging billow and racing cloud,
The sea is lashed to a foaming yeast
By stark mad demons who shriek aloud.
As a handsome shrew, by passion rent,
Is loveliest when on mischief bent,
A wicked charm to her lure is lent,
As sure as the East Winds blow.

Blow the wind from out of the North,
Chill with the drifting iceberg's breath.
Across the fog wrapped waves go forth
The awesome presences of Death.
Yet, artful past a woman's ken,
The sea enthralls the hearts of men,
And calls them back to her arms again,
As sure as the North Winds blow.

Blow the winds low, blow the winds high,
The sea to her sons is breath of life.
The beat of their heart, light of their eye,
Their mother and mistress, child and wife.
He who has lived by funnel and mast,
Belongs to the sea. She holds him fast,
And he shall return to the sea at last,
As sure as the winds do blow.

The cracking of a rock rolling down a rough slope thrilled Adam. He remembered what Dismukes had said about the perilous location of the shack where the man and woman lived under the shadow of a weathering mountain. Adam turned to look across the space in the direction whence the sound had come.

There loomed a mighty mountain slope, absolutely destitute of plants, a gray drab million-faceted ascent of rocks. Adam strode toward it, gradually getting higher and nearer through the rock-strewn field. It had looked so close as to seem magnified. But it was a goodly distance. Presently he espied a rude shack. He halted. Adam had not expected the place to be so close to Death Valley.

Adam walked on, growing more curious and doubtful. Surely this hut had been built and abandoned by some prospector. Yet any prospector could have built a better abode than this. None but a fool or a knave would have selected that perilous location. No sign of smoke, no sign of life, no sign of labor. Suddenly he espied the deep track of a man's foot in the sand. Adam knelt to study it. "Made yesterday," he said.

He rose with certainty. Dismukes had been accurate as to direction, though his distances had been faulty. Adam gazed beyond the shack, to the right, and then left. He espied a patch of green mesquites and hummocks of grass. There was the water Dismukes had marked.

A broad belt of huge boulders lay beyond the shack, the edge of the talus, the beginning of the base of a mountainside, wearing down, weathering away, cracking into millions of pieces, every one of which had both smooth and sharp surfaces. This belt was steep and fan-shaped, spreading at the bottom. The curved base of the fan extended for a couple of miles, in the distance growing rounded and symmetrical in its lines. It led up to a stupendous mountain abutment, dull red in color. Yet this rugged, bold, uneven surface of mountain wall shone in the sunlight. It looked as if it had been a solid mass of granite shattered by some cataclysm of nature.

"Well," muttered Adam, darkly, "any man who made a woman live there was either crazy or meant her to have an awful death."

IN Adam's stern mind there could be no other reason for such unparalleled effrontery in the face of a tortured and riven mountain, under the shadow of which lay destruction. If any man had a woman there he had already incurred Adam's pity or hate.

Adam strode on to the shack. Seen close at hand it was indeed a flimsy structure of poles, stones and brush. It might afford shelter from sun, but not from rain or dust. Pack-saddles and boxes were stacked on one side; empty cans lay scattered everywhere.

"Hello, inside!" called Adam, as he halted at the door. No answer. He stooped to look in, and saw bare sand floor, a rude low table made of box boards, flat stones for seats, utensils and dishes, shelves littered with cans and bags. A flimsy partition of poles and canvas with a door, separated this room from another and larger one. Adam saw a narrow bed of blankets raised on poles, an old valise on the sandy floor, woman's garments hanging on the brush walls. He called again, louder this time. He saw a flash of something gray through the torn canvas, then heard a low cry — a woman's voice. Adam raised his head.

"Elliot! . . . You've come back!" came the voice, quick, low and tremulous, betokening relief from dread.

"No. It's a stranger," replied Adam.

"Oh!" The hurried exclamation was followed by soft footfalls. A woman in gray appeared in the doorway — a woman whose proportions were noble, but frail. She had a white face, and large deep eyes, strained and sad. "Oh — who are you?"

"Ma'am, my name's Wansfell. I'm a friend of Dismukes, the prospector who was here. I'm crossing Death Valley and I thought I'd call on you."

"Dismukes? The little miner, huge, like a frog?" she queried quickly, with dilating eyes. "I remember. He was kind, but . . . And you're his friend?"

"Yes, at your service, ma'am."

"Thank — God!" she cried, brokenly, and she leaned back against the door. "I'm in trouble. I've been alone — all — all night. My husband left yesterday. He took only a canteen. He said he'd be back for supper. . . . But — he didn't come. Oh, something has happened to him."

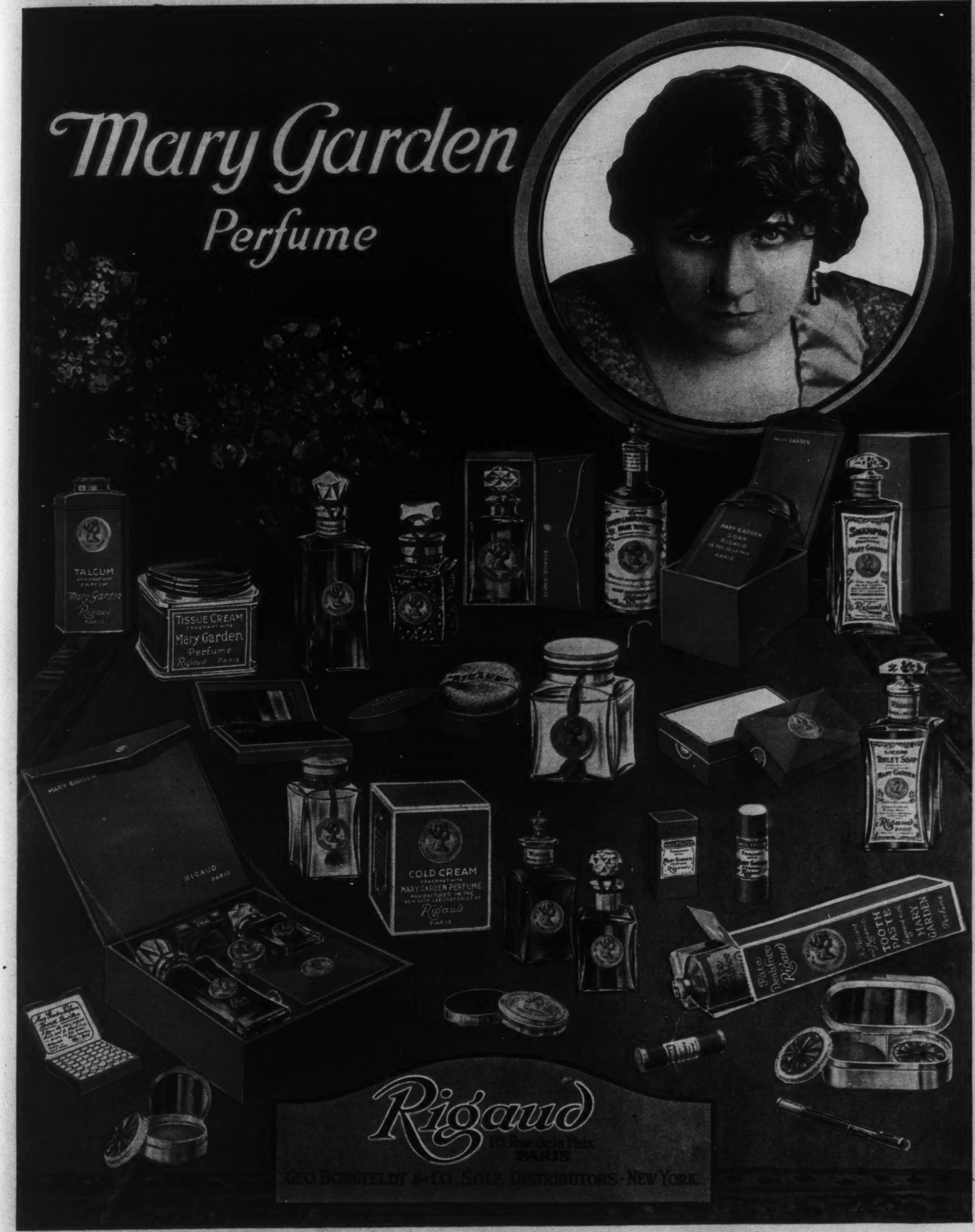
"Many things happen in the desert," said Adam. "I'll find your husband. I saw his tracks out here in the sand."

"Oh, can you find him?"

"Ma'am, I can track a rabbit to its burrow. Don't worry any more. I will track your husband and find him."

The woman suddenly seemed to be struck with Adam's tone, or the appearance of him. It was as if she had not particularly noticed him at first. "Once he got lost — was gone two days.

[*Continued on page 60*]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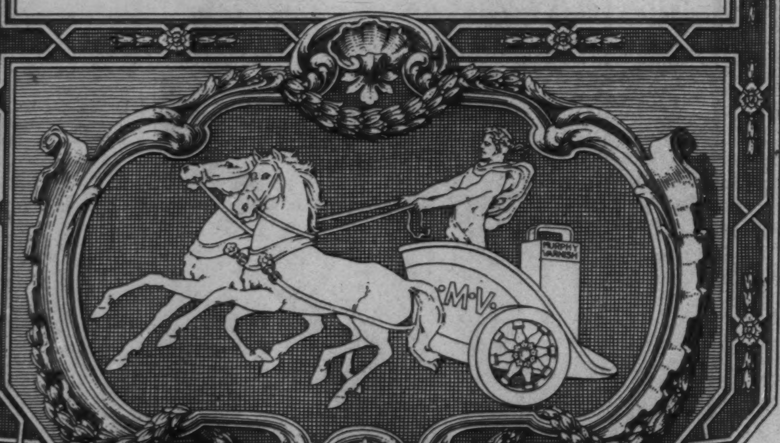


The Watchers in the Swamp

[*Continued from page 19*]

swallowed it with determined and strenuous gulpings. Then he eyed the other half doubtfully, and decided that he was not yet ready for it. So, placing one foot upon it with a precise air, he lifted his head again and resumed his motionless guarding of the nest.

A little later in the morning — perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes after the incident of the snake — the mice found yet another potent reason for congratulating themselves on the presence of their expensive champion. The hen bittern, apparently, had not been very successful in her foraging. She had shown as yet no sign of returning to the nest. The male was just beginning to get impatient. He even went so far as to move his head, though ever so slightly. Indeed, he was on the very point of beginning those grotesque snappings of the bill and gulpings of air which would be followed by his booming triple call when he caught sight of a dark form moving through the grass, beyond the nest. Instantly he stiffened again into rigidity. Only, very slowly, the long slender feathers which crowned his head and lay along his neck began to rise.

THE dark form gliding stealthily among the grasses was that of an animal about two feet in length, low on the legs, slender, sinuous, quick-darting. The bittern had never chanced to observe a mink before, but he needed no one to tell him that this creature was dangerous. Ferocity and efficiency were written all over the savage, triangular head and lithe, swift body. But the intruder had evidently not yet discovered the precious nest. He was half a dozen paces away from it, and not moving directly toward it. In the very next moment he pounced upon a mouse, which he tore and devoured with an eagerness which showed him to be hungry. The bittern waited, and hoped anxiously that the nest might escape discovery.

The mink was not at the moment thinking of any such luxury as eggs. He had entered the swamp in the hope of finding just such a happy hunting-ground as this bit of mouse-thronged meadow. He had just arrived, and he was now full of blood-thirsty excitement over the success of his venture. His nose sniffed greedily the subtle, warm, mousy smells. His ears detected the innumerable, elusive, mousy squeaks and rustlings. His eyes, lit now with the red spark of the blood-lust, were less fortunate than his ears and nose, because word of a new and dreadful foe had gone abroad among the mouse-folk, and concealment was the order of the day. But already, he had made one kill — and that so easily that he knew the quarry here was not much hunted.

He was just preparing to follow a very distinct mouse trail, when a chance puff of air bore him a scent which instantly caught his attention. The scent of the bittern was new to him, as it chanced. He knew it for the scent of a bird, a water-bird of some kind — probably, from its abundance, a large bird, and certainly, therefore, a bird worth his hunting.

Curious and inquiring, he rose straight up on his hind quarters in order to get a good view, and peered searchingly over the grass-tops. He saw nothing but the green and sun-steeped meadow with the red-and-black butterflies wavering over it, the gleam of the unruffled water, and the osier-thickets beyond. He looked directly at, and *past*, the guardian bittern, probably mistaking that rigid, vigilant shape for an old brown stump. For the mink's eyes, like those of many other animals, were less unerring than his ears and nostrils, and much quicker to discern motion than fixed form. Had the bittern stirred by so much as a hair's breadth, the mink would have detected him at once. But the mink looked at him and saw him not; nor saw another similar form, unstirring, tensely watchful, over by the waterside.

Having failed to detect the source of that strange, intriguing smell, the mink concluded that it must come from a brooding mother, hiding on a nest in the grass. Nothing could be more satisfactory. His eyes blazed blood-red at the prospect of slaughter. Dropping down again upon all fours, he darted forward up the trail of the scent, and came full upon the nest with its three unsheltered eggs. Instantly seizing the nearest one between his agile fore paws, he crunched the shell and began greedily sucking up the contents.

But the savor of the feast had hardly thrilled his palate when it seemed as if the skies had fallen upon him. A scalding anguish stabbed his shoulders, a smother of buffeting wings enveloped him, and he was borne backward from the nest, the broken egg-shell still clinging to his nose.

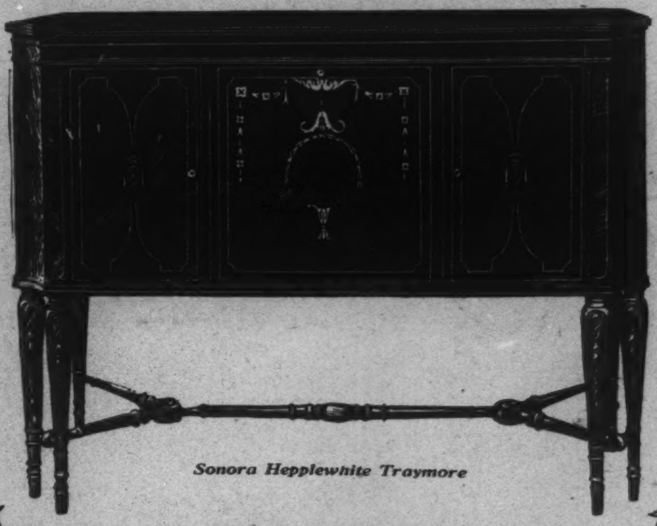
At the moment when he had darted forward toward the nest, all the immobility of the watching bittern had vanished. His long crest standing straight up in his fury, he had launched himself to the attack, covering the intervening distance with two tremendous thrusts of his powerful wings, and fallen like a cyclone upon the violator of his home. The dagger of his bill had struck deeply, and the impetus of his charge had carried him clear of his foe and a couple of paces past, but he turned adroitly in the air and landed facing about, ready for the inevitable counter-attack.

Amazed and startled though he was, and handled with a roughness quite new to his experience, the mink was in no way daunted. Rather he was so boiling with rage that his wonted wariness forsook him completely. With a snarl he sprang straight at the long, exposed, inviting throat of his adversary. His leap was swift, true, deadly. But equally true, and more swift, was the counter-stroke. He was met, and stopped in mid-air by a thrust of the bittern's bill, which, had he not twisted his head just in time, would have split his skull. As it was, it laid open one side of his snarling face, and brought him heavily to the ground. Even under this punishment, however, he would not acknowledge defeat. Springing aside, with a lightning zigzag movement to confuse the aim of that terrific bill, he darted low and made a leap at his antagonist's long, vulnerable legs. He missed only by a hair's breadth, as the bittern leapt nimbly aside and balked him with a stiff wing-stroke. He seized the baffling wing and strove to pull his tall adversary down. But two great pinion feathers came away in his jaws, and the next moment he got another terrible, driving stab from the dagger beak, well forward on the flank. It was a slanting thrust, or it would have pierced his lungs; but it nearly knocked the wind out of him, and ploughed a deep red gash in his glossy coat.

Screeching furiously, he doubled on himself like a snake to meet this attack. But at the same moment he cringed under another excruciating stab in the haunch; and looking up, he saw himself enveloped in a cloud of blinding wings. The hen-bittern had arrived to join in the defense of her nest.

NOW, bloodthirsty and merciless marauder though he was, the mink's courage was a thing beyond dispute; and terribly though the fight had so far gone against him, with a single foe to confront he would probably have held on to the death. But for all his fury he was not quite mad; and this reinforcement of the enemy was too much for him. Suddenly straightening himself out long and narrow like an eel, he slipped from under the terrifying storm of wings and stabs, and made off through the grass at the best speed he had ever attained. He made for the water, which he felt would be his safest refuge. The angry bitterns were after him on the instant, flying as low as possible and stabbing down at him. But his cunning and slippery zigzags enabled him to dodge most of their thrusts; and in their eagerness they got in each other's way — which probably saved him his bare life. At length, streaming with blood, and leaving behind him a red trail he reached the water, and dived in. Without daring to come to the surface he swam across the channel and cautiously raised his head behind a screen of over-hanging weeds. He saw his two pursuers standing, motionless and erect, on the opposite bank, watching with fierce eyes for him to reappear. Submerging himself again, he swam on down-stream till he had rounded a sharp bend of the channel. When he thought it prudent to show himself once more, he was sheltered by a dense screen of alder and willows. He hurried through the thicket, and on down the bank till he found an

[*Continued on page 37*]



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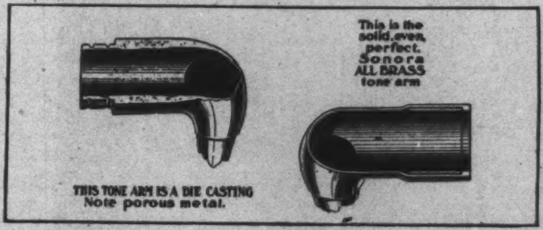
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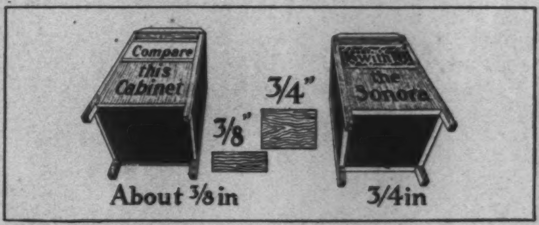
THIS TONE ARM IS A DIE CASTING Note porous metal.



SONORA'S TONE ARM, drawn to shape by hydraulic pressure, is ALL BRASS (like a cornet) because ALL BRASS gives the best tone of any metal.

In most makes of phonographs, zinc-lead-tin castings are used for tone arms. Sonora does *not* use castings for tone arms.

Note that Sonora's drawn brass tone arm is *not* porous, is *not* brittle, is *not* cheap, and insures a superior tone. Tone arms that imitate the best are handsomely nickelled or gold plated. *Find out what's under the plating!* Be sure you get an ALL BRASS tone arm.

BEFORE you buy a phonograph find out the thickness of the wood in the cabinet. *Don't be deceived by pieces added to the bottom to hide flimsy construction.*

Sonora cabinets are made of wood ¾" thick because Sonora does not believe, as do many other makers, that wood ⅜" thick is sufficient.

Strike the sides of the phonograph you are examining. A dull solid sound means thick substantial wood. A hollow sound tells you the wood is thin.

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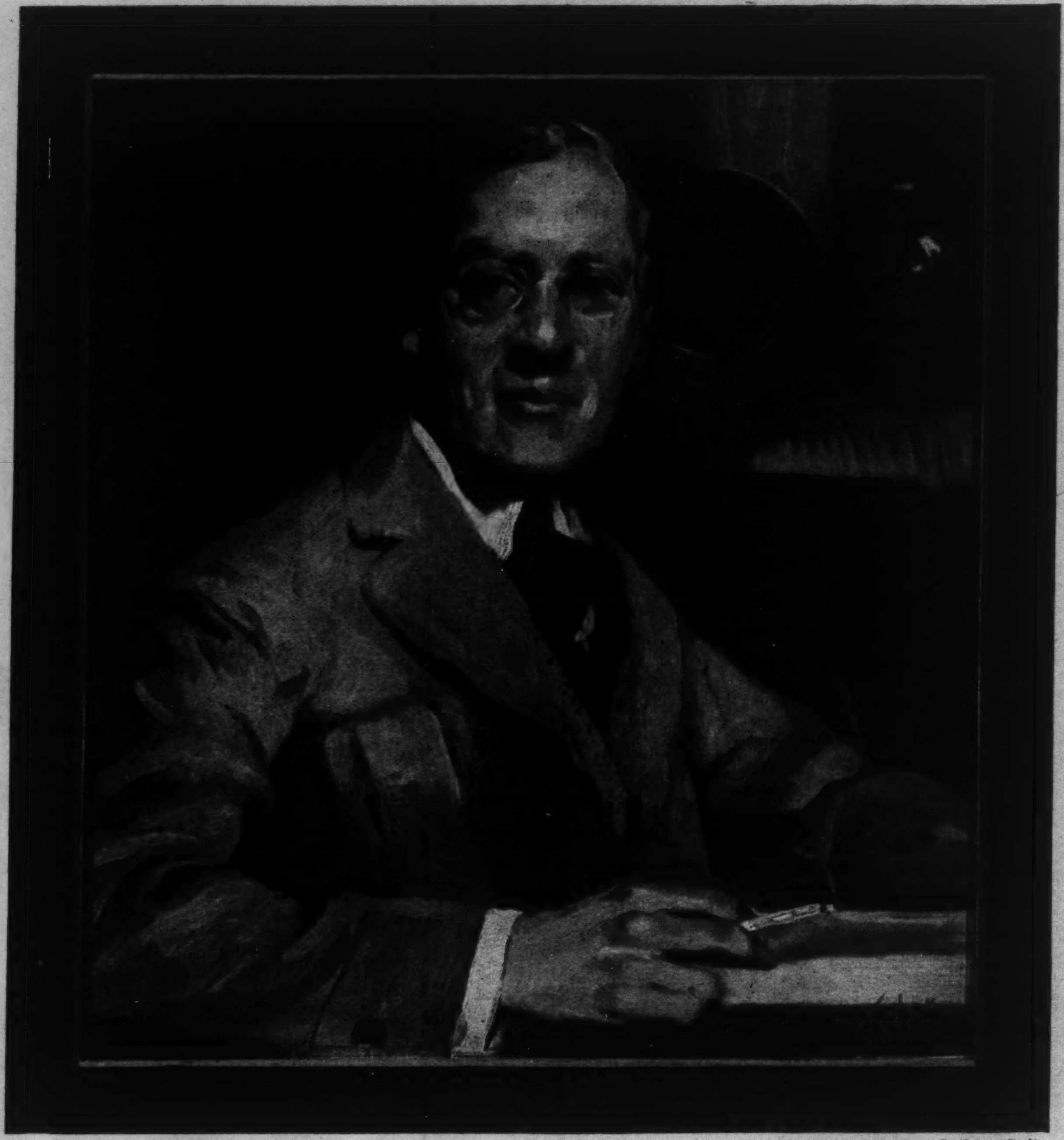

PAINTED FOR LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

THE thinking man, as a rule, is a smoker. And—partly because he is a thinking man — cigarettes are his usual smoke. With cigarettes he can smoke with enjoyment *more frequently*—because cigarettes are so mild.

In choosing *which* cigarette, he considers the proportion of Turkish tobacco. Too much Turkish means over-richness; too little means loss of flavor.

The golden mean is *"Just enough* Turkish," and Fatima's popularity with so many thinking, shrewd smokers seems to prove it beyond a doubt.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette

The Watchers in the Swamp

[*Continued from page 34*]

ancient muskrat hole. Into this he crept eagerly, and lay down in the grateful dark to nurse his wounds and his humiliation.

After the disappearance of the mink the hen-bittern soon returned to her nest. But the male stayed where he was. From time to time he would spear a passing frog or chub or sucker. But always his indignant heart was hoping that the mink would return. After an hour or two, however, his wrath died down and he began to forget.

Later in the day, when the osiers were beginning to throw long shadows across the water, and the red-and-black butterflies had grown too indolent to dance, the great bittern, full-fed and at ease with life, flapped languidly up from the waterside and dropped close beside the nest. His brooding mate lifted her head, as if in greeting, and laid it back at once between her shoulders, with her yellow bill pointing skyward as was her vigilant custom.

Soon the first warm tints of sunset began to stain the edges of the clouds above the far fringes of the swamp. Motionless and erect beside his mate, the bittern watched the oncoming of the enchantment as his day drew to its quiet close. Suddenly the colored quiet of the air was disturbed by the throbbing of hurried wings. He glanced upward, without moving. A mallard drake, in frantic flight, whirred past, making for the water. Close after the fugitive, and swiftly overhauling him with long, tremendous thrusts of his mighty wings, came that most dreaded cut-throat of the air, a great blue goshawk. Had the water been two feet farther away the fate of the glossy drake would have been sealed. He would have been overtaken, his throat torn out in mid-air, his body carried off to the nearest tree-top to be plucked and devoured. But this time the inscrutable Fates of the wilderness, too seldom so lenient to the weak, decided to favor him. With a heavy sounding splash he shot down into the blessed water, and disappeared into safety.

The destroying talons of the great hawk clutched convulsively at the dandy curled tips of his tail as he vanished.

With his arrowy speed, his precision of stroke, his audacity and fiery spirit, the blue goshawk was little accustomed to the experience of being balked of his prey. With a sharp yelp of wrath he swept up from the water on a long, graceful curve, and sailed back low above the bittern's island, seeking other prey. And his piercing gaze fell upon the bittern, standing rigid beside the nest.

His swoop was instantaneous, straight and swift as a bolt from a cross-bow. But that coiled steel spring of the bittern's neck was even swifter; and as his talons struck downward, the bittern's dagger-thrust caught him in the very center of the impending claw, splitting the foot fairly and disabling it. Nevertheless, by the shock of the attack, the bittern was borne downward, and would have been caught in the breast or throat by the other talon, but at the same instant his watchful mate, who had half risen on the nest that her eggs might not be crushed in the *mêlée*, delivered her thrust. It went true. It caught the goshawk full in the base of the neck, pierced clean through, and severed the spine. And in a wild confusion of sprawled legs and pounding wings, the three great birds fell in a heap in the grass, just beyond the nest.

The two bitterns nimbly extricated themselves, stabbing savagely at the unresisting body of the hawk. Presently, as if by one impulse, they both stood up, erect and still as images, their yellow bills dripping with blood. The male had a bleeding gash along the side of his head. But this concerned him little. His heart swelled with triumph. He was forced to give it utterance. He snapped his bill sharply, gulped a few mouthfuls of air, and then sent forth his booming challenge across the swamp: — *Klunk-er-glungk . . . Klunk-er-glungk . . . Klunk-er-glungk.*

His mate spread her broad wings, shook herself till her ruffled plumage fell into place, wiped her conquering bill on the grass, stepped delicately back into the nest, and softly settled herself down upon her two eggs, so miraculously preserved.

Silence fell on Lost-Water Swamp. The air became gradually transfused with amethyst and pale rose. And then, far and faint, tranquil and poignant, came the entrancing cadence — *Oh — spheral, spheral, Oh holy, holy — spheral* — the silver vesper ecstasy of the hermit-thrush, in his tree-top against the pellucid sky.

How I Know the Dead Exist

[*Continued from page 21*]

depend on our intelligent perception and criticism. It might naturally be supposed that in the rare instances of communication by "direct voice" the medium could have no influence, but I am not prepared to admit this. I am acquainted at first hand with facts which prove the contrary.

It is nearly as rash to take everything that is said — whatever means is used — as coming straight and perfect from our departed friend, as it is to claim that he has no part or lot in the communication and that it is all self-generated and nothing but deception and automatism. Truth lies between these extremes. Sometimes indeed automatism prevails and dominates the greater part of the message. Much rubbish can be thus received. Sometimes the factor of self is almost obliterated, and the discarnate communication shines through.

When information is given which is wholly unknown to us and can only subsequently be verified, or when it is given in a foreign language, the evidence is likely to be strong, but the fact that the medium is in that case ignorant and unable to help, the fact that the substance of the message is strange to the messenger, naturally adds to the difficulty of true and effective communication. An ill-understood message is like a telegram in code or cipher. Great care and perfect instruments are required to transmit it to a distance without error; often repetition is necessary to insure correctness: and sometimes mistakes themselves are repeated in good faith.

All this may sound depressing to enthusiasts who feel that they have got through to their loved ones as clearly as they did when here. It should not be depressing, it is inevitable, and is characteristic of the genuineness of the process. With patient use of opportunity, the clearness of communication sometimes becomes extraordinary, but it cannot always be so. They themselves are often aware of confusion when we tell them what we have received; and sometimes, though not always, are able to explain the cause of the error and to set it right.

The bulk of evidence for the reality of communication from the beyond is overwhelming, and is to be found in innumerable books. No one instance, however striking, should be regarded as crucial; proof is cumulative, and a fagot must be stronger than any of the sticks composing it.

But though not crucial these strong instances are very comforting, and a special reminiscence, a peculiar trait, a pet name, or a characteristic expression, has served to bring comfort to a large and increasing number of bereaved persons. Those who have had a multitude of such experiences can no longer doubt. They know that their loved ones still live, still are in touch with them, are aware of their hopes and fears, and are doing their best to help.

We are not really separated, save by the cessation of easy use of material means of communication, such as eye and ear, voice and hand. But an indirect method exists, the veil is not impenetrable, the link of affection is not broken by death; and through the grave and gate of death there shines a dawn of more than mortal vision.

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accept statements about mediumship, or to believe records of communications which purport to come from deceased people through the instrumentality of mediums, is because they can form no mental image of the process; so that it feels strange to them and impossible. Yet testimony as to the reality of the occurrence is bulky enough and is rapidly growing in volume, and people who have submitted themselves to the experience speak of it as feeling simple and natural enough. Nothing but Habit is necessary gradually to accustom us to communication with the dead, as it has already accustomed us to ordinary conversation with living friends; for if we analyze the process of ordinary conversation we can detect in it features which are nearly as puzzling as any which we have to face in so-called spiritualistic literature.

To make this clear I propose to ask my readers to bestow a little attention on the nature of our normal activities in this terrestrial life, especially on that familiar part of our activity which regulates the interchange of intelligence and emotion.

Consider, therefore, what we all really know, but perhaps seldom bear in mind, about ordinary methods of communication.

The common experience of humanity is that each individual consists of both mind and body, a mind for understanding and planning, a body for receiving stimuli and executing intentions. We also know that it is through our bodies that we act upon the surrounding material Universe, and that our thoughts and wills are fruitless and inoperative unless some part of the body is set in motion.

Our conscious bodily activity consists in, and is summed up as, muscular contraction: and the result of such contraction is to move, primarily, our own limbs, and secondarily, such other portion of the earth's matter as comes into direct or indirect contact with them and is not too massive or too firmly fixed. The movement of matter, either the whole or some portion of a material object, is what we can accomplish, and we can accomplish nothing else, in the physical realm.

If we move only a portion of a solid body we subject it to a strain, which may be an elastic strain and require the continuance of force for its retention, or may be a plastic yield and permanent set. If we set in movement a detached piece of matter, that motion will continue through its own properties, until resistance stops it. Everything we do in the physical plane can be summed up as the motion, and thereby the re-arrangement, of matter. Every other effect which follows from the movement, be it the tension of a spring, or the burning of a building, or the production of a sound, or the generation of an electric current, or the germination of a seed, follows from the inherent properties of matter, over which we have no control; and, though the event may be planned and arranged for by bringing together suitable pieces of matter so as to enable their properties to take effect in a desired way, yet the actual achievement of the result falls in no way within our power of direct accomplishment.

Our power over the physical world is limited to initiating or regulating movements. Making use of energy which is running to waste we can guide it into destined channels; and by this power of physical guidance, exercised primarily through our muscles, we can achieve a surprising variety of effects. Primarily and directly, however, we are limited to muscular action.

On the receptive side we are not so limited for we are endowed with certain organs of sense whereby we can appreciate the physical agencies which we know by the names 'sound', 'light' and 'heat', as well as those of motion and force. We can receive impressions through our muscles and general skin surface, but we get them also through our organs of special sense. Any one of the above-mentioned physical agencies can be used for purposes of elementary communication. All that we have to do is to act on matter in such a way as to cause variations or fluctuations in the intensity of these agencies; for, as it is well known, our senses do not respond to anything which continues perfectly uniform; they only appreciate change. We can signal by variations of sound or of light or of temperature, as well as by changes of movement and pressure; though the temperature method of signaling is not, so far as I know, actually employed, save perhaps occasionally by a conjurer.

It is just possible that some of us can be responsive to a mere thought; but that is not yet a recognized method of communication, and for all practical purposes we may say definitely that if we wish to communicate with our fellows in a clear and intelligible way we must do it through the intervention of some physical process. We must do more than think the thoughts we wish to convey, we must speak them or write them; and to that end we must use a brain and nerve mechanism to actuate certain muscles in a guided and controlled fashion. In other words, we must so control a bodily machine as to cause it either to make conventional marks on a piece of paper or else throw the air into vibration in a pre-arranged fashion called language — the language being selected to suit the mental furniture of the auditors, so far as lies in the speaker's acquaintance with the over-numerous conventional codes.

We have grown so accustomed to this oral or pictorial method of communication that it feels to us not only natural but inevitable; it is, however, not really a simple process, and the more it is analyzed the more surprising it becomes. The thought, or the emotion, while it is being transmitted, has to take the form of an aerial or etherial vibration — aerial, if acoustic means are employed, as in speech or music; etherial, if an optical method is used, as in writing or painting. And there may be other intermediaries such as an electric pulsation, as when a telegraph wire intervenes as part of the transmitting mechanism. The whole manner of the operation is singularly mechanical, but note that in every case the physical process has to be interpreted mentally before it is finished; otherwise the oratorical or other effort wastes itself in producing merely a modicum of extra heat.

The perceptive powers of potential hearers or readers depend, first, upon their willingness to allow the physical stimulus to act upon their sense-organs; second, on their knowledge of the code, and third, upon the extent of their own sympathetic and interpretative faculty. All three of these conditions are essential, in order that a physical stimulus may emerge as an idea; while from the transmitter's point of view the process of communication consists in so actuating and controlling the bodily mechanism with which he is provided as to represent his mental processes in the required physical form. Our familiarity with the operation ought not to blind us to its remarkable and indeed wonderful character. When we consider what speech and writing and artistic production really are — regarded solely from the point of view of their physical nature — it is nothing short of amazing that ideas and emotions can be transmitted in any such way.

Undoubtedly the process must be regarded as mainly a mental one; for, once given the recognized code and the necessary intelligence, almost any instrument will serve as a vehicle of communication. A telephone diaphragm, for instance — which is a circular disk of thin sheet-iron — can take up and reproduce the complexity of all the vibration needed for articulate speech. A clicking lever, merely going up and down with wearisome iteration, speaks to the telegraph operator with no uncertain voice. A flag held in the hand, or the oscillations of a beam of light in the sky, can be made to transmit orders or information of great moment. A wavy line traced on a slip of paper by a glass siphon, leaving a streak of ink as the paper is drawn under it, is the usual method whereby intelligence is received from the ends of the earth; yet to the uninstructed spectator the trace of a siphon-recorder must look as unintelligible as it does to a savage. The mystery popularly attached to Wireless Telegraphy is an illustration of the fact that people in general are ready to recognize that physical methods are strange and uncanny whenever they are conducted by some methods with which they are unfamiliar. The method of shouting or of flag-wagging is equally mysterious in reality; only in that case we have grown thoroughly accustomed to the receiving instrument (the eye) without, however, really understanding much about its mode of action. The reason for the retina's sensitiveness to etherial tremors is known to none.

Given two minds attuned to common knowledge, and instructed in the transmitting and receiving faculty — for it does not come by nature, witness the experience of deaf and dumb asylums, — we find that almost any instrument will serve the purpose of conveying intelligence between them. All that is essential is that *some* physical process shall be set in action, some movement caused in the world of matter. Operation through the material world seems essential, at least so long as we have brains, though the fact that mind can act at all on matter is a most puzzling one. How the gulf between mental and physical is bridged, by what means a thought in the mind can successfully control a material organism, how our will or our idea can deflect or modify the motion of the smallest fragment of matter, be it but a little finger or a brain cell, — all that remains at present absolutely unknown. So also we have no theory to account for the interpretation of a physical stimulus back into the category of mental impressions.

Some philosophers tell us that lack of understanding on our part as to the kind of connection between cause and effect, in this case of interaction between the psychical and physical, is nothing exceptional. We realize the difficulty more easily than in ordinary cases, but it exists in all; and our mistake lies in not perceiving the difficulty everywhere. So, at least, says Lotze, though I am not at all sure that I agree. This is what he says: —

> "The kernel of this error is always that we believe ourselves to possess a knowledge of the nature of the action of one thing on another, which we not only do not possess, but which is in itself impossible, and that we then regard the relation between matter and soul as an exceptional case, and are astonished to find ourselves lacking in all knowledge of the nature of their interaction.
>
> "It is easy to show that in the interaction between body and soul there lies no greater riddle than in any other example of causation, and that only the false conceit that we understand something of the one case, excites our astonishment that we understand nothing of the other."
>
> Quoted in McDougall's "Body and Mind", page 207.

But, though the manner of mental and physical interaction is unknown, the fact itself is certain and familiar — so familiar as to arouse no attention and to be treated as commonplace. We ourselves, that is, our mental and spiritual selves, do, as a matter of fact, guide terrestrial energy, set matter in motion, alter its configuration, and produce effects which would not otherwise occur. We share this power to a certain extent with all animals, who likewise produce specific structures — such as birds'-nests and cobwebs and shells. But among these animal activities are some which are specifically human, especially those physical signs which our part of humanity has agreed upon, and which are intelligible to those of our own race. The instrument through which we achieve these and all other results on the physical plane is primarily the brain-nerve-muscle system contained in or constituting the greater part of our bodies. Somehow or other we employ or stimulate the brain center, and an impulse is sent along its fibres at a measurable rate which, on arrival, causes a given muscle to contract in a determined way. The process may rightly be considered as miraculous as everything else, no more, no less; but — whatever its character — it occurs, though we cannot analyze it completely. We can, however, say that unless *some* physical movement is caused, be it but the raising of an eyelid or the twitching of a toe, nothing at all is conveyed (nothing at least unless we admit the possibility of telepathy, which is not one of the usual methods); while if the control is such that an external piece of matter, such as a telegraph key or a semaphore or a pointer, or still better a pen or pencil, can be moved at will, there is no limit to the intelligence and the emotion that can thus indirectly be conveyed.

All the transmitting methods, however employed, pre-suppose another receptive person, endowed with a proper instrument for receiving the physical impression and attentive enough to interpret it mentally. We can thus stimulate the mechanism and the mind of others easily enough, if we only have the use of a transmitter.

Some instruments are better than others, but almost any instrument will serve, and it is clear that the larynx with its appendages is only more highly specialized for the purpose of transmitting messages than any other piece of matter, because it is the instrument which we have specially trained and grown accustomed to.

We can next go on to admit that every person has a larynx and hand connected with a brain-nerve-muscle system akin to ours, and that some have developed the use of these instruments by education in much the same way as we have. Is it possible that the transmitting mechanism of another person can ever be employed by us instead of our own?

Now if a physicist or chemist enters another person's laboratory and there tries to perform some experiment or conduct some inquiry, he would find considerable difficulty, for he would hardly know where anything was; but he could do it after a fashion, though, of course, he would be taking a great liberty. He would see familiar objects, such as balances and beakers and bottles, and he would know what most of the things were for; he would find many that he did not want, and would miss some that he did, but could make shift to select and adapt them more or less to his own purposes and use them in his own way.

It becomes a question, therefore, whether this self-possessed bodily laboratory, to the use of which each person has grown accustomed, can by any possibility be set in operation and used by an alien intelligence, or by some one other than the owner; in other words, we must ask whether a thought or idea in the mind of one person can excite any movement or bring about any response in the mechanism of another.

The experimental fact of telepathy seems to hint that something of the kind is possible. Usually the telepathic action seems to occur between mind and mind, and the translation from mental to material process may then be conducted in the ordinary way; but the still obscurer power of *telergy*, to which in appearance we are sometimes driven for an explanation of observed fact, seems to show that the transmissive apparatus of an exceptionally sensitive or specially endowed person may be occasionally worked by another mind, provided the owner is complacent enough to vacate part of his organism and generous enough to allow its employment by another.

Whether the operation be performed telepathically or telergically, in any given case, is a detail; and whether the operation is rare or frequent is another; the important thing is that the bodily mechanism of some people, though usually under their own control, is not exclusively so. The facts of multiple personality have long ago hinted at control by other and alien intelligences — not indeed always friendly; and the power which is thereby pathologically demonstrated and recognized as restive and uncontrolled, can, in happier circumstances and under better and more healthy conditions, be utilized for purposes of kindly service.

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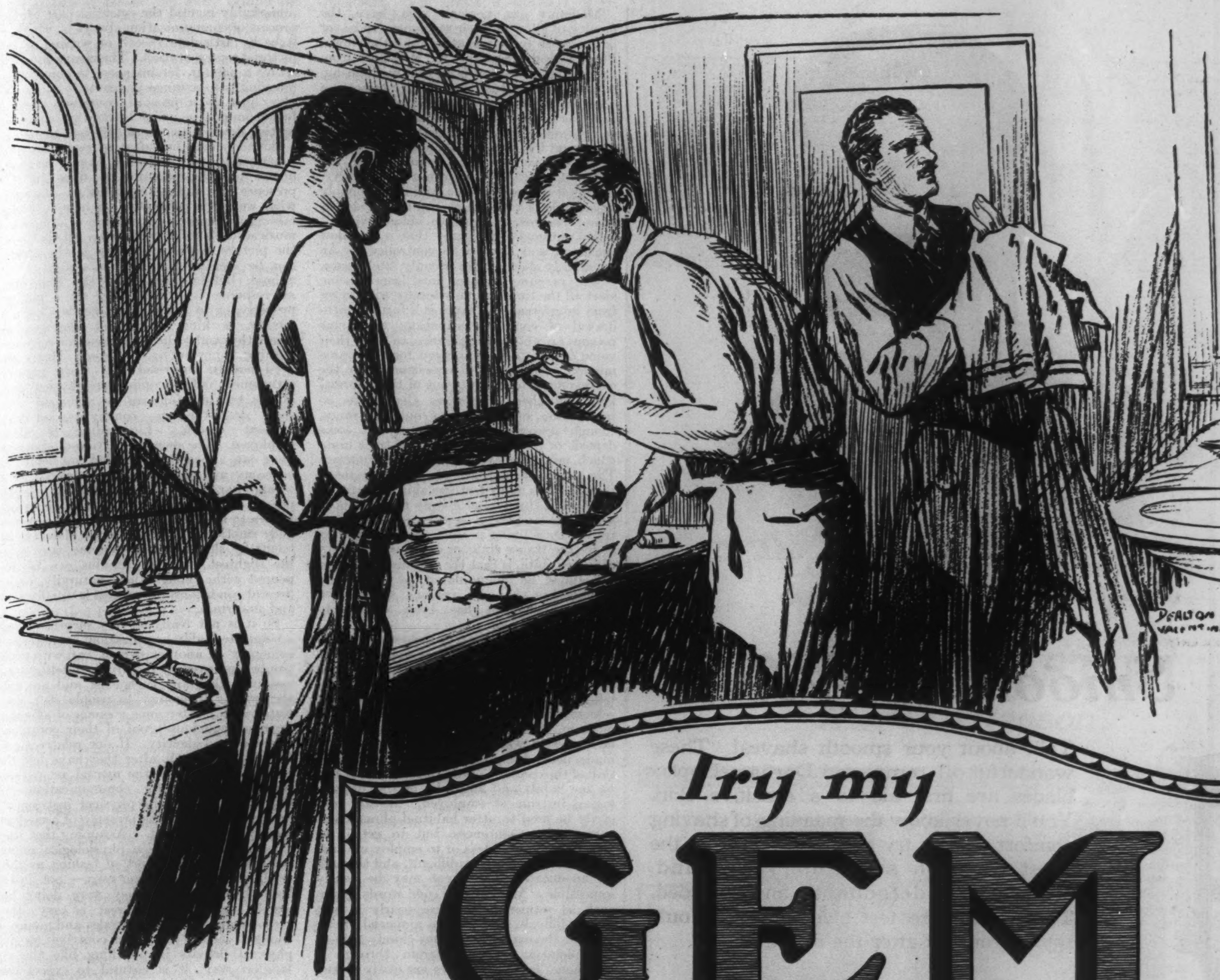

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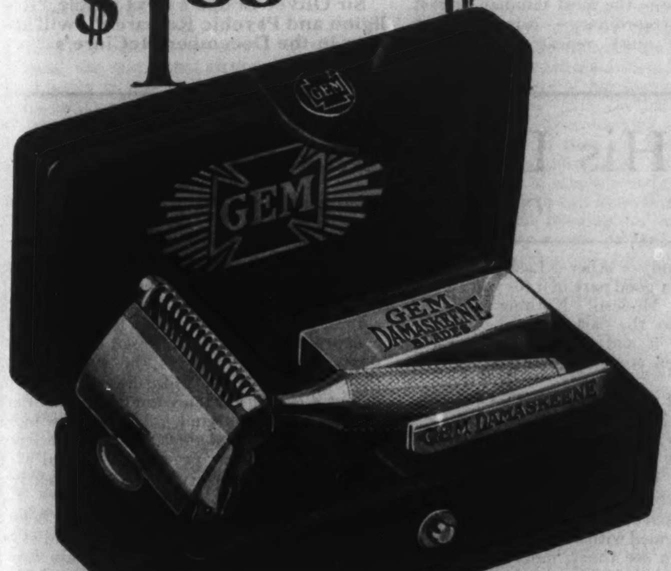

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Mediums are persons who have the faculty of allowing their machinery to be set in operation by minds other than their own. Physiological response to stimulus from another mind: — that is all that mediumship is; and whether it is a real faculty or not is a question of evidence. I say distinctly that — so far as I see at present — its real existence is the simplest hypothesis that can be framed to account for certain phenomena now known by experience to a great many people. It does not appear to be even a rare faculty, though it differs in degree, and it is probably susceptible of cultivation and improvement. Many persons are able to obtain what is called automatic writing — that is, to allow the hand and arm to be controlled by an apparently alien though friendly intelligence, — the percipient's own intelligence being alert all the time and only locally withdrawn from interference. Trance is a further withdrawal of conscious attention; and some persons are able, during trance, to allow their voice organs to be employed for the transmission of speech, and occasionally for the expression of ideas quite out of their normal ken. Of these utterances they have no recollection on awakening out of trance, though presumably there is always some deposit or record in a portion of their brain which might be evoked by suitable means. The state differs from the hypnotic sleep, though it has many features akin to that; but whereas in the hypnotic state the patient is subject to suggestion or is more or less controlled by a living person, the striking fact about the trance state, or one special variety of trance state, is that the organism can then sometimes be manipulated by discarnate intelligences, i.e., by persons whose own bodily mechanism has been completely destroyed.

There seems to be every degree of control, and every variety of physical response, from the most elementary tipping of a table or semaphore arm, to writing or speaking intelligible sentences; and sometimes, though seldom, ideas are expressed in what, to the medium, is an unknown tongue. The facility with which communications can be made, depends a good deal on the power and skill of the communicator, but it depends also on the habits and aptitudes of the physiological instrument employed. It can very easily be used to utter habitual phrases and commonplace sentences, but to get it to convey recondite ideas or to employ unusual language is much more difficult, and through an uneducated instrument may be nearly impossible. Meaningless code words again, such as proper names, are nearly always found difficult, and require a special effort. In fact, the experience seems closely akin to the dictation of a telegram through a telephone; familiar phrases are easily picked up, while out-of-the-way words and proper names may have to be repeated several times, and sometimes laboriously spelt; so also sudden questions interjected in the middle of a message have the effect of confusing the communicator; and anything like a switch to another subject may easily spoil the clearness of a message, unless it is one that had been previously written down and is being transmitted mechanically.

In every case — the most familiar as well as the most extraordinary — it is important to realize (I must repeat this) — how remarkably mental the essential part of the process of communication always is, whether it be by articulate speech or writing or by pictorial representation. The means employed by a painter, for instance, to convey his meaning is to arrange pigments in a certain way, just as a musical composer designs future sounds, — which he does by virtually writing down instructions sufficient to enable a skilled person hereafter to reproduce the sounds in the way intended. And even then, unless this reproduction is done in the presence of a suitable recipient, — one with what we call a cultivated ear or eye, — the message intended by painter or executive musician fails to be delivered. All that is in the picture, every intonation in the music, can be seen or heard by a savage or an animal; but in them, as in the Philistine, no response is evoked. To see a picture properly, or to enjoy music, needs a certain faculty, a kind of mental alertness or sympathy; and without that psychic response nothing important is conveyed. Hence we need not be surprised that when psychic attunement is forthcoming the physical part of the transmission can be managed with ease. A gesture may convey a good deal, without speech. Lip-reading is often employed. The mere inspection of spots on lines can appeal to a skilled musician as harmony and melody. Black marks on a sheet of paper constitute the physical side of a poem. The mere tippings of a table are known to be able to convey both intelligence and emotion. The singular faculty of telepathy shows that in extreme cases even the slightest physical stimulus can be dispensed with; though then, naturally, under present conditions, the process is usually slow and uncertain.

So it is not really so very surprising that a complete bodily organization, even though belonging to another person, can with practise be employed by discarnate intelligences; assuming that any such exist and are able and willing to convey to people still associated with matter some message of affection or some ingenious proof of their continued existence and identity. If our relatives and friends exist at all, after they have left the body, they have all the mental or psychic furniture needed for communication; all that they lack is the physical instrument; and hypothetically the presence of a medium seems to provide that. Assuming that they can operate on an alien physiological organism, after the same sort of fashion as they used to operate on their own,— not in the least knowing what they were doing but simply doing it — the rest is easy; they are acquainted with our codes and modes of thought, and if they can contrive to pull physical detents in anything like the old familiar way, it is natural to expect that we shall be able to understand. We must indeed put ourselves in a position of receptiveness, and give them the necessary attention, or they will be helpless. Sometimes they may make special efforts to attract our attention — to ring us up, so to speak — but, to get anything like a coherent message through, there must be coöperation on both sides.

Sir Oliver Lodge's next article, "Religion and Psychic Research", will appear in the December McClure's.

His Dear Cassandra

[*Continued from page 15*]

piece by somebody or other — Lasky's putting it on — there's a good part in it for you. Sort of high brow. Modern. Nothing to buy — you could dress the part with what you've got on. But it only pays fifty a week. Strictly between you and me, I'd advise you to take it."

Picard stood up, shaking. "I've been on the stage for eight solid years ——"

"Solid ivory," said the agent, without a smile. "Want the part?"

"No!" said Picard, and went out, convulsed with wrath, and utter degradation.

It was half-past one on Saturday, and all the Rialto swarmed with stage acquaintances. He didn't even see them; indeed, as far as his objective mind was involved, he was the only individual on earth. He had no definite plan of action; no purpose; no desires; he was numbed by a freezing conviction, not brought to him by any outside argument but by the force of sheer experience, that the Lord had never intended him to be a great actor, nor a good actor, nor any kind of an actor. The managers and the agents all concurred. There was no road open to him now, except the road to the small towns; there was no dramatic future left to him, except a galling existence among the colorless failures of his own kind. And he knew more about the stage, and about the art and science of it, than any man or woman he had ever met. But he was convinced — convinced — convinced!

He awoke to find himself loitering before Miss Carpenter's apartment house; and as he paused, irresolute, his friend Benham came down the steps. Picard's face went crimson with shame, and envy.

"Stuart!" said Benham, and took him by the arm.

"Well?" There leaped to Picard's brain

an inspiration. It was too late to satisfy his dreams of power and glory behind the footlights, but it wasn't too late to acknowledge his defects, and to remind Benham of his ancient covenant. Benham had said that Picard would have traveled faster than even Benham had done. Well, Benham was in authority; let Benham give him a foothold.

"Stuart, do you remember the night you went away? When we gave you a dinner? And you and I had a word together at the train?" asked Benham.

"I — I was just thinking about that."

"I said I'd give anything I had in the whole world to help you succeed."

"Yes, you did. And I said ——"

Benham's mouth was drawn. "Well, I've done it, Stuart."

"Done what?"

"Given up — everything." He was breathing hard, but Picard had no visual perceptions.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said wearily.

"Then go up-stairs," said Benham. "Go up and find out. I had a chance — I had the *best* chance until you came along, Stuart. And now I'm out of it. She's just told me so. She's just told me there's somebody else. And that means you." His grasp made Picard flinch. "You don't deserve her, Stuart. You don't appreciate her. You don't *half* appreciate her — and I do. I always have. That's what hurts the worst. If it only could have been a man who appreciates what she *is* — what her brain is — what her heart is — what her soul is — what her judgment i . . . but *you!* With your damned stubborn old-fashioned ideas about women!" He tried to control himself, and failed. "Go on up-stairs, you lucky fool," said Benham, with difficulty, "and I hope to God I never set eyes on you again as long as I live!"

Stupidly, Picard watched him turn the corner. Stupidly, Picard went into the apartment house, and climbed two floors, and rang a bell. The door opened to him, and he shut it behind him, and put his back against it; and he made his declaration there in the hallway, for Mrs. Carpenter was audible in the living-room.

"Bertha," he said, unsteadily, "I'm broke, and I'm tired out, and I'm discouraged — but won't you please marry me, anyway?"

Although Bertha had insisted, and her mother had insisted, that in all common sense they must delay the wedding until Picard was on his feet again, he overpowered them both with his dynamic stubbornness. Bertha had used the word "judgment", but it was the wrong word for any woman to use to Picard. With his eloquence and his masculine superiority he crushed her, magnifying the import of his bank balance until she weakly agreed with him that his few hundred dollars were in the nature of a generous endowment. Furthermore, now that he had taken responsibilities upon himself, he would arrange immediately to finance the responsibilities. As a matter of fact, even though Benham was eliminated from his list of prospective angels, Picard had an alternative of propositions. If he chose, he could go out in a vaudeville sketch at eighty dollars a week; but he preferred to go to work instead for an old acquaintance, a curb-broker, at fifty.

BERTHA was contemplative. "It seems to me," she said, "that after you've invested eight years in one profession, you ought to think pretty carefully before you throw away all that investment. Of course, I'm not awfully anxious to have you keep on being an actor, but when you've learned so much about the stage — and there's so many different phases of it — *I* should think you'd want to find some place where your knowledge would help you get ahead. We can't very well be much poorer than we are now, can we? Then why start in a business that's so absolutely new to you? You could get just as much money in something to do with the stage, — not necessarily acting — and have a future. You know a lot about the mechanics of plays; why don't you see if you can't get a position that's got something to do with managing?"

Picard kissed her, indulgently. "I'm never convinced by argument," he said, "only by experience. I'm quitting the stage. I've got my reasons. *Your* problem is to figure out where we're going to live."

Bertha glanced up at him in amazement. "Why — *here*, aren't we? Mother and I have a long lease, and it's a very favorable lease, too, and we've got all our furniture here, and . . . and everything. I don't see what else there is to do."

Picard shook his head. "That isn't good judgment. I'm afraid it wouldn't work. Your mother's a corker, and I'm awfully fond of her, and all that, but I want us to be by ourselves. And this place is really crowded, now. A cat could hardly walk around here and keep from stumbling. I want my own establishment."

"But if you won't let me keep on working for a while, Stuart — and that's the only sensible thing to do — why, how can we *afford* to live anywhere else? Now, *my* plan ——"

He kissed her again, with imperturbable confidence. "What does a little girl like you know about it? I'm the business man, Bertha. You're the rest of it."

Bertha, who in a day had exercised jurisdiction over more money than Picard would earn in all his life, flushed vividly.

"Mr. Benham used to say I was a girl in a hundred, Stuart."

She wanted recognition, and Picard gave her a compliment.

"Benham was conservative. *I* say you're a girl in two billion — if that's what the population of the earth is. But you're not marrying Benham are you? . . . No, dear, I do love you, but I'm marrying you because I want to protect you, and take care of you, and I'm going to do it, too."

HE WAS the apotheosis of affection, and of kindness, but it wounded her to realize that he could so calmly discount her greatest ability. This was her elementary lesson in the arbitrariness of the man she had promised to marry, and it left her breathless, and bewildered. But she was blindly in love with Picard, and whatever he said to her had the weight of an imperial mandate.

In matters of domestic economy, and of social relations, and of the immaterial details of life, he absorbed her views without protest; but when it came to the vital matters upon which their present and their future welfare was based, he held firm to his belief that any woman, even Bertha and perhaps especially Bertha, because he knew her better than he had known any other woman, was essentially incapable of any sound decision. Already she knew him more accurately than he had ever known himself; and she could have administered his affairs, and the affairs of twenty others like him, without apparent effort, and with exceptional results; but Picard wanted the best executive secretary in New York to be a helpless bride, and she loved him enough to make herself as helpless and dependent as she possibly could.

So he left the stage, and became customers' man in a curb brokerage house. At the same time, he took Bertha, so glorified that when she was alone she still found ecstasy in repeating her married name over and over to herself, to a musty, red-plush boarding-house in the West Forties. Fortunately, each of them was sufficiently in love with the other to endure, for the sake of their evenings together, the sordid days which their circumstances had prescribed for them. And in the evenings, the circumstances didn't matter.

There was a period of readjustment when she learned that Picard didn't like to have her express broad generalities, especially generalities of trade or commerce or human policies, even if he happened to agree with them. If she did, he disagreed anyway. Nor did he like to have her criticize, spontaneously, any of his actions, or intentions. At first, in spite of her worship of him, she resented these little obstinate traits, and once or twice she even cried over them; but in the course of time she learned, as every clever woman does, that she had married a boy's heart in a man's body.

There came to call upon him at the boarding-house one evening an undersized Jew in remarkably misfit clothing. Picard took him to the farther end of the red-plush parlor, and there they sat and argued back and forth for the major portion of an hour. Bertha couldn't hear all that they were talking about, but she was hypnotized by what she did hear, and by the facile emphasis of the Jew's two hands. He stimulated her imagination; and presently, when she had noted his dramatic repression, and his virile intensity, and the light in his eager eyes, her curiosity went far ahead of her imagination. Out of long practise she catalogued him and analyzed him to a fine degree and as soon as he had gone, she demanded of Picard an explanation, a history.

"Why," said Picard, "that's a man by the name of Schoenstein. He blew into the office a couple of days ago — wanted us to float a little issue of stock for him. He owns some oil leases out in Oklahoma. I guess

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it's all right, but I told him it was too small to bother with, so he's been trying to get me to loan him some money, so he can go ahead with his development."

Bertha hesitated. "Were you thinking about it, Stuart?" she asked, dubiously.

Picard had been on the verge of a negative decision; but at the implied criticism from his wife, he instinctively held up his head.

"Yes, I'd thought about it."

"How much does he want?"

"Five hundred."

She saw that he was annoyed, but she knew that the evening was momentous. "On what security, Stuart?"

"Note," he said brusquely, and he got up, and began to pace the floor. "He'll get endorsements. And he'll give me a sixteenth interest in the property as a bonus."

When she closed her eyes, she could see the Jew and hear his voice as clearly as though he were present before her; and out of her stern training, and her insight, and her native keenness, she knew what manner of man he was. She would have risked her life on her intuition. "Suppose he doesn't happen to be honest, Stuart? Suppose the well isn't any good. Have we five hundred dollars to lose?"

"We've got five hundred," he said shortly.

"But part of it was mine, Stuart."

Picard stopped short. "Now, listen to me, darling. You're the sweetest thing alive, but you don't know the first simple thing about this kind of business. I'm perfectly capable of deciding whether it's a good thing to do, or not."

She perceived the crisis, and met it. "What is it you want to be — a philanthropist?"

"Let's not discuss it, please," said Picard.

On the following afternoon he told her that he had loaned money to the Jew. "I've got security for the loan," he said, "and if the well comes through — that's velvet. And he's paying me seven per cent. against the savings bank's five. If I'd taken your advice, I'd have lost a mighty good investment."

Bertha was wise enough to make no further protest; and more than that, she was wise enough to make no protest when Picard, somewhat later, cried out to her: "I told you so!" The note was paid before maturity; and the well poured into Picard's lap a hundred dollars a day for four ecstatic months. Overnight, he added immeasurably to his poise, and to his air of conquest.

"I suppose," said Bertha, reflectively, "we might be looking for an apartment now."

Picard blew a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling. "I had a funny experience to-day," he said, with apparent irrelevance. "I went over to the Lambs for lunch. There was a pretty big man there I used to know, and we got to talking. He wanted to know what I'd been doing, and I said I'd been resting. He seemed awfully interested in my tailor, and all that sort of thing. Well, the upshot of it all was that he offered me a part in a new play of his — at three hundred."

Bertha was deeply animated. "Isn't that *wonderful?* The right thing at last! Oh, Stuart, I'm so pleased! When do you start?"

Picard regarded her over his cigar. "I've had a queerer offer yet. California. In the pictures. Not acting — directing. Of course I'm flattered, but it's a ridiculous thing; no salary at all, or a purely nominal one, for a year, and then if I make good, a salary and a percentage."

She caught her breath. "That *is* ridiculous, isn't it?"

Picard blinked. "I didn't mean 'ridiculous' exactly — I meant unusual."

"That's what I meant, too. Why, you don't know anything at all about pictures."

"I'm not sure I'd say that I don't know *anything* about pictures, honey."

"But you've never been in them, dear. And you don't know anything about lighting, or photography, or acting . . . Oh, now, *darling;* I didn't mean it to sound like that ——"

"Don't worry," said Picard, with a pained smile. "Better critics than you are have said rough things about my acting. But when they come to me and offer me three hundred flat ——"

"Without taking any chances at all!"

"Surely. *And* a guarantee."

"'*And* a guarantee,'" echoed Bertha, jubilantly. "And those silly picture people — why, all they're trying to do is to get a year's work out of you for nothing."

Picard began to fidget. "I'd hardly say that. It's a rather sweeping statement for an outsider to make."

"Outsider?" She laughed a little. "I know you don't think a great deal of my judgment, but Mr. Benham ——"

"Oh, hang Mr. Benham!" said Picard. "Yes, I *am* annoyed. . . . And a director doesn't have to know anything about lighting, or acting, or photography, either. All he's got to know is how to tell a story — how to get the continuity. I'm a little more acquainted with this particular field than you are. I spent eight years in studying plays."

"I'm not disputing that, dear. All I'm saying is that it concerns me, just as much as it does you. I *have* got good business sense; I know I have. Won't you please let me have a voice in it, too?"

Picard went over to her, and took her in his arms. "My dear child," he said, "there's nobody on the face of this globe who can convince me by argument. I don't want to hurt you, but if I'd followed half the advice you've given me, I'd be in the poorhouse. If I'd taken your advice about Schoenstein, I couldn't afford to go out and work a year for nothing, the way I can now. I *don't* trust your judgment of business affairs. I wouldn't trust any woman's. That isn't a woman's province. It's a man's. So if it seems to me the wisest thing to do, why, we'll just have to pack up our things and move to California."

Her lips were trembling, but she turned aside to prevent Picard from seeing them. "Is . . . is that your decision, then?"

"No; I haven't made any decision. But . . . I'm considering it."

"It doesn't make any difference that I think it's *suicide* for you to go to California?"

"'Suicide?'" he repeated.

"And awfully bad reasoning, Stuart? Considering how you — left the stage?"

At the unexpected stab to his pride, his pride became invincible.

"I didn't marry you for a reason, Bertha — I married you for a wife. And I'll give points on play-production to any man in the business. I'll bet I'd be ten thousand times better as a director than I would as an actor! You see, dear, I've got money enough now to afford to take a year to learn this new job. It's a wonderful opening. You don't understand it. Those big picture companies are closed corporations. No matter how good a man is, he can't get in unless he's invited. It's a chance I'd never get again. I'm sorry I have to disagree with you on so many of these things, Bertha, but —— "

He broke off sharply, for Bertha was crying.

"S-sometimes," she said, "I think you're almost irresponsible."

Picard stiffened with outraged dignity. "It's too bad you think so," he told her, deliberately, "because I've practically decided to go to California."

Benham was standing on the sidewalk before the Hotel Alexandria, in Los Angeles, and wondering what to do next with the few remaining days of his vacation, when a great blue limousine pulled in to the curb, and a familiar face thrust out of the window.

"Well, old man," said a familiar voice, "you lose your hope. You're seeing me again."

Benham started in astonishment, and then stood dumb with amazement. Five years of time had relieved his earlier wretchedness, so that occasionally he had thought of Picard without resentment, and of Picard's wife without despondency, but whenever he had imagined their life together, he had taken subtle pains to make it rather feverishly commonplace, in contrast with the rich quiet life which he himself could have so easily arranged for Bertha. He wasn't a vindictive man, but he was normal.

"Good Lord!" said Benham. "Oil, or pictures?"

"Both!" said Picard. "Where are you staying? What are you doing? Jump in and come on home to lunch. Bertha'll be crazy to have you, and I want you to see the kids. I'm living in Pasadena."

Benham climbed into the limousine. "I'm just killing time out here. What are *you* doing?"

"Directing," said Picard. "I'm with Filmart. Don't you ever go out in the evenings?"

Benham, shaking his head, regarded Picard with a certain intuitive respect. "You've done well, have you, Stuart? That's fine. I'm glad to hear it. No, I don't care very much for the movies, but I understand they make a lot of money." He coughed delicately, "I always thought that if you ever had a clever business manager — somebody like Bertha, for instance — you'd go a long way, Stuart . . . I shouldn't wonder if you've changed your mind by this time, have you? I mean about women's judgment?"

Picard smiled broadly. "Well, not exactly. But that's neither here nor there."

"You haven't? What's the matter with you, man? Atrophy of the intellect?"

Picard put his hand on Benham's sleeve. "I've had a good laugh lots of times over what you used to say to me. She's a wonderful woman — she's the most wonderful woman in the universe — but when you talk about business ability . . . In a way, I'm glad of it, too. There wouldn't be very much pleasure in being married to an efficiency expert. I wanted a home. And I've got the happiest home in Christendom — you wait and see."

Benham gazed at the flying landscape. He was thinking of what his own ambitions once had been, and what it would have meant to him — what it would mean to him even how — to be married to a woman with a brain like Bertha's. The old resentment surged up within him, and he despised the man beside him for his blind incomprehension.

"But I couldn't have got along without her," said Picard absently. "I owe her a lot. I owe her everything. But not in the way you mean."

The car had stopped at Picard's house; and Benham was compelled to new amazement. Picard's house was magnificent, and all about it there were lawns and landscaped gardens which, in a country dependent upon irrigation, meant huge expenditure for every blade and blossom. Benham's hat was spirited away by a proper British butler; Benham himself was taken by his host into a living-room which stunned him.

And then Bertha came in.

At lunch Benham lived in a curious murk of memory, and of regret; and his only satisfaction arose from the evidence that Bertha was happy. Indeed, it was evident that no two people could conceivably be happier than Picard and the girl who almost married Benham. However, Benham recalled her husband's attitude toward those very qualities which Benham himself had considered superlative, and perhaps he had never hated any man for rascality as much as he now hated Picard for mere obstinacy. And this sensation grew and multiplied in direct proportion to his thoughts of his own empty house in Greenwich and his empty arms.

At three o'clock, Picard had to run over to Hollywood for a conference, and Benham, alone with his ideal, became tongue-tied. The past five years had telescoped into nothingness; his pain was as sharp as on the day it had first lodged with him.

"I'm glad Stuart's been successful," he said at length. "That is, if he measures his success in money. Does he?"

"Less than any one I know," she said. "You probably have some idea of what a director is; Stuart's making more than two hundred thousand dollars a year, but he never thinks of *that.* He really doesn't. He's so proud to be important, and well-known, and so happy because he did it all himself, without any backing or influence. That's what counts with Stuart."

Benham swallowed twice. "I don't think he could have done it alone, could he?" Of a sudden, his adamantine honesty overcame him, and he leaned out to her. "He doesn't give you credit!" cried Benham, with righteous indignation. "He doesn't give you one millionth of one per cent. enough credit! You've made him; I *know* you've made him; just as I knew you would! And he's too stubborn to admit it, but *I* admit it!" He sank back, apologetic for his vehemence. "What *couldn't* you do for a man," he said, almost inaudibly.

For a time she sat looking at the floor, and then presently she glanced up at Benham, and smiled. "You and I know Stuart pretty well, don't we . . . We know what he thinks about women . . . He's like so many, many husbands." Her smile seemed to float through Benham's very soul, and he closed his fingers tight in his palms. "He wants to feel so strong and wise and powerful; and he wants his wife to feel that he's so infinitely much wiser than she is. Well . . . I've let him. I've let him think I'm innocent and unreasonable and illogical . . . Perhaps it *was* hard, at first, but I loved him enough . . . You can't argue against Stuart, and get anywhere, but if you disagree with him in just the right way, at just the right time . . . and take the opposite side to what you *really* want him to do ——"

Benham had gone limp in his chair.

"Bertha!" he gasped.

"Don't you remember," she went on, half in revery, "the story in Virgil about Cassandra? The prophetess? And it was fated that nobody should ever believe her? Well, he thinks I'm his dear Cassandra. He thinks my best judgment is always and absolutely wrong. Only if she'd done what *I've* done . . . He thinks he's a self-made potentate in a great kingdom, and all the time he's just my little boy, and I'm keeping him so happy and busy and successful ——"

Benham gazed and gazed at her, and wet his lips. "How could you ever do it?" he faltered. "How could you ever endure it? A woman with your intellect, and understanding? I always said you were wonderful . . . but you've done a miracle. And Stuart ——"

"If you only love somebody enough, you can do *any*thing." She gave him her hand, and Benham took it, and shivered. "It's our secret, isn't it? Yes, I was the one who made Stuart go in with Schoenstein ——"

"Schoenstein!"

"Yes; I knew as soon as I saw him that he was born to be a conqueror. He was poor then; poorer than we were; but we made a little money together . . . and then I kept Stuart off the stage when he wanted to go back to it and fail and break his heart, and then I brought him out here, where all his tremendous knowledge had an outlet — I found out how to disagree with him, and lead him anywhere. That's all . . . You'll keep our secret, won't you? If I've really got intellect and understanding, was there any better way to use it? Was there?"

Benham's attention was fixed on her hand; she blushed and withdrew it.

"And . . . and *I* gave him to you," said Benham, thickly.

She smiled at him in pity for his suffering, and tried to be kind, by reverting to conventions. "I mustn't talk about Stuart and me any more. I want to hear all about *you.* Do you know you've hardly told us about yourself at all? I wish you would."

Benham, whose consciousness was filled with Picard, and with Picard's house, and Picard's babies, and with this sweet and statesmanlike girl who had taken the very worst of Picard's attributes, and capitalized it, and used it to make him rich and famous — Benham saw once more a vision of his empty house in Greenwich; and he swallowed hard, and looked everywhere in the room except at Bertha.

"Oh, there's nothing interesting in *my* life," he said bitterly. "I'm only the president of an insurance company."

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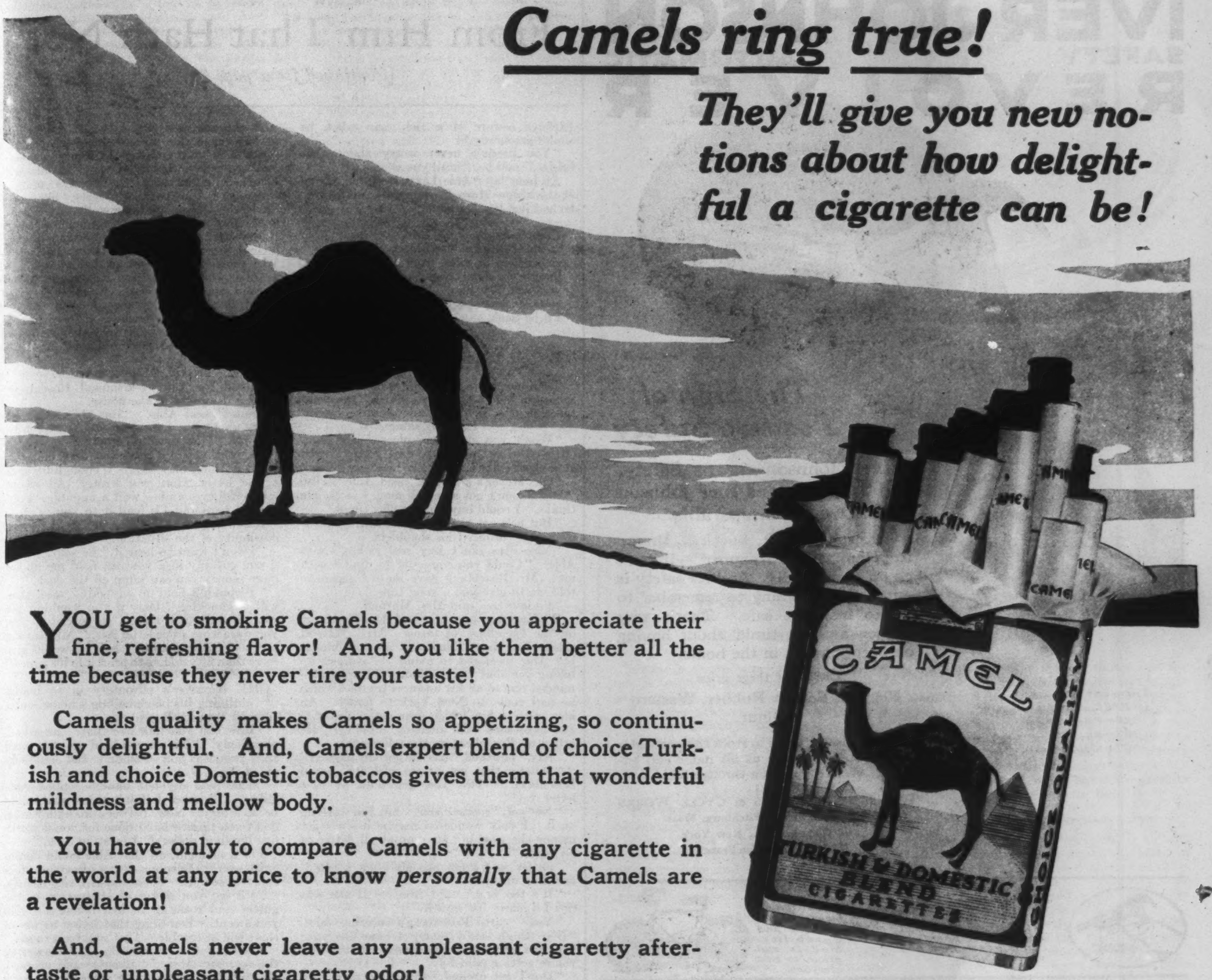

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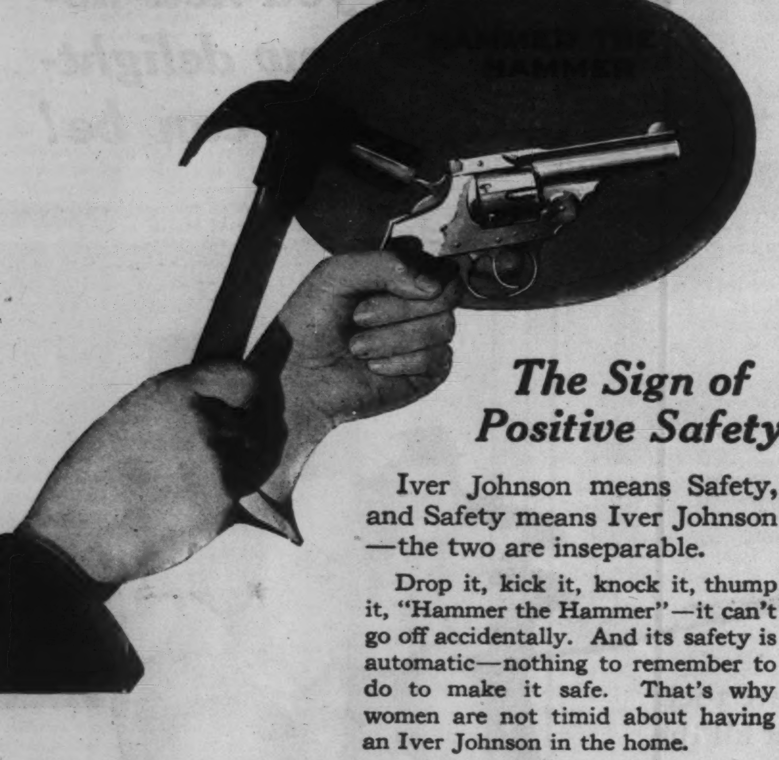

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Drop it, kick it, knock it, thump it, "Hammer the Hammer"—it can't go off accidentally. And its safety is automatic—nothing to remember to do to make it safe. That's why women are not timid about having an Iver Johnson in the home.

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Federal School of Applied Cartooning
01021 Warner Building Minneapolis, Minn.

[*From McCutcheon Cartoon in Chicago Tribune*

From Him That Hath Not

[*Continued from page 29*]

(Always beware of a rich man when he smiles graciously.)

"You needn't never worry about that bridge," said he, "until you come to it."

An hour later Abie Lazinsky stood gazing at the widow Marnoff while she read the note he had just handed her.

> Dear Lady,
> This will introduce Mr. A. Lazinsky, a rich friend of mine from Chicago. He knows all about New York and I hope you will like him. I am going out of town on business and don't know when I'll be back.
>
> Sincerely yours,
> M. Rosenberg.
>
> P.S. Mr. Lazinsky also owns a big mine.

There never was a daughter of Eve whose attention failed to be arrested by the combination of a rich man and a mine owner. The widow was instantly interested.

"Won't you sit down, please," she said. "It's terrible warm to-day. Ain't Mr. Rosenberg a fine man? I like him very much."

"Oh, Meyer's all right," said Abie, airily, "only he ain't got as much money as people thinks. I could buy him up fifty times."

"But he's got nice eyes," said Mrs. Marnoff. Abie shrugged his shoulders.

"Nice eyes don't buy real estate," said Abie. "Could you come out to dinner with me? Mr. Rosenberg gave me—I mean he told me to give you a good time."

"I'd love to," said Mrs. Marnoff.

Within a few days Abie and the widow were on the friendliest of terms. Mrs. Marnoff asked him many questions about Chicago but Abie managed to avoid the subject by telling her that the mention of Chicago reminded him of all his business troubles which he had come to New York to forget. An idea came to him which germinated, sprouted and blossomed with amazing rapidity. He called up Rosenberg on the telephone.

"Say," he asked, "has she got any money?"

"What's that got to do with it?" asked Rosenberg. "Did you get hold of that letter yet?"

"Not yet," replied Abie, "but I'm working on it. I only wondered maybe if she's got money she wouldn't sue you at all, letter or no letter."

"So far as I know she ain't got a cent," said Rosenberg.

"It's too bad," said Abie. "If she was rich I'd marry her myself."

"You?" came Rosenberg's sneering voice. "D'ye think she'd marry a bum like you? You just get hold of that letter. That's what you're getting paid for."

"Don't get excited," said Abie and, with a chuckle, "anyway, she thinks you got nice eyes, too," he added. The fact that Mrs. Marnoff had no money instantly killed Abie's idea. He then set to work, systematically, to obtain Rosenberg's letter. To his surprise, when he brought up the subject of compromising letters, Mrs. Marnoff referred to Rosenberg's correspondence herself with the utmost frankness.

"Poor Mr. Rosenberg!" she said. "He wrote me a letter and then I guess he got nervous and wanted it back again."

"Did you give it to him?" asked Abie.

"I couldn't," she replied. "All I remember is that I read the letter and put it somewhere. I don't know what became of it."

"Did you look all over the room?"

"I looked everywehre. I like Mr. Rosenberg and I'd like to oblige him. I guess the servant swept it out."

To report this conclusion to Rosenberg, Abie knew, meant the end of his pleasant task and the cessation of his pocket money. Pretending to be solicitous for his friend's peace of mind Abie induced Mrs. Marnoff to search her apartment over and over again. But the letter was nowhere to be found.

And then Fate smiled upon Abie. He had called to take Mrs. Marnoff out to dinner—at Rosenberg's expense—and she had asked him to sit in the parlor while she dressed. To kill time Abie picked a book at random. As he idly turned the pages, looking for pictures—Abie wasn't what you would call a reading man—he came upon a letter tucked among the leaves. It began, "Oh, lady with the wonderful eyes", and it was signed "Meyer Rosenberg, Your Slave."

Abie chuckled and thrust the letter into his pocket. Some ten minutes later, when Mrs. Marnoff entered the parlor, Abie was gone.

Abie walked rapidly toward Rosenberg's home, delighted with the success of his embassy. And then, suddenly, his pace slackened. Was not fifty dollars a ridiculously low reward for such an achievement? Rosenberg had been unable to accomplish it; he had to enlist the help of Abie Lazinsky. Why should not Abie get all that was coming to him while the getting was good? Abie decided not to call upon Rosenberg. The proposition which he now decided to lay before the merchant could be delivered more effectively and more safely over the telephone. And so, with great glee, Abie deposited his nickel in the slot.

"Well," he said, "I got the letter."

"Good for you!" exclaimed Rosenberg. "Bring it around to the house."

"Sure!" said Abie. "But there ain't no hurry about it. I want to talk it over with you first. How much do I get?"

"I told you I'd give you fifty dollars."

"D'ye think fifty dollars is enough for such a fine letter what you wrote? All about wonderful eyes and—wait a minute—I got it right here and I'll read it to you."

Rosenberg was quick to grasp every possibility of the situation.

"I don't want to hear it," he said. "And if you got any idea you can hold me up for more money you can jump off the dock."

"I wouldn't hold up anybody," said Abie, with a chuckle. "Only if you wouldn't get so excited about it and let me read it to you, you'd see what a fine letter it is. Mr. Gordon on the *Yiddish Gazette*, I betcha, would give more than fifty dollars to print it in his paper."

THE *schnorrer's* effrontery in so boldly outlining his blackmailing scheme sent a shudder through Rosenberg.

"How can you talk like that?" he asked, pleadingly. "Didn't you hold up your hand and promise you wouldn't tell anybody about it?"

"That was my left hand," replied Abie glibly. "Besides, I didn't think you would be so stingy. Now, between man and man, don't you think what I done for you is worth five hundred dollars? I mean in cash."

For a moment, all that Abie could distinguish over the telephone was a succession of incoherent sounds. Then he heard, very clearly,

"I'll see you dying of starvation in the gutter and roasting in hell before I'd give you a cent. You bring that letter to me or there will be trouble. That's all I got to say."

Realizing that Rosenberg had hung up the receiver, Abie did likewise and grinned. He knew the merchant was powerless to harm him. He who hath not has nothing to lose.

For two days Abie kept away from Susskind's café and Rosenberg, despite all his efforts, could not find him. On the third day Abie telephoned to Gordon that Meyer Rosenberg, the well-known dry-goods merchant, had an interesting statement which he could make to a reporter. When the reporter called, however, Rosenberg insisted that it was all a mistake: he had nothing to say. And when the reporter had departed he cursed Abie Lazinsky.

When next Abie telephoned to Rosenberg he was amazed at the change in the merchant's tone.

"What are you going to do about that letter business?" Abie asked.

"I give in," Rosenberg replied. "I know when I'm licked. But I think five hundred is kind of steep. If you make it four hundred and fifty you can bring it around and I'll hand you the cash."

Abie's heart leaped with joy. Four hundred and fifty dollars! With that amount he would have no difficulty in going into some congenial business and settling down. "Should I come right over?" he asked.

"No," said Rosenberg. "I got to catch a train for Philadelphia in an hour. Let's see. Come around on Friday at two o'clock."

Between that Tuesday and Friday Abie Lazinsky completed his plans for settling down. Abie had always had a weakness for the café business. It seemed so delightful to be able to eat and drink what one wanted without the necessity of immediately paying for it. He found a man who owned a small café and who was willing to take him as a partner.

"We got to get a lawyer to write the papers," this man explained.

"Sure," said Abie. "It's got to be regular."

"I know a good, cheap lawyer," the man went on, "who will write the papers for twenty dollars. But I ain't taking any chances. Give me ten dollars for your share and I'll be responsible for his bill."

Abie, without demur, paid out ten dollars, eight of which represented the last of the money Rosenberg had given him and two dollars which represented the end of his own resources. The articles of partnership were signed at noon on Friday.

"I'll be back about three o'clock," said Abie, "with the four hundred and fifty dollars."

Alas for him who hath not! The door of Rosenberg's house was opened, in response to Abie's ring, by a man whom Abie had never seen before.

"You're Abie Lazinsky, I suppose," he said. Abie nodded, eagerly. Without a word the man seized him by the collar and pushed him into a room where three other men were sitting upon a sofa.

"Where's Mr. Rosenberg?" asked Abie.

"He's in Chicago," said the man who had opened the door. "And now that you know that much, hand over the letter before I paste you in the jaw."

The details of what followed are too pathetic to narrate. When it was over, Abie found himself upon the sidewalk in front of Rosenberg's house, not only minus his treasured letter but clad in the frowsy suit he had worn on the day he first met the dry-goods merchant. Incidentally, Abie's eye looked as if it might be quite black within a few hours. His first thought was to summon a policeman. Thought number two revealed to him the hopelessness and absurdity of his position. He was in the wrong from beginning to end. The only satisfaction that remained for him was to punish the perfidious Rosenberg.

Abie decided that he must see Mrs. Marnoff. He would tell her everything and urge her to get a lawyer and sue Rosenberg for breach of promise. In high spirits, he set out to call upon the widow.

"Mrs. Marnoff ain't in," said the servant.

"Did she just go out for a little while or ain't she coming back at all — or what?" asked Abie, impatiently.

The servant extended both hands.

"How shall I know?" said she. "She got married with Mr. Rosenberg this afternoon and they went to Chicago."

Ah, yes! From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

Abie, with heart bowed down, wended his way toward Susskind's café so convinced that he was born to misfortune that he entirely forgot his animosity toward Rosenberg. For, after all, it was not Rosenberg's fault. It was merely the fault of Abie's destiny. Fate had decreed that Abie Lazinsky was never to possess four hundred and fifty dollars.

And Abie seated himself at a little table and asked the waiter to bring him a drink.

"Well, Abie," said Susskind, sitting opposite the *schnorrer*, "I see it's all settled now."

"Settled?" ejaculated Abie Lazinsky. "How d'ye mean settled?"

"I heard that Rosenberg married that widow," said Susskind. Abie shrugged.

"What of it?" he asked. "Didn't he have a right?"

"Sure he did," said the proprietor. "Only it's funny the way things come out. First he asks you to help him so he don't have to marry a rich widow and then he goes and marries her anyway."

Abie stared at him, mouth and eyes wide open. Then, slowly, "Rich?" he said.

"Sure," said Susskind. "Didn't you know it? She got a whole block of houses out in Chicago. Ain't it funny the way them rich fellows always get into soft things?"

For nearly a minute Abie sat motionless and silent. Then he slowly nodded his head.

"Yes," he said. "It's terrible funny."

The Phantom Alibi

[*Continued from page 28*]

Armiston with keen eyes, "the dentist happens to have the preliminary rubber impression he took of Sauer's jaw. "You won't tell me you can counterfeit that. Those are the facts, Armiston," he concluded, and he leaned back in his chair to await the verdict.

In his school-days Dean Pettibone had been Armiston's kindly guide and friend, one of those rare teachers who achieve something like saintship in the memory of their students.

"It's — preposterous — " Armiston began, and halted. "Are you going to maintain in court that dear old Petty — why he doesn't weigh a good hundred pounds — carried the dead body of Sauer across town, in the middle of the night, to get rid of him in his vat?"

"'Preposterous?'" said Parr. "Not at all. It was midnight. Sauer's apartment was on the ground floor — with a private entrance in the side street. Pettibone admits he came and went in his coupé, alone. Nobody saw him leave Sauer's rooms. His laboratory is on a lonely road — I believe there was an element of danger in his research work, and a bad smell — and he had to get off by himself. Now do you say 'preposterous'?"

"Cobwebs!" cried Armiston contemptuously. "Use a little reason, Parr."

"'Reason?'" said the deputy. "There is no reason in a crime of violence. But that! —" He pointed to the tiny fragment of gold, every accidental irregularity of whose surface testified incontrovertibly to its identity. He turned fiercely on Armiston. "What are you going to do about that?"

"You can't establish a murder, with only a gold tooth to show," muttered Armiston.

"Can't I? Take the classic Webster-Parkman case as an example."

The deputy commissioner rose and pulled on his coat slowly. "The jury won't leave its seat," he said absently. "Regrettable, yes, to balance a man like Petty against a cheap trickster." He picked up the particle of gold and restored it to its tissue paper and as he put it back in his pocket, he murmured, "It will send your friend Petty to the chair."

Without a leave-taking he stalked out. In the street the police functionary permitted himself a complacent smile as he looked up at Armiston's windows. Unless he was very much mistaken, he had started a fire.

When Armiston emerged, he at once became conscious of something in the air. Not infrequently, even in a city of such involved complexes as this, there comes a moment, an occasion when street-sweeper and applewoman, milady and her maid, stockbroker and greengrocer, think the same thought, as if an idea had become static, and anchored itself over them like a fog. On this day every street corner had its little group, heads together; in the restaurant where Armiston lunched, usually decorous people craned their necks over their neighbors' newspapers; the female cashier instead of saying, "It's a nice day," said, "Wasn't it awful about the vat?"

The latest extra blared in large type — "HELD WITHOUT BAIL!" One couldn't escape it; in the quietest side street the eddies of the news danced and swirled, the vat murder was on the tip of the tongue wherever one turned. The sleuth-hounds of the press, long fretting on leash, were loose, full cry. This single obscure crime summoned into being myriad phenomena of human interest and activity. On every corner stood impatient groups jingling pennies and waiting for fresh extras. It isn't often that the public gets a best-seller. When it does, newspaper circulation must stand ready to expand like a rubber band.

Momentarily there had been doubt, unbelief. But the facts were overwhelming. Then, as if by some common process of thought, the world of newspaper readers became sophists. At Armiston's club his friend Ballard voiced the tone of public debate when he said:

"The real crime was Pettibone's overlooking that gold tooth. He deserves the chair for that. Pettibone, a chemist, tripping up on a solvent for gold! I condemn his bungling after the blow was struck. But for the grace of God — as some one said somewhere," said Ballard, eying the cultivated circle, "you or I might have struck that blow. In each of us is a moment of blind fury, waiting to be summoned. Most of us escape the summons. Pettibone didn't. What

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See what this new way does for teeth

All statements approved by authorities

There is a new way of teeth cleaning which millions now employ. Leading dentists everywhere advise it.

You can see the results wherever you look — teeth that glisten as they never did before.

This is to offer a ten-day test. Then to urge that you let your mirror show how much it means to you and yours.

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The object is to fight the film which causes most tooth troubles.

That viscous film you feel on teeth is their great enemy. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Then it dims the teeth, and night and day it may do ceaseless damage.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Very few people escape these troubles which are caused by film.

What ruins teeth

Much of this film remains on teeth under ordinary brushing methods. Many tooth pastes even favor the film. Thus millions find that well-brushed teeth discolor and decay.

The reason lies in film, and dental science has for years been seeking a way to combat it.

The way has now been found. It has been proved by decisive clinical and laboratory tests. Its efficiency is beyond question. And this method has brought to millions a new era in teeth cleaning.

The methods are all embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent — a dainty tooth paste which complies with every modern requirement. That is the product we ask you to test in your home.

Acts in numerous ways

One ingredient of Pepsodent is pepsin. Another multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to digest starch deposits that cling.

Another result is to multiply the alkalinity of the saliva to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of decay.

Two factors directly attack the film. One of them keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily cling.

Thus in several ways, new and efficient, Pepsodent combats the teeth's great enemies. It brings essential results which Nature intended, and which old methods failed to accomplish.

The way to know

Ask for a 10-Day Tube. Watch the results, then read the reasons for them in the book we send.

Those whiter, cleaner teeth you see mean safer teeth. They mean that film, great tooth wrecker, is being day by day combated.

Compare the results with old methods. Then judge how much this new way means to you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

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A scientific film combatant, now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists.

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Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. It will be a revelation.

10-Day Tube Free 461

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....

....

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then? Should his career of public usefulness be annihilated, simply because instinct overwhelmed reason, for a split second? I say, no!"

"I say, no!" responded several of the circle.

"Pettibone is a man of rare mind," went on the sophist. "He knew what he had to lose. Therefore the more reason to conceal his act. And he, a chemist," cried Ballard in disgust, "trips up on a problem a schoolboy wouldn't have missed — the solvent for gold."

"What is the defense?" asked Armiston, for Ballard was a famous pleader.

"None!" said the lawyer savagely. "Not yet — not for another hundred years. Sauer was a despicable swindler. A decent man, a righteous man, removes him — kills him. And now we, in the name of justice, purpose to annihilate Pettibone, a man with a brain a thousand years ahead of his time!"

ARMISTON went through a daily ritual before his typewriter. He inserted a recording sheet, lightly brushed his fingers-tips, and gazed abstractedly at the keys. He had great faith in this oracle; time and again, with almost clairvoyant powers, it had solved problems for him. It was probable that the cerebral ganglion in Armiston's finger-tips led him, on those occasions, through the maze of the keyboard. But now the oracle was mute.

"Petty slipped up, for once in his life," mused Armiston for the hundredth time as he stared at the blank wall with opaque eyes, his fingers poised above the keys.

Then suddenly, and without admonitory signal, the oracle spoke! Armiston's fingers, moving mechanically, tapped the keys.

"Did Sauer?" demanded the typewriter.

Armiston felt a queer pricking at the back of his neck. There was something uncanny in the way those two words spontaneously formed themselves before his eyes. He let his thoughts drift. Did Sauer? Did Sauer slip up any place?

That was as far as he could get. The typewriter relapsed into Delphian silence, his fingers refused to move.

"Obviously," said Armiston, "that implies motive, on the part of Sauer."

The oracle refused to be drawn into an argument.

Armiston took a stroll through the Park, conjuring himself to think. But that typewriter had become so necessary to his process of thought in his years of scribbling that without it he found himself stranded.

"Parr," he said to that person of the police an hour later, "who was Sauer? Did he ever really exist?"

"Apparently he was a fact. You might ask Brown, or Westcott," answered Parr.

"Who was he, before he came here?"

"A mining engineer," said Parr. "Brown looked up his references. Sauer wasn't exactly a shade, Armiston. He was flesh and blood enough to be bashed on the head with a bludgeon."

Oliver ignored the sarcasm.

"What did he leave as an estate, besides that gold filling?" he persisted.

"There's a bank balance — about eight hundred dollars."

"That's something. What else?"

This was a demand for material detail, not the flash of divination the deputy had hoped for when first he laid before the extinct author the advance proofs of the now-celebrated vat murder. He drew forth a small bundle of slips, on which J. H. Sauer had, on one insignificant occasion or another, signed his name. It was the handwriting of a habitual draughtsman, as characteristic in its way as that of a telegrapher. Armiston studied the script with the interest of one who, for the first time, comes on the incontrovertible proof of the life and activity of a person who heretofore has existed for him merely as a name.

The sprite here nudged Oliver's elbow.

"Did Sauer?" it whispered, out of the thin air. Armiston departed. Late in the afternoon he presented himself at the home of Dean Pettibone, a little red brick house encircled by a veranda, near the University. Armiston had smoked many a contemplative pipe here, in his school-days, and the sight of the comfortable study with its swept hearth, gave him a pang. Parr had given him a line to the policeman in charge, for the Law had put its seals here.

"I'm trying to help," he explained lamely to the dried-up little secretary, a woman who had not aged by a hair in twenty years, as he remembered her. "We are all trying to help. I want to look round."

"His life is an open book," she said. "You remember his 'log'. They've been through it again and again."

It was a life of an open book, a book of volumes. Dean Pettibone's one marked peculiarity was the desire to set down everything from day to day, as a conscientious navigator would make up his log. Pettibone, with the precise mind of a born scientist, had the habit of saying that, of all the human faculties, one's memory was the least entitled to trust and respect. Endowed with a photographic memory, he never permitted himself to trust it. That Sauer should not have left some premonitory shadow in this human document, which reflected so minutely, seemed absurd — at least from a metaphysical standpoint. But Armiston was not voyaging in the realms of metaphysics, as he turned page after page, under the scrutiny of the sleepy policeman and the anxious little old maid.

A month passed. The rubber band of public interest, measured by the barometer of newspaper circulation, was moving on through other fields of force. The vat murder had subsided. On the side of Pettibone there was nothing to be expected. The Dean had contented himself with a single explicit statement, in the beginning. His respect for words and their uses gave his denial of guilt at once a simplicity and a completeness that were almost classic. Here was a man accused of murder, with no resources save the dignity of his bare word, who made no effort to conceal his contempt for the stupidity of inflexible justice. The little savant passed his days of waiting in a cell amid peace and quiet that he had always craved, but never before achieved. He immured himself and begged his friends to spare him, he buried himself in his books.

The mighty voice of the press even found time to record with much humor how Oliver Armiston, the once popular author of thrillers, absent-mindedly dropped his eyeglasses into a mail-box instead of a letter, rendering himself visually helpless until a postman appeared and permitted the author to paw among the letters for his lenses.

"They never come back!" muttered the deputy commissioner with conviction, as he noted this silly item. More and more, as the days dragged on without incident, the police official regretted having exposed his own fallibility to the extinct author in the vain hope of some super-normal help.

"THE State rests."

Fielder, the District Attorney, turned to Ballard, counsel for the accused, and as he sat down he muttered under his breath in a tone that carried only to that man's ears:

"God help you! I have done what I could. Facts are facts!"

Parr sat back in his chair, his arms folded across his chest, looking glum. Judge and jury turned expectantly to Ballard, famous barrister, who had stepped into the case at the last minute. During the presentation of the State's evidence against his client, Ballard had indulged only in formalities; in several incidents it seemed that he went to extraordinary lengths in inducing witnesses to emphasize the damning facts of their testimony.

"Make a plea. We will accept anything in reason," muttered the District Attorney under his breath. Ballard turned on him a look of slow astonishment, and indicated the placid little figure of the prisoner with a slight nod, as who should say: "Can you imagine such a man as that accepting a mitigation of the charge!"

Ballard rose to his feet, stood for a long time surveying the jury, whose appetite had been whetted for one of the great forensic addresses for which this man was famous. The master of sheer oratory, that curious species of hypnotism by which one man moulds the mind of a mob, said only,

"The defense will call only one witness in refutation."

A little thrill ran through the room. Ballard looked at his watch and stepped to the bench where he consulted in low tones with the Court and the prosecutor, and a brief recess was declared. Courtroom and jury box, held in vague suspense, waited; the scene wore that tension of dramatic action momentarily halted. The first interruption was the entrance, somewhat breathlessly, of Oliver Armiston; he dropped into a seat beside Ballard, giving the inquiring deputy a scant nod. Parr noted with surprise that the extinct author sported a badly swollen eye. The green doors opened a second time, and two court officers appeared, followed by a middle-aged man, evidently a person of some position in life. He looked neither to right nor left, as he came down the aisle and stolidly took his place in the witness chair, as the court was called to order again. Then he glanced around stiffly, and when he encountered the face of Dean Pettibone, his eyes lingered there for a moment.

"Your name?" said Ballard.

The witness wet his lips.

"Hilary Jerome Swett."

"Your occupation?"

"I am an inventor," said the man, looking curiously over the jury.

"Do you know the defendant, Mr. Swett?" pursued Ballard.

The witness nodded, and turned his gaze again on Pettibone.

"When did you last see him?"

"In 1912," said the witness, without hesitation. "In the Federal Court."

"What was the occasion?"

"A patent suit," responded Swett acidly. His eyes, as if drawn by fascination, again sought the prisoner's face.

"You were an interested party?"

"I was the plaintiff."

"And Dean Pettibone?"

"He was called to give expert testimony." The man drew a deep breath, and the whole room hitched forward in its seats.

"What was the outcome of the suit, Mr. Swett."

"I lost — my case was thrown out of court." The words were so low as to be hardly audible. Ballard moved slowly back and forth before the witness.

"Was the expert testimony responsible for the verdict?" he asked finally.

"Yes," he said; the witness seemed now to have thoroughly recovered his composure. "Wholly," he added.

Ballard picked up one of the exhibits on the table and examined it absently for a moment. Then he raised his eyes to the witness and asked with great gravity.

"Are your teeth entire, Mr. Swett?"

The effect of this question was like a pistol shot. The Dean, the prosecutor, even the Court, exclaimed audibly. The witness started, violently; he blanched. He grasped the arms of the chair until the veins stood out on his wrists, and turning mechanically, he sought again the now searching eyes of the prisoner.

"Are all your teeth intact, Mr. Swett?" persisted the lawyer, cold and incisive. He held up to view the object in his hand; it was the rubber impression of the upper jaw of the murdered man, one incontrovertible link in the chain of circumstantial evidence that the law had been forging about Dean Pettibone these last three days.

"I ask particularly," continued Ballard, now suddenly stentorian, "about the first bicuspid, of the right upper jaw. Will you please show the jury," he urged, advancing on the witness who seemed to have become stone. Ballard opened his own mouth and indicated with a finger, the tooth.

The answer was unexpected action, almost too swift for the staring eyes to register. With a single bound, Swett was out of his seat; he cleared the steps in a stride and bowled over the obstructing figure of his tormentor. With almost the same gesture he seized a chair, and raising it above his head, charged on Dean Pettibone, crying shrilly:

"You die! You die now! I take you with me!"

It was Armiston, unused to protective reflexes as he was, who fell on the advancing madman as he towered over the little Dean, and the pair went to the floor with a crash. The next instant the court officers had pinioned the struggling Swett.

"Your Honor, and gentlemen of the jury!" rang out the triumphant voice of Ballard over the din of pounding gavel and the shouts of the officers restoring order, "behold the *corpus delicti!* Behold the murdered man, in person!"

"SAUER was a phantom," said Armiston, moulding a cigarette with finished care. He was tasting tribute. This was the first time wittingly the author had ever set the stage of his typewriter with real characters and watched them walk through their parts. "Luckily we were able to provide the *corpus delicti* with an alibi. Else," added the beaming author, turning to the little Dean who sat balanced on the end of a sofa, "our conscientious friend here might have added another notch to his gun, Dean."

Parr took this sally woodenly.

"Ninety-nine per cent. of my work is common sense," said he. "I leave the ouija-board one per cent. to the fiction writers."

"Swett set up the fictitious identity of Sauer, with proper make-up, to be murdered," went on the author. "That was his game from the beginning. He took eight years to do it. Once he established the identity, he plotted to be brought to Pettibone, to quarrel with him, to have Pettibone the last man seen with him alive. Then he planted his bludgeon, his fake finger-prints, and the gold filling — and vanished, leaving the rest to Parr. That's all there is to it."

"But how — how?" demanded Parr, who had arrived at the state of openly admiring his own perspicacity in enlisting the aid of the hectic author.

"Habit," said Oliver sententiously. "It's the strongest impulse we have. It's not born; it's acquired. It attacks man's faculties in their weakest spot. If you ask the Dean, he will tell you that man's weakest faculty is his memory."

The Dean admitted as much with a nod.

"But how — how did you trace him — how did you catch him?" insisted the deputy, in his hunger for facts.

"He caught himself," said Armiston. "You went ahead on the belief that it was the Dean who erred. It wasn't the Dean. It was Sauer. You had seventy-three copies of J. H. Sauer's signature, Parr. I dug up thirty-six more. Once he signed it 'H. J.', instead of 'J. H.' There is one thing in the world a man isn't apt to forget — although the Dean won't admit it. That's his own name. J. H. Sauer did. Once! That was enough," Armiston laughed, shaking his head at the deputy. "Parr, it all lay before your eyes, waiting to be picked up."

"STILL I don't see," said the deputy. "Swett hasn't a criminal record. How trace one 'H. J. Somebody' among a million?"

"Oh, it wasn't as bad as that," laughed Armiston. "The only 'H. J. Somebody' to interest me would be in Pettibone's log book. I found H. J. Swett's name there. That was enough to go on. Then I found H. J. Swett himself, living obscurely — the discredited plaintiff of a million-dollar patent suit can't exactly lose himself. During the three months J. H. Sauer was dickering with Brown and Westcott to be brought to Pettibone, there was no trace of J. H. Swett. That was another trump card. Then I wanted his handwriting. I schemed all sorts of ways, but failed. Finally I robbed the mails." Oliver shook with merriment. "I saw him mail a letter. After he was gone, I absent-mindedly mailed my own eyeglasses in that same drop-box, and then yelled bloody murder, till the postman came along and opened the box for me. Then with a facility that actually alarmed me, I palmed Swett's letter. There was no doubt which one it was when I saw the handwriting."

The little circle, Ballard, Parr, the District Attorney, and the Dean himself, nodded their admiration at this confession of robbery of the sacred mails.

"That brings us to the final curtain. I wanted to ask J. H. Swett one question — about that tooth. He must have pulled it, to extract that gold filling. Then he probably had another put in, in its place. How to find out, stumped me. I consulted Ballard, who has the direct mind of a child, and some lawyers," said Armiston. "Ballard said, 'Put him on the stand as a material witness, and ask him.' Nothing simpler. Swett might reasonably be called as a witness, because he lost a million dollars through the Dean's expert testimony in that patent suit. It jarred Swett when he found where he was. But he had great nerve, and he carried it through, until Ballard asked him about that tooth. Then you saw what happened."

The author tenderly caressed his swollen eye, now rapidly taking on a violet hue.

"Swett had been living pretty retired," he went on. "He was reading all the papers, and gloating — but he stayed behind his shutters. This morning I think he got nervous. He ran out his car and started off uptown. There was only one way to stop him. Ram him! I rammed him! Then I smashed him in the eyes with my fist, accusing him of wrecking me. We were knocking off each other's hat when a cop pried us apart and took us to jail. He didn't dare ask for bail — so we had him on ice, so to speak."

The little group broke up. Dean Pettibone sat for some time with his hand shading his eyes, as he codified his thoughts. Then, "Miss Pruyn," he called, and his little secretary entered. "Will you please take dictation, Miss Pruyn," he said gently, drawing up a chair for her, and taking up his notes. "We have quite a hiatus to fill, haven't we? One must never neglect such things."

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(12)

Peter Quayle

—*Continued from page 25*

disinherited. His father was already sufficiently dissatisfied with him. It was unlikely that Bob would receive any large share of the estate. Most likely he would be provided with a small allowance from a trust fund. At best, then, if he waited for his inheritance, he would be able to offer Angela Quayle only a niggardly incomplete rectification of the injustice that had been done her mother and her.

And Bob had achieved a far from niggardly moral magnification of that injustice. The Quayle fortune had begun with P.Q.'s five hundred dollars in the bank. This money had been as good as stolen. P.Q.'s sister, and his sister's child, were entitled to a sum that should not only make restitution—but recompense them for a lifetime of poverty, and so absolve P.Q. from his accumulated guilt. Good. But if Bob were to put in his claim for them, he would have to prove who they were. And if he proved that, how was he to marry Angela? How was he to marry her without coming out openly as no son of P.Q.? Imagine the effect of such a bomb! He could not face it. He could not even face the dying man with the accusation about the five hundred dollars. He could only stew around, and suffer horribly, and agonize with shame and disillusionment.

Put down this way, in more or less coherent sentences, the muddle seems intricate enough. But it was much more bewildering as I tried to arrange it in my mind from Bob's jumbled mass of disconnected mutterings and exclamations of emotion and brooding silences that ended in irrelevant replies when I was trying to get clear answers to my questions about the facts. For instance, when I dared to ask him, in embarrassed indirectness, how he had learned that he was not P.Q.'s son, he replied, with reserve: "I've always known it. Since I was six years old. I overheard her say it. She was crying about something. She said—she said she was glad of it." And that was as definite as he would be.

Of the relationship between P.Q.'s father and Angela's grandmother, he said: "There's no doubt about it. Angela's grandfather was a tailor. He took this son, and ran away, and left them to starve. When I found that out, I said to mother: 'Grandfather was a tailor, wasn't he?' She looked startled. She wanted to know where I'd heard it. She admitted it was true. There's something else besides. I don't want to talk about it."

At the end of an hour, I had to accept the situation as he saw it. The question was: what was he to do? What would I advise him to do? He had told no one but me. He had not even told Angela. And I could see no sailing course whatever for him. The best I could do was to hold him back. And I was still holding him when his mother sent word that she wished to see me.

"Look here, Bob," I said, "I'll tell her you're worrying because you want to marry Angela and you've found out something that makes it impossible. And I've promised not to tell anybody what it is."

That seemed innocently ingenious.

IT WAS not ingenious enough to satisfy Mrs. Quayle. She studied me anxiously, till I had finished. Then she asked: "Why is he behaving this way with his father?"

"What way?"

"Refusing to see him. He hasn't gone to him since he was brought home. Peter wanted him to play checkers the other night, and he ran away—out of the house."

I shook my head—to express ignorance—looking down at the floor.

"And he's drinking," she said hoarsely. "With his father dying. It's terrible. He's not a bad boy. There's something the matter. And no one will tell me."

She was entirely pitiful, and that surprised me. Perhaps I had expected to feel some moral disapprobation of her as the guilty victim of her own transgression. I was so moved that I could only stammer: "I—I'm awfully sorry. I'll try to keep him from drinking."

"I don't understand him," she said. "I don't understand any of them. And he's dying. They don't seem to realize it."

I glanced at her furtively. She was staring ahead of her, at nothing, blinded by her tears, her eyebrows twitching in a pathetic sort of bewildered frown, biting her under lip. I could not endure it. I ran away. I left her without any apology and hurried back to Bob.

"All right," I said, wiping my forehead. "That'll give us time to turn round. Now, listen. You'll have to tell your brothers, some time—your eldest brother anyway. He'll be the head of the family when—if the estate's left to him, and it's sure to be. He'll want to keep it from your mother as much as *you* do. And he'll not risk telling it to a man with heart disease. Why not try him out?—with the part about Angela anyway? Perhaps if you can make him feel that there may be a public scandal, a law suit or something— I don't know. They have *some* sort of legal claim, haven't they? And even if they haven't, they've a moral claim, and you can insist on it yourself. You'll have to begin somewhere, you know."

I was not very clear about it at first, but the more we talked the clearer it became. P.Q. was dying, and no one wished to make trouble for him; but Angela and her mother had a claim on the estate. It was John Quayle's duty to handle the problem tactfully, diplomatically, without worrying his father about it and without exposing his father's guilty past to anybody else. Bob need not speak of his own interest in Angela. Still less need he disclose "the secret of his birth", as you might say. He could be quite disinterested, rather dutiful, and only concerned to save his father's good name.

BY THE time we had eaten a restaurant luncheon together we had persuaded ourselves that our scheme was Machiavellian. Bob telephoned to catch his brother in his office and I went back to his rooms to wait for news of his success.

The house was hushed and guarded with a doorkeeper to see that no one rang the bell and a secretary to winnow out callers in an anteroom. P.Q. was conducting his affairs from his sickbed, and there was a noiseless coming and going of messengers and confidential clerks and business associates from his side of the house; but Mrs. Quayle had refused herself to all visitors, and there was no one to be seen in her apartments but a silent butler in the entrance hall. P.Q. for more than a month, had endured an intermittent pain in his breast without speaking of it. Then, one morning, arriving at his office, he had been taken with a seizure so violent that he had collapsed breathless in his chair and sunk face-down on his desk-blotter. His physician, hastily summoned, had recognized the fatal symptoms of *angina pectoris*. P.Q. had been brought back to his home, grimly silent, and put in his bed. The doctor had told him the truth. He had taken it without blinking. He had not referred to it himself since, and none of his family had dared to speak openly to him about it. He had acted on the fiction that he was bedridden with rheumatism. It was only in our half of the establishment that the lurking presence of death was not altogether snubbed and discountenanced.

This annoyed me. It may have been that I did not like to think of P.Q. lording it over his mortality—that I wanted the old nabob to "get his come-uppance."

I escaped the thought by taking a Victorian novel from Bob's book-shelves and getting into a world where death and dishonor and contested wills and illegitimate children were the essentially important materials of life—not affairs of finance and the business for which old P.Q. kept death and repentance waiting. I must admit, however, that I fell asleep over the book, and I could not have fallen asleep over P.Q.

I woke to find the room darkening. And Bob had not returned. Below stairs, nothing had been heard of him. I telephoned his brother's office. No answer. The office was closed. I sallied out to find him. There was no trace of his trail in any of his favorite haunts on Broadway. The butler kept replying over the telephone that no message had come from him. I began to suspect that our plans had crashed.

I caught at the final hope that Bob might go to see Angela Quayle at the Manhattan. I could not get past the doorkeeper. I had to write a message to her and send it in. The messenger came back with a curt: "Nope. Hasn't seen 'm." I wandered back to Broadway and stood at a loss on the curb.

In those days, on the corner of 34th Street and Broadway, there was a drugstore. A number of people had gathered in front of it to watch a hansom cab, its driver, and its occupant. I heard laughter — real laughter — pleased and gleeful. And then I saw a familiar figure back out of the cab. And it was Bob.

As I hurried toward him, he climbed the wheel to reach the driver, and I supposed he was about to pull the man out of his seat. Not so. The cabby was grinning, and the bystanders were in a roar. What was it? What was he doing? I elbowed my way into the crowd. He was spraying the man with perfume from an atomizer. I could smell it.

I watched him, dumbfounded. He lurched down and went forward to the horse. He began at the hoof of a hind-leg and proceeded spraying solemnly.

By this time, everybody was in hysterics, and such a mob had gathered that I foresaw the arrival of the police. I fought my way in to him. "Here, *Bob*," I said, "what're you doing?"

He looked at me unsteadily. "'S rodden world," he muttered. "Dole like smell."

"The police will be here in a minute," I pleaded. "Quit this, for heaven's sake."

He mumbled that the police could go——

"THAT'S all right for you," I said, "but you're going to get *me* into trouble again. It'll be the privileges of Broadway that I'll lose, this time. They'll put me in jail."

It was a lucky allusion to the fracas in the college library. He evidently remembered that incident, and his flight from it, with shame. "'S awl right, o' man," he said. "No 'fense? Lil' nice perf'm. Whas-matter?"

"It's not allowed on Broadway," I complained. "That's what's the matter. It's against the law. They'll arrest us."

"Lel — les 'sbeat it," he said anxiously. "Whur's cab? Y'all packed, o' man?"

"Here." I took the atomizer from him, and helped him to the step of the hansom. I said to the cabby: "Drive us around Central Park for a few hours."

He winked and flourished his whip. "Now then, my Christian frens," he called, jerking up his horse, "stan' back off this here flower-bed. Giddap, honey-bunch, er the bees 'll get yah!"

We left the laughter behind us. We did not leave the perfume. And that endless drive sticks in my memory as a sickeningly sweet stench and a maddening incoherence of befuddled babble and an anxiety that sat on my chest like a bad dream. What had happened?

All I could gather was Bob's philosophic opinion that the world was vile and that his brother John was one of its centers of corruption. "Rodden," he kept saying. "Mind's rodden. Money's rodden." And every now and then he would giggle and say, "Thinks I'm crazy." Outside of that, he was only interested in finding the next saloon, and we were designedly unable to come on one in Central Park. The interminable procession of drive-lights and tree-trunks tired him out. "Los' l' a fores'," he complained wearily. "Lil' babes 'l' a wood." He began to weep. He fell asleep against my shoulder.

We drove round and round till midnight.

I had intended to keep him in the cab until he sobered; but I had not too much money in my pockets; and when I could find none in his, I had to direct the driver to take us home. I gave the cabby all the money that I had in the world, and he took it sniffingly as a poor thing but his own.

Bob had wakened in a solemn stupor, but with some realization of where he was. The butler had waited up for him with a message that his father wanted to see him as soon as he came in. He waved the man aside, intent on the absorbing uncertainties of his locomotion. We got him into his sitting-room, but he planted himself in an armchair there and refused to go any further.

"His father can't see him in this state," I said.

The butler stood over him distressed, with a nose that judged and condemned him. The perfume was vulgar and without shame. He opened a window and left us to air.

Bob fell asleep again. I sat down to smoke, like a man at the end of a hard day. And then the butler returned with word that old P.Q. wanted to see me.

This was as unexpected as if I had been suddenly called on to come out from behind the scenery of a stage play and take a part before the audience. "*Me?*" I said. "What does he want to see *me* for?"

The butler did not trouble himself to reply. He regarded Bob with pained disapproval.

I asked weakly: "Where is he?"

He said: "I'll take you to him."

He led me down-stairs, and across the hall to P.Q.'s deserted reception room, and up-stairs again to a slatted summer door that looked like an inside shutter. He turned the knob noiselessly and said, "Go in." I entered on darkness.

I had made up my mind to say that I knew nothing, that I had had no part in the affair, that I had only just arrived in town. And with this determined, I had foreseen myself, in a conspicuously lighted moment, making a discreet if awkward bow to the tragedy and backing out. The darkness upset my rehearsal. It was some time before I made out that I was in a dimly-lighted room with a large screen in front of me.

When I came around the screen, I saw the bedside lamp, the white pillows, and — upturned among them — P.Q.'s sharp nose illuminated. He was lying on his back, under a sheet and a blanket, motionless. The bed was an old-fashioned edifice of ornate carving.

I came slowly toward the light. He said something to some one, without moving; and a nurse whom I had not noticed rose from the far side of the bed, came around the foot of it, and passed me silently on her way out. I drew near enough to see that he was looking at the ceiling thoughtfully. He did not speak.

I asked, at last: "You sent for me?"

He closed his eyes slowly and opened them, as one nods assent. I waited.

I supposed that he must be very weak. I was the more surprised when his voice came low but strong and even rancorous: "What's the matter with that boy? Why is he drinking?"

He did not look at me. His gaze had not left the ceiling. I said: "I don't know. He seems terribly upset."

He asked at once: "What's he upset over?"

I was about to answer, "I don't know", when his eyes rolled around to me, as sharp as an old shaggy hound's, and the light glittered on them piercingly, and I looked away, intimidated, like a schoolboy. When I looked back at him again, he was studying the ceiling as before.

He said: "He's been telling you that story about me, has he?"

I cleared my throat unsuccessfully. I could not get my voice to come.

"Has he gone crazy?"

That startled me. He asked it seriously.

"Crazy?" I said. "No!" And then I understood Bob's giggle ("Thinks I'm crazy") and I guessed that John Quayle had dug the whole story out of Bob and reported it to his father as an evidence of insanity. Even so, I was not prepared for the next question.

Without any change of tone, he asked: "Has he told you he's not my son?"

I could not answer. I could only stare at him. I could not decide whether he knew that Bob was not his son or knew that he *was*. He did not move an eyelash. And he was otherwise so still that it seemed as if his head were the only part of him that was alive. I could not even see any stir of breathing.

He said quietly: "Answer me. I haven't time to wait."

And I got the feeling that he was lying there, looking at death on the ceiling and conserving every heart-beat and cautiously drawing little breaths and making no smallest unnecessary movement that might be a strain, and I answered hastily, "Yes."

"Where did he get that idea?"

"He's had it a long time — ever since he was a child."

HIS face changed. He blinked several times as if something had been suddenly made clear to him. "Is he sober enough to understand, if I talk to him?"

I shook my head. "I don't think so. He *will* be, by morning."

"I can't wait." He indicated the door with a glance. "If he can't come, get his mother. Send in that nurse."

I hurried out, seriously excited, and in telling the butler to call Mrs. Quayle I must have given him the impression that P.Q. was dying. I startled Bob into a bleary wakefulness, shaking him and prodding him with panicky insistence. "Wake up! Wake up! Bob! Pull yourself together. Bob! Listen! Your father wants to see you. Come on. You've got to go. Your brother's told him everything. You've got to see him. Pull yourself together."

He frowned with the effort to understand. "What? What's the matter? Is he ——?"

"Yes," I said, "he *is*. Hurry up. He wants to see you. He wants to tell you. You've made a mistake."

"Mistake?" His bloodshot eyes focused on me dizzily.

"Yes." I forced him to his feet. "About Angela — about everything. He can explain it. He's waiting for you. Come on. Get that smelly coat off. Get into a dressing-gown. Here!"

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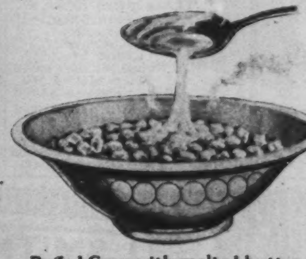

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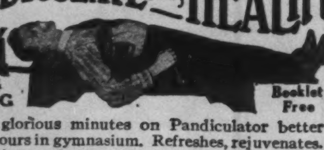

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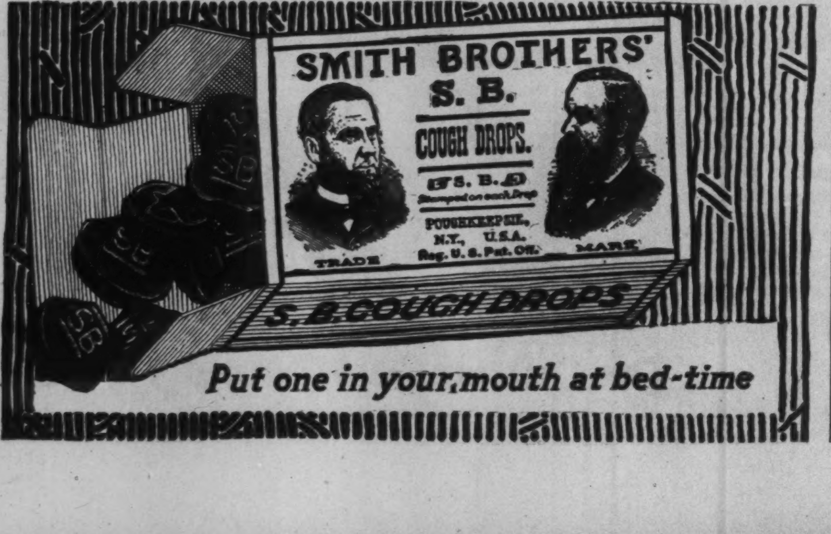

I suppose it was my tone that did it. I was really afraid that the old man might die before we got back to him, and I was as frantic as if the house were afire. Bob made a desperate effort to comprehend, to obey, to grasp what was going on, to clear his mind for action. He put his hand to his forehead, his face pale and wet with the strain of his mental struggle. I pulled off his coat and thrust him into his dressing-gown. I hurried him to the bathroom and attacked him with a sponge of cold water, and straightened his necktie, and tried to rectify his tousled look of young profligacy. I succeeded in getting his brain steadied somewhat, but he staggered when he walked, and I had to help him to his father's room and lead him into it, holding him by the elbow.

His mother was already there, weeping helplessly at the bedside. P.Q. was saying: "You knew I'd have to die sometime, didn't you? Don't make it any harder for me."

He moved his head to see us. "Come here," he ordered. "Both of you."

I BROUGHT Bob to the light, looking down on the floor guiltily. There was a pause. I felt Bob stiffen, confronting his father's scrutiny; and I heard him breathing hard.

P.Q. said: "This story about my father and me is all damn foolishness. I didn't run away from home. He took me, when I wasn't more than five years old. And he worked in Dublin for four years, and earned the money to come to America with. He was a tailor. For some God-forsaken reason I've been ashamed to admit I had a tailor for a father — a woman's job, anyway. That's why I never spoke of him. But I didn't remember my mother, and I didn't know I had a sister, and I didn't even know that I hadn't been born in Ireland. The story that I stole anybody's money is a damn lie!"

I heard Mrs. Quayle murmur, "Peter!" protestingly.

"Well," he grumbled, "that's what it *is!* Now, what's this nonsense about your not being my son!"

"Peter!"

I took one look at Mrs. Quayle and saw the amazed indignation of tearful innocence staring in her face. I muttered, "Beg your par —" and left Bob swaying, and fled from the room.

As I consider Bob's whole romance, now I realize that I should have suspected the motivation of his characters from the first — because it was conscious motivation, and if life teaches us anything, it teaches us that human motives are almost always unconscious and self-disguised. That was the very point on which fiction had misled me. And in my fiction-fed stupidity, I had helped to mislead Bob.

P.Q.'s life-long pursuit of security was not the indication of any moral guilt. It was the unconscious result of being thrown on the world a mere child, unprotected. He had made his own way as a youth, without friends and without affection; and when he arrived where friends and affection were his for the asking, he had not the faculty of asking for them. His lack of education was the source of that unconscious feeling of inferiority which expressed itself in defensive insolence and aggressive domination. He had missed all the socializing influences of school-yard companionship, and his philosophy of life was "You be damned." He had been given no social feeling for public service, and he saw his public properties as all his own. He had never been taught the rules of the civilized game of modern community life, and he would steal men from the checker-board in order to win. He had to win. It was the necessity of his unsocialized ego, of his sense of hidden inferiority, of his constant need to defeat his opponent and overcome his own fear.

I should have known it. And I should have known that in a divided family, such as the Quayles, Bob's delusion that he was not his father's son would almost inevitably arise out of his championing his mother and ranging himself on *her* side against his father. I should not have needed Bob's broken explanations when he returned to his room and sank into a chair and took his head in his hands and began to sob that he had been a fool, that he had misjudged his father, that he had always been secretly "proud of the old man", and really fond of him.

"I've — I've always been his favorite," he wept. "And I knew it. But I — I wouldn't admit it to myself. I fought him. I tried to hate him. He knew! He knew all along. He said to me: 'That's why you'd never let me win at checkers, eh?' And he tried to smile. God!" He wept, heartbroken. "What a fool I've been!"

"But Bob!" I said. "You told me *you'd* heard your mother —— "

"Oh, that was all damn nonsense!" He looked up with a tear-drenched, contorted face. "She was unhappy about something. They'd quarreled. And she meant that I wasn't like the other boys and wasn't like *him*. And she said, 'Thank Heaven, he's not a Quayle' — or something like that. And I hated him because he'd made her cry. And I didn't want to be his son. And I got the fool idea —" He gasped and shook his head, unable to go on.

When he caught his breath again, he groaned: "The poor old geezer, he tried to apologize to us both — to explain that he'd been a failure with us because he'd always been kind of dumb and — and busy — and piled up with things he had to do — things that interested him more than they ought to. Gee! It tore the guts out of me to listen to him."

He got blindly to his feet and made his way blundering to the bathroom and had his cry out there under the pretense of washing his face. When he came back, he was swollen-eyed and disfigured with weeping, but the worst was over.

"He's got his nerve with him," he said. "He knows every heart-beat's likely to be his last, and it worries him about as much as it would me if I was waiting for the dentist. He's as sore as boils about John. The big mutton-head tried to make him believe I ought to be sent to the lunatic asylum. He thinks the old man's going to leave him in charge of the estate. I'll bet he's not. John's buggy about the money and the position it'll give him. So's Paul. Paul thinks that if he only had money enough he could make everybody be good and go to church. John thinks he's going to make them all work and be efficient — going to run the country ——"

(And, as a matter of fact, Bob proved to be right. P.Q. left his estate in the hands of a trust company to be administered until his youngest grandchild should be of age. Characteristic!)

We talked and talked until daylight began to come in the window that the butler had opened on us. And it was the last talk of the sort that we had together. When I woke late next day, Bob was already in his father's room. He came to lunch in a subdued glow of happiness, and his mother and he carried on a secret interchange of meaningful smiles no matter what we talked about. He was like a boy in love. And he seemed to have forgotten Angela.

"We're going to rig up the checker-board to-night," he said, "and try to play a game. The nurse'll make the moves for him so he'll not have to raise a finger if he doesn't want to."

I WAS glad enough to see him happy. And Mrs. Quayle tried to conceal from me the reproachful thought that I had deceived her and encouraged Bob in his almost tragical delusion. But it was obvious that they both knew he did not "need" me any more; and after a lonely evening spent in looking for amusement, while Bob entertained his dad, I pretended that a letter from home was an urgent summons to return, and they let me go with polite regrets. On the train I realized that it was the end of our companionship: that Bob would never be able to forgive me for sharing his ridiculous mistake with him. And he never did.

According to the newspapers, P.Q. died of an attack of rheumatism that had reached his heart. The editorials and the obituaries all described him as a rare and original character. I agreed with them at the time, but I am not so sure, now, that he was not the commonest type of successful American.

E. H. Reede, the neurologist, has written: "Adler introduced a revolutionary concept into the study of psychic mechanisms by showing that the perception of inferiority, insecurity or danger, stimulates in the subconscious mind a mobilization of psychic dexterities which results in that superpsychism recognized as genius. In America, the insecurity that resides in Puritan repression was confronted by the new-world menace of pioneer perils; and insecurity triumphed over menace only by virtue of a concentrated intellectual cunning. That has produced the one unique American type. It is the arch-type of our great frontiersmen, our successful politicians, and our predatory business men who stalk and ambush their competitors."

And, at any rate, it is certainly the type of Peter Quayle.

The Man, the Tiger and the Snake

[*Continued from page 24*]

Metropolitan Opera House, a figure detached itself from the straggling file of pedestrians, separated from others on the pavement by something familiar. It was the woman who had passed him

Between her and him a man was sauntering northward. Suddenly he half turned, bringing himself squarely in front of her. It seemed to Comlough that he said something to the woman, but he noticed that she stepped out of his way, further than this paying no attention to the man. Yet the man's gaze followed her, and abruptly he turned, overtaking her a few feet in front of Comlough. Again she veered a little to one side and at the same moment the man's hand grasped her arm. Comlough heard him say, in a mean, whining voice:

"C'mon."

"Leave me go." Her eyes were glittering and beady as a snake's. The man turned back his coat and disclosed a metal shield.

"Y're run in, see. I been watchin' ye the hull night prowlin' up en' down here, an' y' c'n think up a story t' tell the magistrate down at the Night Court."

IN the instant before Comlough spoke, he had a flashlight picture of himself interfering for the third time in ten days with the process, right or otherwise, of the law. But the power of seeing himself from a spectator's point of view lessened nothing of something akin to fury at the man in front of him, whom he recognized as one of the two who had passed him on the dark stairs leading to the club-room.

"Suppose you take your hands from that woman," he said levelly.

The man shot at him a leer of indifference. "Say, run 'long 'r I'll haul y' in, too, see."

"You heard what I said."

"Say —" He interrupted himself to give Comlough a second glance, not of indifference this time, but of hate. "Hey there, Dave!" he called across the street.

From the other side a patrolman separated himself from the shadows of the shops.

"Where'n hell d'ye git this stuff, heh? Y' stand there!" spat the plainclothes man at Comlough, whipping himself into a rage.

"What's up, Gus?" asked the patrolman.

"This stiff here's tryin' t' intefere with me pullin' this Jane here. I gotta notion t' run 'im in, too — wha' d' ye say?"

The officer looked Comlough over. "What's the idee — go 'head, run 'long!" he growled, addressing not Comlough particularly but the whole gathering of spectators. Then he gripped Comlough's arm and attempted to turn him round.

Comlough wrenched his arm loose with a jerk, anger in him mingled with disgust at having implicated himself in this mess.

"Where do you imagine you are! If you put your fingers on me I'll have that badge and uniform off you in an hour. That fellow was out to make an arrest without investigating who he took. I saw the whole thing and he'll leave that woman go or I'll know why."

The patrolman was impressed. "Hadda make a pull! — What'n —" spluttered the plainclothes man; but the other interrupted him. "If ye know so much 'bout it — ye kin go down with her and tell it!" he said to Comlough, weakening a little, however.

"I most certainly will — !" began Comlough, and stopped. It was the last thing he wanted to do. A clock across the street pointed to twenty minutes to twelve. His train left at 12:15. The two officers saw his look of hesitancy and both took it for a backdown.

"Ring fer the wagon!" snapped the plainclothes man instantly. He walked with the woman in the wake of the patrolman and Comlough through a scattering of onlookers.

"I assure you, you shall be sorry for this — both of you!" Comlough protested.

His words pricked the patrolman's pride of office. He wheeled menacingly.

"Say — listen here, you! I heard 'bout all out o' you I'm gonna take — get that! A minute more'n I'm gonna run ye in. Now, you beat it!"

All Comlough's thoughts of catching his train vanished in painful realization of the increasing and idiotic complications of the situation. He stepped to a taxi.

"Follow the police wagon," he said. As he got in his eyes met the woman's. There was a brazen mixture of camaraderie, anger, thanks and speculation in her face and eyes. Particularly speculation as to the character of his interest in her predicament.

Jefferson Market Night Court is no longer the midnight cabaret of the morbidly curious nor the stamping chamber of the sociological dilettante. There were stricter rules than formerly regarding admission.

"What che wanna g'in fer?" the doorkeeper clipped, in speech which resembled a contracted hiss.

"Witness," answered Comlough.

"Where's 'r loy'r? Y'can' g'in wit'ou'n aut'r'sayshun."

"Who is sitting on the bench to-night?"

"J'jjech R's'll'sky."

"What?"

"Jjjj'esh Rr-s'll'sky!" he repeated angrily.

Comlough regarded him hopelessly.

"Roslavsky — Judge Roslavsky!" a bystander irritatedly assisted Comlough.

Comlough knew many of the city's judiciary, but not Roslavsky. He remembered having heard of him as one of the average men on the bench; an organization judge with eyes cast on the Supreme Justiceship probably, humanly fair and unbrilliant. He wished Wendleton had been the sitting judge. He had recently expressed himself in no mincing terms on officers who brought in innocent and semi-innocent girls to swell the list of their arrests or in connivance with shysters who battened on the panic of women. Comlough wrote a sentence on one of his cards; a terse reference to Deems Stover.

"Pass that up to the clerk, please."

In a few minutes he was inside, and sat in the back of the big dismal room, with its drab gathering of accused and the immediately interested, sentimentally and financially. Comlough noticed a man with the face of a *savant* sliding up the aisle, with the effect of covering space without effort.

"Barney!" Comlough reached out and touched his arm. Without a sign of surprise crossing his melancholy countenance the other slipped down beside him.

"Can you work a case up to the top of the docket for me?"

The other nodded.

"It's the arrest made at Forty-first and Broadway by a plainclothes man named Gus."

The semi-invisible being beside him raised his expressionless eyes to Comlough's in a strangely regardless glance. It was Stover who had said that Barney read the secrets of your grandfather in that moth-like look. He got up; slipped down the aisle. Five minutes later Comlough saw the matron come out of the door on the left hand, whisper to the clerk who in turn rose and passed a slip of paper to Roslavsky. The judge nodded. The present case was disposed of a few moments later. Directly afterward the woman on whose behalf Comlough was there was brought in. He saw the plainclothes man who had arrested her rise from a group of men down in front, with a distinct start of surprise.

"ESTELLE DE COURTNEY — 'rested — F'r'ty-f'st-n-Broadway — b' Of'ca Merkle — f'r — 'costin' — m'n — non — streets!" The clerk half rose and hiccoughed the tidings of Estelle de Courtney's presence to the court.

As she sat down in the prisoner's chair Comlough for the first time gained a completed impression of her. There was a sinuosity to her movements which did not depart from her even when she sat down, but continued to manifest itself in the advance and recession of her silk-sheathed ankle which, as she crossed her knees, moved to and fro with a snaky swiftness at a discreet distance from the floor. That silken three or four inches of quickly swinging ankle characterized her. Even her features, alive and intent for all the admirably held pose of indifference, had it — that air of uncoiling sleaziness; that flexibility of flimsily clad motion which was almost reptilian and just as fascinating.

"Have you a lawyer?" Roslavsky asked.

"If you please, your Honor!" Comlough had come forward to the end of the aisle, holding a little white rectangle in his band. "Your Honor —" he stood before the judge's bench now and extended his card, "— I am

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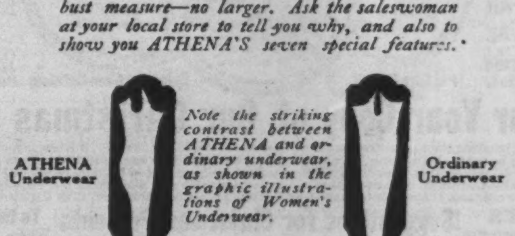

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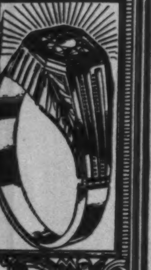

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Cooper Comlough. I was passing by when the arrest of the prisoner took place and although I have never spoken a word to her nor she to me, I should like to appear for her, merely as a citizen who witnessed an outrage and is anxious to do his duty by simple justice."

Roslavsky looked at the card which had been passed to him, and nodded with awakened interest. Officer Merkle was requested to testify.

"Your Honor, that man attempted to interfere with—" began Merkle, actual fear on his face. Roslavsky cut him short with a sharp rap of his gavel.

"Officer Merkle!" he said with ominous severity. Roslavsky recognized the power of influential opinion with which Comlough might at some critical time be able to reward him. "You will please to state the facts upon which you arrested the prisoner."

Merkle twiddled his Fedora. "I was 'signed to duty 'n Broadway f'om Thirty-fort' to Forty-sec'n' Street. I got t' Forty-sec'n' et nine-fifteen en' 'bout a half-hour later I seen the pris'ner foist, walkin' by the Heral' Bildin'. She stopped 'side a man thet wus readin' the bull'tins en' she turned t' 'im en' sed somethin'. He turned en' walked off. I follered her en' I seen her walkin' close ta three other men, but I don' know ef she spoke t' 'em—" He was getting hold of himself in his impudently meek and stupid recital of what he purported to be facts, and now adopted a pose of exactness. "No—" he meditated slightly over the word, "—no, I don' think she spoke t' eny of 'em. Et Forty-sec'n' she crossed over en' I los' track of 'er in Times Square. 'Boutta hour later I seen 'er agen, en' this time I seen 'er talkin' ta a man et Thirty-eight' Street. They walked down a block en' he left her, en' she walked on slow agen. I follered 'er on two trips she made 'tween the McAlpin en' Times Square en' then I passed 'er 'tween Forty en' Forty-foist. When I went by she sed, 'Good-evenin'!' I sed, 'Good-evenin',' back, en' turned en' walked b'side 'er, en' she came close t 'me en' sed, 'Where're ye goin'?' en' I sed, 'Where're *ye* goin'?' en' she sed back, 'Where d'ye wanna go?' en' I sed back then, 'Downna the Night Court.' She started to shy off me then en' I got holt of 'er arm, en' the foist thing I know that—gentamin—comes up en'——"

"Officer Merkle—that is sufficient!" broke in Roslavsky. "Your great trouble, as I have told you again and again in this court-room, has always been your extreme haziness in regard to what it is the court's purpose to learn at any specific time, and your ineradicable tendency to launch out on some issue in which the court is not interested. Officer Merkle, just at *this* particular moment *you* are not on trial, neither is the gentleman who has come forward in this case as witness. What we are solely interested in is the *reason* the prisoner who is—*is*. If once again I have to interrupt the business of this court to instruct you in the elements of procedure, a reprimand which shall carry with it a salutary, tangible reproof will be meted out to you, sir."

HE finished on a note of triumphant bitterness. He was too clever a man to seem to be seeking approbation; but Comlough felt that the Judge had been playing, as the phrase carries, to him exclusively.

"Your Honor," Comlough addressed him with a slight bow; "the statements of this officer besides being ridiculous to start with, are not statements at all, but misstatements. Your Honor, this man has made the statement that he was detailed for duty on Broadway and that, from shortly after nine o'clock until the time of the arrest of the prisoner, he was fulfilling his duty. Your Honor, I do not know where the officer was at nine-fifteen. I do not know whether he saw the prisoner in Herald Square then, but I do know, if his own words to an acquaintance of his can be believed, that he was not on Broadway for one hour and twenty minutes; namely, not from nine-twenty until twenty minutes of eleven; namely, that he was in the rooms of the Longacre Political Association waiting for a friend—a man he called Pooley—during that time.

"Your Honor, I was going up the stairs of the club at twenty minutes to eleven when this officer and the man he called Pooley came out of the club-room. I overheard him say that he had been waiting for one hour and twenty minutes. His words, as I remember them, were these: 'What's the idea, Pooley, of keeping me waiting since nine-twenty. It's twenty of eleven now—one hour and twenty minutes.' The man addressed as Pooley answered: 'I had a hard time getting Weaver, but we have everything settled now and we'll put the deal through. Where shall we go to talk it over?'

"Now, your Honor, the next words spoken by Officer Merkle indicate the reason why I am here. It is not to obstruct justice, your Honor, but to see it carried out. The next words of Officer Merkle also explain the presence of the prisoner, I believe, better than any possible infraction of municipal ordinances of which she could have been capable. These were Officer Merkle's words: 'Damn it, Pooley, it's late for me now, and I've got to make some arrests to-night and bring somebody into the Night Court or there will be hell to pay. I have to do it because Stagg gave me warning just to-night.'

"Your Honor, to offer the last bit of evidence that this man had neither the time this evening nor even the inclination to make just and only just arrests—the conversation which I overheard concluded in this fashion: Pooley: 'Come on, it will be easy enough for you to make an arrest. We shall not be longer than a half-hour. Let us go over to—' Your Honor, I have forgotten the name of the place but I remember that they were to meet another man by the name of Kelly there—'you will have plenty of time,' Pooley said to Officer Merkle, 'to go along Broadway and arrest any woman.' Officer Merkle's response to this, your Honor, was: 'All right!'"

THE plainclothes man was white; a sickly white. His eyes had a shifting terror in them. It was only incidental—this affair of the woman he had arrested. The other thing Comlough had hit upon, which involved Weaver and Pooley and Kelly, was the basis of the panic that sucked the color out of his cheeks. That side of Merkle is another story. In course of time it put him where he still is, and put him there as a direct result of Comlough's testimony. However, requoting Kipling, that is another story.

The big room was tensely still. From Roslavsky to the sinuous figure in the prisoner's chair, every eye fastened on Comlough. His voice took on a quietly flaying bitterness.

"Your Honor—I am here on behalf of no prisoner or victim of injustice. I am here on behalf of the citizens of this commonwealth. I know nothing about the prisoner. I know nothing of her life—but I do know that, arrested in the spirit in which she was arrested, she suffered an indignity in which she is not alone, but which strikes at every citizen of this community: that she is as innocent of this particular charge bringing her here as our own sisters and wives might be, and that the kind of thing which threatened and overwhelmed her to-night, if not checked, will overwhelm sometime or other, likely enough, our own sisters and wives and daughters. Your Honor, I appreciate the honor I received with your permission to testify in this court."

On the Sixth Avenue sidewalk a few minutes later Comlough called a taxi for the woman. She was subdued to the extent that the provocative sinuousness of her did not flaunt itself, and the reptilian glitter of her eyes was quite replaced by a momentary softening. As she got into her cab she stopped and seized his hand in both hers.

"Mr. Comlough—!" A saving sense of humor bashed what was evidently an inborn instinct for the theatrical. She gave him the exceeding reward, instead, of being natural, and honored him with recognition of the quixoticism of his act by thanking him undramatically. "You and I are a long way apart, although you were game enough to talk about me and your wife and sisters in the same sentence. Fair enough. It's good to hear once in a while from the upper classes." At that moment he liked her immensely for the self-reliant sarcasm in her voice. "But you are real. Certainly there's no way I could ever pay you back. If ever there could be I'd do about anything to prove to you what a real sport you were, and you'd learn by just calling up Audubon 41476 where they always know where Ethel Pearson, which is my real name, is. Lord knows, I'd like to pay you back, but I guess I couldn't do it any better than by hoping you'll never need anybody's help. So long!—Driver, take me to West End and 109th Street."

As the cab drove off and he turned to call another, the name Ethel Pearson—Audubon 41476—41476—Ethel Pearson—repeated itself in his mind even as he confronted the inconvenient truth that by now he should have been en route to Washington. "Audubon—41476——"

It was in this way that Cooper Comlough extricated the snake. She professed gratitude, pledged her aid, just as the snake did in the old Laos folktale. As Comlough recalled her, the insinuating serpentine smoothness of her, the beryl green glitter of her eyes, he actually thought of her as something humanly reptilian, and strangely, it was not uncomplimentary.

"Life runs in threes!"

From somewhere the phrase came to Comlough as he recollected the remotely parallel situations of Lynn, Glenn and the Pearson woman.

Ochia having undoubtedly returned home from the station by now, he was on the way back there, too. He would telephone telegrams to Washington announcing his later arrival — and that was all for that.

The down-stairs lights were burning brilliantly when he drew up at his house. It struck him as peculiar. He paid the taxi driver and hurried up the steps. Before he got his keys out the door opened and Ralston, his butler, stood there, his usually marmoreal countenance a conflicting canvas of excitement, bewilderment and relief at sight of Comlough.

"OH, SIR — I — I am so glad that you came, sir! I didn't know but — what you were hurt, sir — I should have called for the police, sir, in another ten minutes — and you have not the *bag*, sir — I ——"

"Man alive! what *is* the matter?" demanded Comlough. In the hall a cluster of servants were surrounding a scared-looking Jap boy.

"Why, sir — !" exclaimed Ralston, "— I — we thought something happened to you, too, sir — because — sir — the bag — it was stolen from Ochia, sir!"

"What!"

"Ye-es, sir — quite so, sir!"

Comlough stood dumfounded, staring from the butler to the Japanese.

"Sir — Mist' Comlough — I remain in station in long waiting — when you come not bime-by I go to the telephone and to speak to Mist' Ralston. For one second only I leave the bag out of the hand to give to the ticket man the quarter for change and I look down — and the bag is away!"

There was no doubting Ochia's story, nor his sincere panic. In five years he had never failed Comlough in the slightest particular. Comlough looked at him intently for a moment, probing him with a gaze which the Japanese met with a beseeching mortification — an abasement that hurt Comlough.

"That's all right, Ochia," he said quietly. "Ralston, send the others to bed and then come to the study. Ochia, come with me."

He led the way to his study, followed by the heavy-hearted Japanese. A deep foreboding of disaster filled Comlough. The bag! It contained confidential correspondence in regard to the Maracaibo operations, concessions, etc. Dozens of phases of United Americas Petroleum operations were represented by confidential data in that bag. The addenda on the Mexican situation alone — against the proposed nationalization of the big wells from Tehuantepec all the way up, by Carranza. But principally, the bag contained the outline of his struggle to gain absolute control of the Llano Estacado — in that bag was the stark, undisguised reasons for his attacks on Utopian Oil and Texan Improvement — the very gist of all his labors, all his hopes, his future and even his honor — his obligations to his associates. The bag was lost — stolen!

With iron self-collection Comlough quietly directed Ochia to sit opposite him and questioned him. The facts were disastrously simple. Timmons, Lynn's butler, had telephoned Comlough's message to Ralston, who had told the Japanese to carry the bag to the station. Ochia was at the gate of track eleven, the Washington 12:15 express, at quarter of eleven. People were already going in to the train. Eleven o'clock came; eleven-thirty; twelve o'clock; twelve-fifteen. He did not know what to do. The train went off; still no Mr. Comlough. He waited until twelve-thirty; then he went to the telephone booths. His smallest coin was a quarter and he crossed to one of the ticket cages to get it changed. For that moment he had set the bag down at his feet.

As far as he remembered, no one else came to the wicket; no one was near him. He received his change, bent down to pick up the bag — and it wasn't there!

Comlough took a memorandum out of his desk, listing the papers which had been in the bag. He remembered each separate lost paper vividly. He looked up from the paper finally, forcing all his faculties into a cool attentiveness on means of finding the bag, or, failing in that, of counteracting the effective use of its contents by others. There were two possible explanations of its theft. First, a common sneak thief, noting the unassuming but undeniable richness of it would have been led to believe that its contents were in accordance with its exterior, and had "lifted" it.

The other possibility was the graver one: that parties who had something to gain by getting possession of United Americas Petroleum plans, or who were interested in the direction of Comlough's future public reports, learning of his intended Washington trip, had taken a desperate chance that the bag might contain valuable information, and stolen it. As to who would know of the bag's contents, he was the cynosure of all oilmen and oil speculators' eyes, and there were men who, fearing him, would have reached the stage in their nervous scheming of being able to identify Ochia and the bag with the C. C. monogram. Or men hating him — Aleck Bonsell? Mangin?

The more he considered the importance of the papers, the more he realized what it would mean for any one in the oil stock game to get hold of that confidential information. What it would mean in dollars and cents! His hold on the Estacado was dependent upon keeping the bag from men who could block his plans if they got hold of it. More important at present to him than the financial stability of United Americas Petroleum was his dream of extending it and organizing the output of the largest oil resources in the world. That dream would be a bubble if the contents of the bag were passed round before he got Kilcairn's block of Utopian or bought in the majority holding of Texan Improvement. At best it meant, if ever anything was to be done in the Estacado, that his method of going about it had failed in the first and simplest stage; that he would step down from the driver's seat; that some one else would step up to it. He saw with painful clarity that what the bag contained was not papers of value but invaluable confidences of a group of powerful men who would be affected as much by his loss as he himself.

He wasted no time and energy in mourning, or in reproaching himself for having packed the papers in the bag and in trusting it to Ochia. He had done the same thing hundreds of times before; told himself savagely that he would again. There tightened in him that tenacious, fanatical will to fight on for his plans which was characteristic of him. First, whatever assistance the police could give him must be enlisted, without scattering news of his loss broadcast. Ochia, of course, had already notified the station officials. He had no qualm of uneasiness in turning to the police for help as the aftermath to the thorough-going manner in which he had exposed the venality of one member of the force in the Night Court. Comlough knew that sanely and soberly regarded, the rank and file of the police force were hard-working, often keen-thinking, courageous, earnest men. He got Inspector Snell of the Center Street bureau on the telephone and a few minutes later sent Ralston and Ochia to the Twenty-third Precinct to meet a Central Office man. When they left he sat thinking deeply.

HARGREAVES and Colonel Maurice — should he inform them at once? He picked up the telephone again to call the former from his bed; but the number he called was not Hargreaves'. He could not leave New York until the bag was found. But if the papers were being conned over in inimical quarters he had to get in touch with Washington more promptly than ever. Krull, Lommax, Morrissey, Worthington, McDill — these, he felt reasonably certain, he could call from Washington himself; they would bring Walpole, too. But DeFinna was a ticklish Venezuelan, and Godoz, Molina and del Corral were super-erratic Colombians. The number he called was Stover's.

"Deems — come down to my place at once. I need you — bad! Will you come?"

"Coming!" The click of the receiver sharply hung up put an exclamation point on Stover's response. Comlough decided to wait before calling Hargreaves and Maurice, calling Updike and Aiken instead.

Few know the story of the days when the fate of the great United Americas Petroleum Consolidated hung upon the theft of a little black bag. Least of all is known the part which Deems Stover had in the unwritten history of the oil company. He appeared shortly before four o'clock, fresh and alert

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as though it were midday. While Comlough told him what had happened, he toyed with a ball of crumpled paper.

“Who did Snell send up to the Twenty-third?” he asked when Comlough finished.

“Couldn't tell you.”

In a few minutes he had Snell on the wire. “Chief, this is Stover speaking. Send Kirkman up on the Comlough case, will you? — Yes — Right away. And, please — This is air tight, you understand. All right. Thanks a lot!”

He hung the receiver up and turned to Comlough.

“If it's kicking anywhere within kicking distance of the station, or just some ordinary crook's taken it, Kirkman will get it back. Now, let's go on — What is the particular thing you got me down here for?”

“To bring Washington to New York.”

“At current freight rates?”

“Airplane rates if necessary.” Comlough threw the letter Stover had given him to DePinna on the table. “I want the addressee of that to collect it in person.” He leaned across the table, speaking rapidly, with a tenseness seldom in his speech. “Deems, I want you to get DePinna, Molina, and, if at all possible, Emilio del Corral and Sidonio Godoz up here — to-day — this afternoon. You know how to get at Morissey, Krull, Lommax, Worthington, McDill and Walpole, better than I do. Get them up here for me. In ninety-nine years out of a hundred anything that has big money in it can be swung from New York better than from any other place in the world. This was the hundredth year for me and Washington has the call. I can't go there. Still less can I let whoever has my papers get to work in Washington with them while I'm here. You've got to bring Washington to New York for me.”

For several minutes Stover kept his gaze on the crumpled paper, slowly revolving it in his fingers.

“Cooper,” he said at last, “you're one of the people I believe in. I'm called a good judge of people, too. I want to ask you only one thing.” He looked steadily at Comlough. “This oil project of yours, is it a square proposition — in every way? Don't be irritated by the question. Is it — in every way?”

Comlough regarded him wonderingly. “It is. As square a dream as a man ever dreamed, Deems.”

“It's communistic, you said. Now, I know you're not a red shirt. What you mean by communistic is that it's elastic — can stretch with the times, and will not be a peg to tack down what our left-wing friends call the capitalistic privileges?”

“It hasn't been endorsed by Lenine and Trotsky, but despite that it has taken the man in the street into consideration — and into partnership to an extent that's fairer than anything which has been tried.”

Stover hesitated a moment, and gestured toward Comlough with a short laugh. “You know, politics is a curious game. According to mythology it's always crooked. Well, according to my particular lights, I've beaten that legend. I've never let myself in for a shady deal. My record has a number of people puzzled because it is open, and people that want to get something on you have the devil's own time believing anything that isn't damning.” He broke off with a shrug, and smiled whimsically at Comlough. “Just as you look ahead and realize that old business ways are hitting the toboggan, I see as much in politics. It isn't merely a question of not letting anybody get anything on me — there's something of that in it, to be sure; my usefulness depends on avoiding that — it's because I have some sort of principle about what influence I can swing in the political affairs of lots of Americans. I have to use a number of things which have come to my hand and in which I do not particularly believe; but which I cannot do without altogether either. I don't use them in the spirit of compromise with my own ideas; I use them because there's work I've got to do and I can't afford the luxury of hysterics.”

He drew the telephone to him.

“THIS puzzles you a bit as to how it fits in with your immediate needs. It does. I can give a man any number of letters to any number of individuals occupying ringside seats in Congress and legations. I'm always shooting letters round. Not letters just like I gave you, of course — but even that left me free from responsibility in whatever you're pushing. On the other hand, when I ring up Washington, as I'm going to do now, and ask several gentlemen from Texas and Latin America and elsewhere to come to New York to talk over matters pertaining to the glory and industrial advancement of their several communities incidentally, and to the glory and industrial advancement of Cooper Comlough and United Americas Petroleum — and mankind, as you tell me — mainly, I want to be sure of the mankind, Cooper, because I am in reality endorsing your schemes. I want to make sure that I'm safe in doing so. Anyhow —” he laughed, as he lifted the receiver — “Tillinghast told me just day before yesterday, that the slipperiest stuff in the world was petroleum, and that a man hadn't ought to trust his mother on anything connected with an oil gusher. However, I'm discarding his excellent advice and taking a chance on you, old man! Here goes!”

It was half-past five before he got his Washington connection. He gave instructions to some one named Teath to deliver a message to Will Boies, whom Comlough knew slightly. The purport of it was that Senators Morissey and Worthington, and Representatives Krull, Lommax and McDill were to be impressed with the urgency of taking the eight o'clock express out of Washington for a conference in New York. McDill was to bring Rafael DePinna of the Venezuelan Legation; and Worthington, Major Josiah L. Walpole, who was at the Willard; Boies was instantly to get in touch with Arthur Godfrey of the Pan-American Union, and with D. H. Angus, chairman of the board of directors of the North and South American International Export Alliance. In brief, the reorganization of United Americas Petroleum in a manner closely affecting the Republic of Colombia made imperative an immediate interview with Marso Molina and Emilio del Carral, of the Colombian Legation, and their friend, the baronial landowner, Sidonio Godoz. A day late would be too late. When the parties arrived in New York they were to repair at once to the offices of United Americas Petroleum, where the president of the company, Mr. Cooper Comlough, would be awaiting them.

Stover rose. “Boies can drum them together if it's possible; but you will grant, man, to rouse the District of Columbia at six in the morning with instructions to make an eight o'clock train is allowing no elbow room for contingencies.”

“I've made trains with less leeway.”

“But you are not a congressman, Cooper; nor a South American. I'm going to stop in at Twenty-third Precinct now to see what has developed. I want to keep in touch with you. You'll go down to your office about when?”

“Be there at ten. Updike and Aiken will be there at eight. I'll have my secretary, Wallace, on the wire every half-hour. You can relay any news to me through him.”

As they parted in the hall Stover turned to Comlough suddenly.

“By the way, Cooper — you came to the club directly from Lynn's, didn't you? About what time did you leave him?”

“Ten-fifteen. He walked down Fifth Avenue with me about six blocks. There's a clock at Sixtieth — just above the Netherland. It said ten-fifteen as I got my taxi.”

“Lynn's not associated with anybody in the speculating game — somebody he might have run into after you left him — all things are possible, you know — some one he might have given an inadvertent tip, just in the course of conversation about you — he having just left you — you know how talk centers round the immediately departed — just somebody, you know —— ?”

Comlough had given an involuntary start at Stover's mention of Lynn in connection with speculation, unobserved by the other, who had been opening the door. Not even to Stover would he have dreamed of speaking of Lynn's speculations — besides, they had nothing to do with the matter in hand.

“N-o,” he replied; something in Stover's tone puzzling him. “Nobody at all.”

Stover stood silent for a moment in the open doorway, and seemed to ponder.

“Well — so long then — see you later!” he said abruptly, gripped Comlough's arm and hurried away.

[*To be continued*]

The Life Story of Clyde Fitch

[*Continued from page 17*]

declaration that the dog was the only living creature that had found its god. It impressed him to such a degree that he talked about it for several hours. He was often happiest when he epitomized his feeling in a terse phrase.

There was another Schenectady friend, Molly Jackson, with whom he corresponded for many years, his editorial rival in the painfully written newspapers which were created about the time Clyde reached the mature age of eleven. But before then the children of the neighborhood had a taste of the dramatic instinct of the incipient dramatist. They were coached and drilled by him in plays of his own imagining; and on the spur of the moment they lent themselves to the skill of the rehearser in getting up impromptu scenes. For example, they loved to have their pictures taken at a cheap photographers, near by. Clyde would pose them, unerringly and swiftly — without special costume, but so as to bring out the meat of the situation. The picture of himself as “Bluebeard” could be mistaken for no other hero, and certainly the fate of the “wives” is realistically noted. Once, in his twelfth year — not being very strong, he was sent with his aunt to the wilds of Lower Salem, Ohio, where it was hoped he would rough it during the summer. But Clyde soon fell into the easier line of giving the people around him a good time with entertainments like Mrs. Jarley's wax-works, or training the neighbor's animals, so that they would perform at his country circus.

But he was also an excellent example of the genus, boy — always up to tricks — a torment and a tease, as his cousin Alice Goodwin can recall. There floats in memory a song he used to sing, seated on the stairs, while Alice entertained beaux in the parlor. His good heart could, at such times, never be reached; he delighted in seeing the girl rush to her room, slam the door and lock it; and he would linger by the threshold, giving her a gratuitous encore.

Thus, it can be seen, that even Mrs. Fitch's motherly solicitude could not stem the tide of boyish spirit. Clyde's literary talent began to assert itself with the appearance of his little newspaper, the *Shooting Star*, in which his first effusions saw the light. Many of the foolscap sheets I have before me — written in an unformed hand — are dated 1879; they are highly colored in imaginative flavor, which is in the true tradition of modern journalism. They are dotted over with the initials of W. C. F. and K. H. F., showing that Clyde and Kate Fanchot were leagued against Molly Jackson, editress of the formidable *Rising Sun*. The contents range from editorials and news paragraphs to novelettes of the lurid kind, bearing such pseudo-romantic titles as “The Missing Hand; or Marie Gertrude Antoinette de Rue: A Thrilling Tragedy à la Miss Goodrich.” Clyde's love of satire begins at this time; his observation of small things is startlingly developed. Molly Jackson's *Rising Sun* never escaped derision. “If you want to have your hair banged,” runs one paragraph, “go to the *Rising Sun* office. One of the editors there does it nicely. Thank goodness the *Shooting Star* is no banging concern. W. C. F.” In return for this slur, little Molly heaped coals of fire on Clyde's head in the following bit of subtlety: “The famous, and highly respected gentleman, Mr. Clyde Fitch, Esq., will show the contributors of the *Shooting Star* how to do examples!” They watched each other for the slightest loophole; if they were slack in their duties, they were relentless in their criticism. Once, Molly deserted the editorial office of the *Rising Sun* to visit some friends. Evidently she had such a good time away, that she failed to help her staff. Clyde, who must have been a close reader of the rival paper, commented thus: “We wonder if the absent editress does not feel interest enough in her own paper to write at least once or twice to and for it."

It is not the fact that Clyde wanted to edit a newspaper at this youthful age which is the exceptional thing, but the spirited way in which he wrote betokened his future vivacity. Here is a precocious specimen of his correspondence at the time:

> My Dear Mollie:
>
> I received your letter yesterday and hasten to answer so as to get another. It was a splendid letter. Please return my love to those dear young ladies, and tell Fanny W. that I am "awfully cute." . . .
>
> You don't know how very glad I am you are improving in your lessons. It sounds too good to be true. You need not hesitate to write me in Greek, as I am perfectly acuainted (sic) with that languge (sic).
>
> Ned Angle does not approve of my ulster. Says it looks like a girl. I asked him if he thought the end of my pants were pantelets?
>
> Poor Susie "Spwague." She has left "Alfwed" to go to Phil's wedding on the "wailwoad caws." She no longer skates so gracefully with "Alfwed" on the "wiver," for there is no ice! . . .
>
> Excuse pauses in writing; they are scratching intervals. I sat with Louisa "Goodrich" today in sublime element on the etheral (sic) street. . . .
>
> We are going to hear Mrs. Scott-Siddons tonight — Shakespearean readings. Ugh! give me a sleeping draught. I'd rather read Airy Fairy "William," wouldn't you?
>
> Yours lovingly,
> Clyde.

The boy's nature was always very associative. To leave a thing that he was fond of affected him deeply, and subsequent letters to Molly are full of memory pictures. He was continually exclaiming, "It all does seem so odd and strange to me when I look back at that scraggy little fellow who used to hang around your stoop and make a nuisance of himself miscellaneously."

It was about this time that he was confirmed by Bishop William C. Doane, of Albany, in the Episcopal Church, and those who knew him intimately can testify as to his deeply religious nature. He did not merely content himself with attending service, but went deeper into the significance of its theology. When he allowed this feeling to dominate him while writing, he fell into a didactic tone which was not his happiest vein; it spoiled his "Happy Marriage", written with a direct purpose in view. But the story is told of the practical use to which he put his understanding of the spirit of the church service. He once attended the wedding of a friend, who was loath to accept the wording of the marriage service, and had persuaded the officiating minister to alter it for his benefit. Clyde drew the couple aside, and, with the service in his hand, went over it, word for word. So lucid was his reasoning that in the end all objections vanished and the ceremony proceeded in the old way. As a boy, Clyde sang in the choir in Hartford, Connecticut, where his mother and father were to live for the remainder of his lifetime, and it was while there that the boy, straining his voice into a soprano, stretched his vocal chords so badly that when he first went to college he spoke in high falsetto, and suffered from an affection of the throat.

Clyde was fitted for Amherst at the Episcopal School at Holderness, New Hampshire. Here is a letter sent from Captain Fitch to Clyde at Holderness:

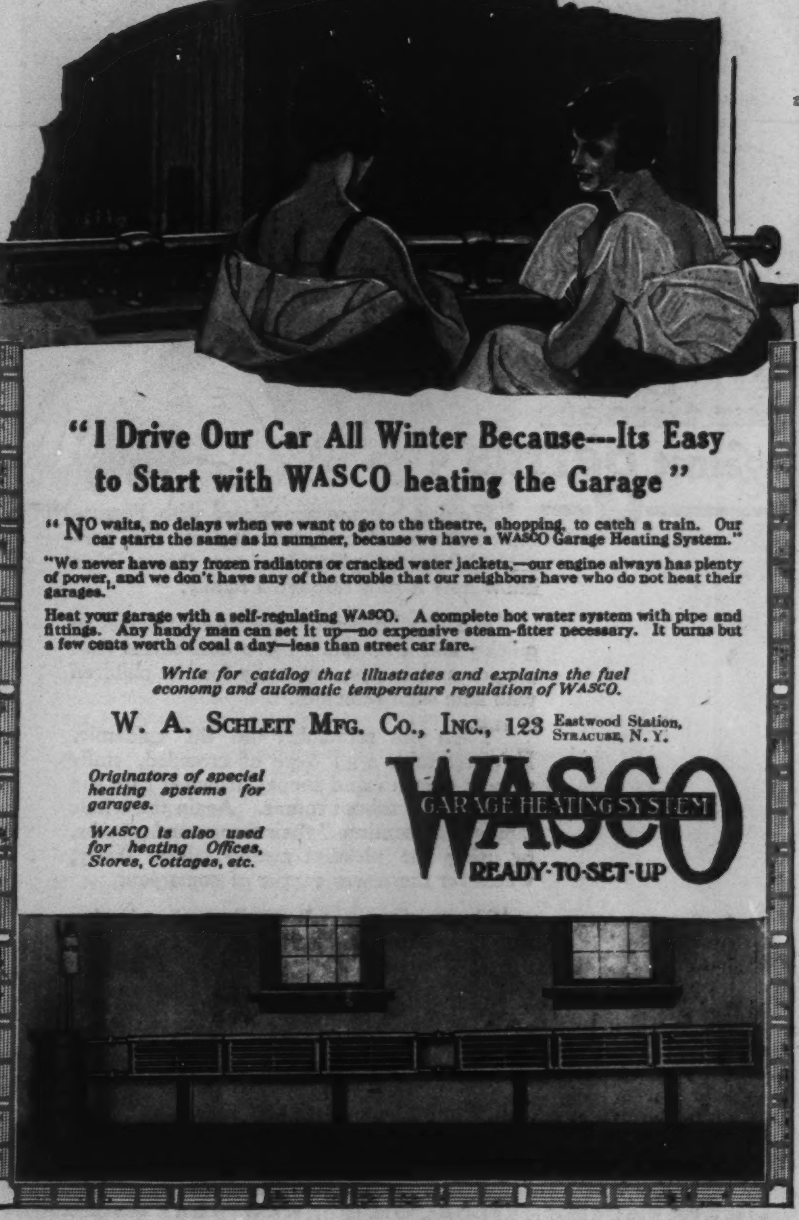
> Christmas, Dec. 25, 1880.
>
> My Dear Son:
>
> Your Father sends you his Christmas gift, hoping it will add a little to your happiness. He is proud to feel you are worthy of it, and is only sorry it cannot be more to prove to you that your father loves you. While you have other friends who are good to you and whom you love, never forget that in this world, search as you may, you will never find any whose love is to be preferred to that of your father and mother.
>
> My dear love to you and a Merry Christmas.
>
> Your affectionate Father.

He made many school friends, and they used to gather in his rooms to see his treasures; a boy's odds and ends usually amount to nothing, but Clyde was not the ordinary boy in this respect; an embroidered pillow, a picture, some out-of-the-way bookshelves meant much to him, and gave a tone to his room without which he would not have been at home. One winter night he was studying Latin preparatory to the entrance examinations at Amherst; suddenly a fire started in a near-by dormitory and the school buildings were burned to the ground. The scene has been described to me by an early friend of Clyde: the latter was found seated near the flames in a favorite rocking chair, his worldly possessions all piled in his lap, watching the conflagration. Hotter and hotter grew the flames, softer and softer the snow that lay upon the ground; puddles of water began to settle around the boy's feet and gradually rise, until he was in danger of being swamped. His health was not very good, and at the outset of his college career he was stricken with typhoid fever.

Over him his mother hovered. Clyde was bound to catch the nervous tension of such devotion. It was she who went with him to Amherst and saw him settled in his quarters; it was she who came on visits and catered to his every need. She had a pride in his social standing; she always wanted him to do things a little better than the other boys. When he gave a dance, she came to chaperone the girls; when it was his turn for a box-party, she arranged the details. "Really," confessed an Amherst man of '85, "it was impossible for me to keep up with the social standard set by the Fitches." Clyde enjoyed beauty around him; when his family visited him, he delighted in the latest style of their gowns; when they came to his evening parties he exacted *décolleté* fashions. There was no snobbishness in all this; he was an intense lover of beauty, that was all. He almost immediately won the confidence of his associates, and, what is unusual in college etiquette, broke into the society of the older classmen.

Soon after he was settled at Amherst Clyde appeared upon the campus in a sky-blue suit. A storm of ridicule surrounded him, through which he walked with a certain amount of stoicism, but his sensitive ear caught every innuendo, every harsh remark. He resented nothing, though the strain was great, and at last he sought the advice of one of his professors. "I felt," said the latter, "that whatever decision he might make must come from him, and I told him so. Then, in a perfectly quiet voice, he said, as he turned to go, 'I guess I'll stick it out.'"

His own faults were thus the obstacles in college which he surmounted with sporting joviality, and he was put to the test more than once. In other words, he was willing to play the game on all occasions, when the upper classmen came to "smoke him out", when he was hazed, or when some trick was played upon him on the campus. The fact is it was soon twigged that Clyde Fitch was resolved to take the full dose like a man, and the boys began to gather in his room, to note the furnishings, and go off with suggestions for their own comfort. Prejudice gave way to admiration, and to-day Amherst is full of fond recollections of the boy who was the life of every party, who, on the piazzas of the homes or the fraternity house, set the crowds in peals of laughter as he mimicked some well-known character or told some story with the zest of the true narrator. Of course, Clyde found some enemies who resented the way he won himself into the good will of his own class, and of the Juniors and Seniors ahead of them. He was a born actor, and, with his brush, he was no mean scene-painter. The dramatics of Amherst were in the hands of the Juniors and Seniors; never in the history of the college had an under-classman broken into the ranks above. But Clyde did, not only through the sheer likableness of the boy, but because he was needed. No one could play girl parts as he could. In "She Stoops to Conquer", in "The Rivals", and "The Country Girl", he was inimitable. Besides which, Clyde had a ready pen, and the first real dramatic writing he did was in the interests of his Chi Psi Fraternity when they were preparing one of their annual entertainments for the faculty. A farce, which had been put into rehearsal, was proven to be innocuous, and had to be discarded hastily. The current *Harper's Magazine* had published a one-act operetta, "Il Jacobi", which seemed a possibility, the one fault being that it was too short. Clyde was therefore given the manuscript to lengthen, and in less than two hours he had himself written a second act, full of witticisms and class allusions, which won ready



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acceptance and instant appeal. In fact, one of the actors in the company confessed to me that the author of the original playlet registered a complaint when she heard how her piece had been changed, showing dismay when everyone lauded the innovator. "It was this abandon with which he was ever ready to throw himself into the spirit of the moment," explained one of Fitch's college friends, "that made him such a college favorite."

He was never happier than when arranging an impromptu evening; his power of reading was exceptional, and he was selected in the Sophomore year, to rise above the catafalque, at the burning of mathematics on the baseball field, and deliver the oration, reminiscent, in schoolboy fashion, of the address of Mark Antony over Cæsar. On his visits to New York, he would go to the theatre, and return to Amherst eager to copy what he had seen. In that spirit he built for his fraternity house a curtain in every respect the replica of the peculiarly distinctive curtain at the old Daly Theatre.

To most of his college associates Clyde was a marvel in his capacity for taking infinite pains over beautifying his surroundings. He would make book covers, build racks, and in his room, which he finally had in the fraternity house, he painted a frieze of pink apple blossoms against a beautiful Pompeian background. Over his mantel, reminiscent of the Hetty Yates days, he printed the motto, "Oh, ye fire and heat, Bless ye the Lord." The care he took in such things was contagious, and he was ever ready to show an interest in the artistic efforts of others. "I shall never forget," said an Amherst chum of his, "an incident in my own feeble attempts to create an atmosphere around me. I had given the workmen at the Chi Psi house instructions as to the particular color I wanted on my walls, and had gone home for the vacation. Fitch knew all about it and he was the first of us to return to Amherst for the new year. He hastened to see how things were getting along, and his eye was smitten by the nondescript shade of my walls. It was his sympathy which met me on my arrival. 'Have you seen IT,' he asked in a tragic voice, and linking his arm into mine he escorted me to my door, and gently pushed me in."

We get a glimpse of his room and some new treasures in one of his letters:

> "I brought back with me from Boston two new pictures, a water-color head framed in pale blue plush and gilt beading . . . and a lovely study of a girl in oil painting. . . . Also I brought back a large white skin rug, and a large yellow jug. . . . The room has in consequence again undergone a change. The couch no longer between the windows is in the long side of the room next bedroom, and my big easel is . . . with a large picture, embroidery and a plush bag upon it."

INTO such a place the boys crowded, and many were the heartaches as Clyde saw his treasures jeopardized whenever there was a friendly bout. "But I never saw him flare into a temper," explained one of them, "even if by accident we did break a vase or upset a dish." During his Senior year, he describes, to a correspondent, his birthday spent in his rooms when "quite a number of the fellows came in", for the "cake and bonbons which were served all day." These little receptions he seemed to enjoy very much, but better still were the hours, especially on Sundays, after church, spent in calling on the wives of members of the faculty, who always expected him to drop in to tea. "I took tea with Mrs. N.," he writes, "she had come down from G. for a spring cleaning. We had the cosiest kind of a time together, on opposite sides of the table, with dainty china, quaint old silver, and a delicious lobster salad between us."

His friendships made at College were of the enduring kind; being of a more delicate temperament than most of the men, he singled out many of them as his models. These men had his splendid loyalty, and he shared with them their triumphs and disappointments. "I recall once that I failed in a debate," one of them told me, "and Billy Fitch was very much cut up over it. He never said a word to me about it, but when I went to my room that evening, I found some flowers in a vase on my table, and I knew who had been there." Gentleness was the dominant note in his character, and remained so to the end of his life. He never lacked initiative; he always had strong opinions on what should be done, and he stood up for them. Yet he always subjected himself to self-scrutiny, and made it a rule, on Saturday night, to go around to the fellows with whom he had had disputes and make up with them.

No one could call this an artificial pose, nor did the students regard it as such. They simply accepted it as the flavor of "Billy" Fitch. "What did we care how many eccentricities he had, he was so genuine and enthusiastic," is the comment I find in one letter.

Nowhere were his eccentricities more pronouncedly marked than in his manner of dress. Youths of his age — since college began — have run up tailor's bills, have flaunted the extremes of fashion, and finally begged their fathers to come to the rescue. Clyde was faithful to the species. "By the way," he confessed to one of his companions, in a typical note which he was so fond of writing, "I'll enclose you a sample of my new trousers . . . they are to go with my last summer's brown cutaway, you remember, and then too with my black cutaway and Prince Albert. I have a new, odd vest . . . silk made, double-breasted . . . plain brown, *not at all fancy*." The underscoring is a trait without which a Fitch letter would be a voice without inflection. He would bear heavily upon his pen two, three and four times under a word, as indication of his momentary stress. The comment just quoted would indicate that some of his intimate associates had suggested to him the advisability of being more reticent in his attire. Some reminiscences of Clyde in one of the college magazines at the time of his death suggest that he "pushed college fashions further than any one else." "There was one estrangement between Clyde and myself," said a reminiscent friend, "when I asked him not to visit me on Wall Street in too loud a get-up." But he tried, after repeated warnings, to tone down his shades and contrasts, and we find him writing, "Spring suits are appearing and Amherst men are wearing almost extreme shades. The fancy vests and suits almost blind your eyes. My new suit is very dark gray, almost black, made long sack coat, or will be when done, with large lapels, and I shall wear a white vest with it." If the seasons changed he was ready with the proper change of clothing, something new like a long coat with a "fly" in the middle of the back. One hot summer day we find him exclaiming, "My room is darkened and my cologne bottle out! and my summer flannels on!"

He was no different from his other college friends in his liking for girls. The fact that he was a good dancer made him much sought after, and so intuitive was he regarding them, that, as some one has said, "he could beat them at their own game." He was difficult to please, and it used to be a constant source of irritation, when he visited Wellesley, if he failed to find any prepossessing face to awaken his youthful fancy. Of course he had his calf loves, and one very deep and serious flame in the A. W. of his letters and the Anne Williams of his dedications and poems. His passion was double-breasted over one of his fashionable coats until he heard of the engagement of a college friend; then he broke the silence; he wrote:

> "You have progressed, old fellow ('put it there!'), famously, and I rejoice with you, and God bless you both! There must be a pleasure indefinable in *security* and Knowledge. It's a case where ignorance isn't bliss! An' you've popped. . . .! How did you do it? I'm afraid my last letter was too hopeful or not explicit enough. Why, you bold, cheeky fellow! . . . I haven't had the sand to go half as far as you. . . . You see, I've *no prospects*, not a blankety blank one except those literary shavers which, like all children, are so unreliable. I told her I cared for her more than any other girl I'd ever known, and I said I couldn't, in justice, say more, with my literary prospects — just now. I confess, she took *it kindly* and we both blushed, and I . . . lost my boat and had to hire a man to *row* me over the harbor. . . . But I own I never was so happy in all my life, and I've regretted since I didn't go further and let principles about prospects go to the wind! You make me *green-eyed*, but there you are, you see, old chap, settled — and you aren't flighty and — in fact — you take *root*. (I simply flower in water. . . .) There's a bond between us, and it's a great comfort. . . . I wish you did know A. W. She's tall

and dignified and quiet, with oh, *such a voice!*"

With the grace of a seasoned Robert Herrick, with the reminiscent lilt of an eighteenth century singer of love songs, the verses *To Anne*, written in 1889, indicate that this romance lasted for some years. Thus writes the youthful man of boasted experience:

"Many a woman I have met and known,
Since we two strolled 'neath Summer skies,
You were younger, and I have grown,
But still I think of your great blue eyes,
And your burnished hair, and your stately pose,
And your own dear voice, so sweet and low,
Which comes to me now in my dreams, and goes,
And makes life's joy worth all its woe."

Some time before Clyde graduated from college, he began to worry about earning a livelihood. Had the family finances turned out well, he had planned to spend two years at Amherst and then shift to Harvard for his degree. But this did not happen; he had to exercise that ability which later became a veritable genius for making a little go a great way. He dressed well, and there are many occasions when father had to come to the rescue. But the choice of a profession was constantly before his mind. Paternal hints were dropped that the family would like to see him become an architect. While Fitch had a gift for drawing, it was evident, by the joy he took in contributing to the college magazines, that a literary career was claiming his attention. Whenever one of his poems or stories was sent home, a voice was raised, "Get ready for the Massachusetts Tech." It was not in the Captain's scheme of things to countenance poems in the vein of Austin Dobson. He could not foresee that this pseudo-Herrick spirit might later result in his son's writing "Beau Brummell", "The Last of the Dandies", and "Pamela's Prodigy." Clyde might seek to flatter his parents by writing as fiction the romance of Hagerstown for the Amherst *Literary Monthly*, he might become the Grove Poet of his class, but the Captain was intent that no son of his should be a dilettante. Strange feelings must have coursed through the military breast of the Captain when he heard of his son's eagerness for the courses under Professor Genung in Browning, Keats, Morris, Praed and Matthew Arnold. Time might have been more practically spent over the plans and designs of Inigo Jones than in the reading of books on the Ten Great Religions of the World. But "Billy" Fitch was bent in other directions, and fortunately for the American theatre, he followed them. Outside his regular courses, he did miscellaneous reading, despite the demands made on his time because of his genial spirit. He, more than any other, could keep the younger men in paroxysms of laughter, as he told them stories; he could go into the Chi Psi house, and set the men to gathering evergreens, where others were unable to get a grain of work from them. His fundamental philosophy was early expressed in a note: "If I didn't have lots of amusement out of life, I'd grow exceedingly weary of it all."

He played tennis, and though not an athlete, was interested in all college sports. His letters reflect the atmosphere of a small college town. No one was more excited over the victory won from Yale by Amherst than he; his letter describing the event was vivid: "We were wild. From the peanut-stand to the end of Amherst House was a seething mass of students. . . . Mrs. Spin sold out her purple and white ribbon and 'closed.' . . . The chimes were playing and the bells all ringing. Permission was gotten from the town to have the *fire* in the middle of the street opposite Faculty Street, by College Hall. The finest fire I have yet seen blazed there at 9.30 — a college torchlight procession in classes. . . . I never saw so much liquor loose. My voice today is a sweet sepulchral whisper."

Thus, Clyde in his letters, early developed the ability to get to the essential point in his descriptions. He never accentuated himself or his own deeds. One has to read carefully to find the small comments slipped in, showing his interests and ambitions. He was deadly in earnest about his writing, much more concerned at the time about his poetry than his prose, and whenever some one praised him for his work, it was an incentive for renewed effort to do better. An evening with the poet, Clinton Scollard, at Amherst, was like a breath of ambition sweeping over him; the acceptance of a verse in the college paper an event.

If he relied upon his friends for certain qualities which he lacked, they at crucial moments turned to him for advice. An '85 man, the year after leaving Amherst, wrote frantically to Fitch for instructions as to "the thing to do" at a wedding, and the reply he got was a hint of what was worked out later in Fitch's play, "The Moth and the Flame," with its graphic wedding scene. He said:

> "About the ushering, dear boy, *you* don't need any points, because all a man has to do is to be dignified and a gentleman, and that you always are. I can tell you a few things which I fancy you already know. Still, with this apology, I'll write them. Always have each one of the party taken up the aisle by an usher, *i. e.*, a lady and gentleman enter the church — the first usher offers his arm to the lady and the second usher to the gentleman, and then both ushers stand by the pew door untill (sic) the people they are seating are settled. . . . I mean, don't simply see them into the pew and then leave. . . . Be slow about it, you know. You can't possibly be *too polite*. When you go to offer your arm to anyone coming, whether you know them or not, smile and bow as you offer your arm. Of course, walk slow, and if you know the people, or if the one on your arm seems *agreeable*, it is all right to talk and be *gay* going up the aisle. One can always say it is a very 'happy' or 'gay' or 'lovely' or 'beautiful' or 'something' wedding, etc. Don't you know? . . ."

Thus early the innate genius of the stage director was manifesting itself.

With all his frivolity and light-hearted approach toward things, Clyde Fitch, the Amherst student, was something more than his outward appearance suggested. Some of his associates say that at one time he affected the tam-o'-shanter and blouse of the artist, and some of his enemies like to think that there was no other portrait to draw. But the Fitch of sentiment, who won over class and fraternity to him through force of personality, is the man who was to mature into the artist. He was never lacking in tact; there is a remarkable letter of his showing this, as well as giving some personal glimpse of his father. It was written the first year at college.

> MY DEAR MISS WHEATON:
>
> It gives me a great deal of pleasure to express to you, an old friend of my father, my thanks for so kindly handing over to me the little old picture of him, which I so covetted (sic). Frank allowed me to take it home last Christmas holidays, and my father was delighted, and regaled us with some of his reminiscences. I hardly think you would recognize the original, if you should see him now. He has passed through the war, and I had almost said the hard times following — but as yet that is a little too large to boast. He has a short drooping moustache — this marvellous beard has never been seen by my eyes — and has this winter added a 'goatee.' This is, however, but a fleeting addition, and the summer will probably see it sacrificed. He has a military air, well-suited to his height and figure, and altogether I flatter myself, with a son's pride, William Fitch at fifty (!) tho' very different from the dear old picture, would please you.
>
> Between Frank, whom I treasure as a dear friend — and my father, I feel that we are not strangers, and hope before long I shall have the pleasure of *knowing* my father's old friend. Gratefully and faithfully yours,
>
> WILLIAM CLYDE FITCH.

In such an atmosphere, and possessed of such a temperament Clyde Fitch faced his graduation. He was not an exceptional student, but he was quaint whenever his own individuality had to express itself. In later years he may have quickly dropped the college manner, but much of the manner known to his college friends was seen when he had become the successful dramatist. "When I visited him at Katonah, the very last time, while he was still writing 'The City'," I was told, "Clyde shook some rose leaves in a bowl as I had seen him do it a hundred times at Amherst. It gave me a feeling of renewed youth to see it."

(To be continued)

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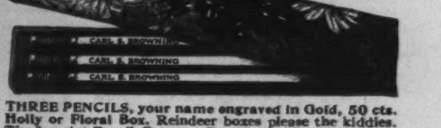

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Paul Tomlinson

INVESTMENTS are of every kind and description. Stocks, bonds and mortgages may be had to suit the most exacting investor, the man who insists upon safety of principal and assured income as the prime requirements of the securities he buys; securities combining high yield with the chance of gain may be had by the investor of a speculative turn of mind. Every man must decide for himself what kind of an investment he can afford to make, and once having made this decision can get just about what he wants. His wants, however, should be tempered by judgment, for investing is a business proposition pure and simple and one of the first principles of good business is that a man get a fair and assured return on his money. He may get the most by speculating but this involves risk and unless the risk is justifiable it is not good business. In the long run conservatism in the choice of investments is the best policy.

There are all kinds and degrees of conservative investments. There are conservative stocks to buy, conservative mortgages, and conservative bonds. Probably bonds have as many different characteristics as any other class of investments. The most important is that they are secured by definite and clearly described property, and another is that the principal of the bond becomes due and payable at a specified time. When the bond "matures" in this way it is paid off and this particular issue is no more. The investor then has cash for reinvestment.

Sometimes in connection with stock issues provision is made for retiring the stock. This practise is more common in the case of preferred than common stocks, but as a general proposition it may be said that a stock has an indeterminate life, that it never comes due. The owner of stock is a partner in the business to the amount of his holdings and continues in this capacity until he sells his stock or the business is wound up.

A bondholder on the other hand is a creditor of the corporation. He has loaned money to the company, in return for which he receives a bond and interest on his loan in the form of negotiable coupons on the bond. The length of time the loan has to run is determined by the due date on the bond. It may be six months, it may be six years, or sixty, or one hundred and sixty. The investor can decide this question pretty much for himself, because there are always bonds to be had with the widest range of maturities. This question, moreover, is a very important one and is carefully considered and weighed by the experienced investor.

First of all let us mention the due dates of a list of representative bonds selected at random from a list of investment securities compiled by a prominent New York banking house. There is a United States Government bond due 1923, another due in 1947; a municipal bond due in 1921, one maturing in 1954; an industrial due in 1963, one in 1928; a railroad bond due 1921, one due 1995, one in 2047 and one whose life extends to 2367; a public utility bond may be had which matures in 1926, another comes due in 1956; short term notes are available which mature on November 1, 1920, and others fall due all the way up to 1934. Once in a while a bond is encountered which runs indefinitely like a stock; a bond of a coal and navigation company is an example of this, for it is due only "upon default", which is to say, never, unless the issuing company fails to pay the interest; British Government bonds, known as "Consols", have no due date.

Thus it may be seen that it is possible to meet almost any requirement in the way of short or long term bonds. There is an infinite variety from which to make selection. What the selection shall be is the problem, and its answer depends upon a number of considerations.

SUPPOSE you have a thousand dollars on hand. You do not need this money at present, but will want it seven months from now. In the meantime you see no reason for letting it lie idle and you therefore cast about for some use to which to put it. In these circumstances a short term note is probably the thing for you to buy. As bonds approach maturity the tendency is for them to sell nearer and nearer to par, and their price is apt to fluctuate less and less. The probabilities are that you can find an investment on which you can get a good rate of interest for seven months with the chance of loss reduced to a minimum. Short term notes are available, selling from 99½ to 100, which will be paid off at 100 in a few months, and in the meantime yield a good rate of interest.

If you have money you will not need for a year you can find a bond with this length of time to run. The same thing applies to five, ten, or fifteen years. The most important consideration, however, is what bonds to buy in order to get the best possible results for yourself. Suppose you have two thousand dollars to invest, and conditions are such that it seems probable that investments will be cheaper two years hence. Under these circumstances you would probably buy a bond maturing in two years so that at the expiration of this period you would get the principal of your bond in cash, and have it available for reinvestment. By buying a bond with only two years to run you assure yourself of the full face value, and are not obliged to sell and take the risk of the market price of your security having declined in the meantime, which would mean a loss to you if you sold. On the other hand, suppose conditions are such that investments seem unusually cheap and promise to advance over a period of years. Under these circumstances you would probably buy a bond with a long term of years to run. If you bought a short term bond, you would find it difficult to reinvest your money on as advantageous terms when the bond came due if security prices had advanced. With a long term bond, however, you may invest to advantage if prices are low and get the same profitable return on your money over this long term no matter what the fluctuations in the markets.

What is the situation at the present time? Should investment funds be invested in short or long term bonds? Opinions are bound to vary to some extent, of course, but in the main there is general agreement. First of all, there is no argument about securities being cheap at current levels,—high grade securities, that is. Money rates are unusually high. If you want to borrow money you find that you are obliged to pay a much higher interest rate than was the case a few years ago. Now companies which issue securities are borrowers of money, and at the present time are obliged to pay a high rate of interest for the money they get. This, of course, is only another way of saying that the bonds they issue pay a high rate of interest. And because these companies are obliged to pay high rates for their money, most of them are borrowing on a short time basis. If you have followed the new offerings of securities you will have noticed that most of them mature in a comparatively few years, five, ten, or fifteen at the most. Why is this? Simply because these corporations, railroad, public utility and industrial, realize that money rates are abnormally high and if they must pay unusually high rates for the money they need, at least they do not intend to pay them any longer than is necessary. In other words, if a railroad must pay ½ per cent. for money, it does not care to obligate itself to this rate for any more years than it can possibly help. It therefore issues ½ per cent. bonds due in ten years, say, believing that ten years from now it can get more advantageous terms, and perhaps borrow at five per cent. On a $10,000,000 loan the difference between 5 and 7½ per cent. interest means a quarter of a million dollars a year saving to the railroad.

It is because money rates are high and corporations are obliged to issue securities at high rates of interest that the investor has so many opportunities to-day. The corporations' hard luck is his gain. Further the price of all securities has readjusted itself so that the return is in proportion to the new money rates. Long term bonds sell at prices to yield a return which will enable them to compete with the new short term issues. For this reason they have all declined, and the decline is significant of changed conditions in the money markets, and does not necessarily imply that these

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securities are not as safe as formerly. In many cases they are safer. And the high yields now prevailing present the investor with an unusual opportunity. Shall he get this high yield by buying short or long term investments?

The prevailing opinion is that money rates will get back to normal before many years, which means that security prices will gradually go up. Suppose then that you buy a bond due in ten years, yielding six and one half per cent. In ten years the bond will come due, you will get your money back, and will then be looking around for something in which to reinvest it. If the prevailing opinion that money rates will be lower at the end of that time is correct it is not likely that you can reinvest it in a security of equal value and get as high a yield. On the other hand suppose you buy a bond due in forty years which at its present price yields 6½ per cent. For forty years you will get a return of 6½ per cent. on your money, and you can ignore the fluctuations of money rates.

To sum up, the situation confronting investors today is about as follows: high money rates have made securities unusually attractive; the best opinion is that this condition is only temporary and that money rates will go down; this will mean higher prices for securities and lower yields; most attractive investments are to be had both of the short and long term varieties; the man with funds for permanent investment who buys the latter kind can assure himself for years to come of the unusual yields now obtaining, in fact he can probably invest so as to get them as long as he lives.

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The Wanderer of the Wasteland

[*Continued from page 32*]

Another time he was overcome by heat — or something in the air."

"You've been alone before?" queried Adam, quick to read the pain in her voice.

"Alone? Many — many lonely nights," she said. "He's left me alone — purposely — for me to torture my soul here in the blackness . . . and those rolling rocks — cracking in the night — " Then the flash of her died out, as if she realized she was revealing a shameful secret.

"Ma'am, is your husband just right in his mind?" asked Adam.

She hesitated, giving the impression that she wished him to think her husband irrational, but could not truthfully say so.

"Men do strange things in the desert," said Adam. "May I ask, ma'am, have you food and water?"

"YES. But Elliot makes me cook — and I never learned how. So we've fared poorly."

"Will you tell me how he came to build your hut here where, sooner or later, it'll be crushed by rolling stones?"

A tragic shadow darkened in the large dark blue eyes that Adam now realized were singularly beautiful.

"I — he — this place was near the water. He cut the brush here — he didn't see — wouldn't believe the danger," she faltered. She was telling a lie, and did not do it well.

"Perhaps I can make him see," replied Adam. "I'll go find him. Probably he's lost. My camp is just below. I'll fetch him back to-day — or to-morrow at farthest."

She murmured some incoherent thanks. Adam was again aware of her penetrating glance. He strode away with bowed head, searching the sand for the man's tracks. Presently he struck them and saw that they led down toward the valley.

From there the footprints led down to the parapet of a wide bench, under which the white crust began its level monotony toward the other side of the valley. The leaden air weighed down, and though his keen scent could not detect any odor he knew there was impurity of some kind on the slow wind. It reminded him that this was Death Valley. He considered a moment. If the tracks went across the valley, Adam would return to camp for a canteen, then take up the trail again. But the tracks led off westward, straggling and aimless. Adam did not care about the heat. That faint hint of gas, however, caused him concern.

Adam scanned the gray slope, so barren, so compellingly leading to distance. The tracks grew deeper, more dragging, wavering from side to side. Here the man had fallen. Then came the telltale signs of where he had again fallen and had begun to crawl.

"Looks like the old story," muttered Adam. "I'll just about find him dying or dead. . . . Better so — for that woman who called him husband! . . . I wonder —— "

He strode on peering through the hot sunlight. At last he espied a moving object. A huge land turtle toiling along! No, it was a man crawling on hands and knees.

Adam ran with the strides of a giant. And he came up to a man, ragged and dirty, crawling wearily along.

"Say, hold on!" called Adam loudly.

As a phlegmatic beast, aware of sudden sound, but devoid of fear, this man halted. But he did not lift his head.

"What ails you?" queried Adam, sharply.

"Huh!" ejaculated the man, stupidly. He could only partially lift his head. Adam's repeated question accompanied by a shake brought only a grunt. Adam could arrive at only one conclusion, which was that this person had been overcome by the noxious gas known to be present at times in Death Valley.

He lifted the man to his feet, and began to lead him over the sand. He was considerably over medium height and weight, but his size did not hamper Adam as did the fellow's contrariness. He was heavy, loggy on his feet, and staggered this way and that, grunting like a pig, puffing and choking. His equilibrium had been upset, and like all men overcome on the desert he wanted to plunge off on a straight line.

At length Adam released the straining fellow, as much out of curiosity to see what he would do as from a realization that time could not be wasted in this manner. He did not fall, but swayed and staggered around in a circle, like an animal that had been struck on the head. The texture of his ragged garments, the look of the man, despite his unkempt appearance, marked him as one not commonly met with in the desert.

Adam calculated that they were miles from camp, and would never reach it at this rate. He pondered. He must carry the man. Suiting action to thought he picked him up and throwing him over his shoulder started to plod on. The weight was little to one of Adam's strength, but the squirming and wrestling of the fellow to get down made Adam flounder in the sand. Something must be done. He might tie the man's hands and feet, but the canteen-strap would not serve for that, and there was nothing else. Not the first time was this for Adam to need a rope to tie a man gone desert mad.

"YOU poor devil!" muttered Adam, at last brought to a standstill. "Maybe I can't save your life anyway. Maybe you're not worth it. But I'll do what seems best."

With that he set the man down, and swinging a powerful blow, laid him stunned upon the sand. Whereupon it was easy to lift him and throw him over a shoulder. Not for a long distance over the sand did that task become prodigious. But at length the burden of a heavy weight, and the dragging sand, and the hot sun, brought Adam to a pass where rest was imperative. He laid the unconscious man down while he recovered breath and strength. Then he picked him up and went on.

After that he plodded slower, rested oftener, weakened more perceptibly. Meanwhile the hours passed, and when he reached the huge gateway in the mountain wall, the sun was gone.

The limit that he had put upon his endurance was to reach the shack. He did so, and he was nearly blind when the woman's poignant call thrilled his throbbing ears. He saw her — a white shape through ruddy haze. Then he deposited his burden on the sand and fell beside it.

"Oh!" the woman moaned. "He's dead!"

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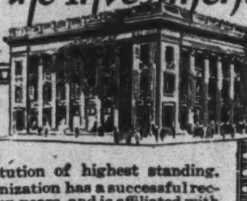

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Adam shook his head. Pity, fear, and even terror rang in her cry, but not love.

"Ah!. . . . You've saved him then. . . . He's injured — there's a great bruise — he breathes so heavily."

"Poison — air," choked Adam.

"Oh, this terrible Death Valley!" she cried.

Adam's sight cleared, and he saw the woman, clad in a white robe, a garment clean and rich, falling in thick folds — strange to Adam's sight, recalling the past. Once she must have been beautiful. The perfect lines, the noble brow, the curved lips were there, but her face was thin, strained, tragic. Only the eyes held beauty still.

"You saved him?" she queried, with quick drawn breath.

"Found him — up the — valley — crawling on — his hands and knees," panted Adam.

She reached a white worn hand to touch Adam's with an exquisite eloquence of gratitude.

"Get water — bathe him," said Adam. "Have you ammonia — or whiskey?" And while he laboriously got to his knees the woman ran into the shack. Of all the labors to which he had ever subjected his strength of body, this one had been the severest. Soon the woman came hurrying out, with basin and towel, and a little black satchel that contained medicines. Adam helped her work over her husband, but though they revived him they could not bring him back to intelligent consciousness.

"HELP me carry him in," said Adam. Inside the little shack it was almost too dark to see plainly.

"Have you a light?" he added.

"No," she replied.

"I'll fetch a candle. You watch over him while I move my camp up here. I'll be back right away, and get supper for us."

By the time Adam had packed and moved his effects darkness had settled down. After he unpacked near the shack, his first move was to light a candle and take it to the door.

"Here's a light, ma'am," he called.

She glided silently out of the gloom, her garments gleaming ghost-like and her white face with its luminous eyes, dark and strange as midnight. As she took the candle her hand touched Adam's.

"Thank you," she said. "Please don't call me ma'am. My name is Magdalene Virey."

"So. I'll try to remember. . . . Has your husband come to yet?"

"No. Won't you look at him?"

Adam followed her inside, and saw that she marked his lofty height.

The candle did not throw a bright light, yet by its aid Adam made out the features of the man whose life he had saved. It seemed to Adam to be the face of a Lucifer whose fiendish passions were now restrained by sleep. Whoever this man was, he had suffered a broken heart and ruined life.

"He's asleep," said Adam. "That's not a trance. It'd be better not to wake him."

"You think so," she replied, with relief.

"I'm not sure. If you watch him a while you can tell. I'll get supper and call you."

Adam's habitual dexterity over camp tasks failed him this evening. His fingers were all thumbs. What ailed him? He lost something of patience with himself. Presently, however, the supper was ready.

"Mrs. Virey," he called at the door.

Tall, white-gowned, slender and graceful, with the poise of a woman aloof and proud, and the sad face of a Madonna — what a woman to sit at Adam's camp-fire in Death Valley! It was beyond belief. Adam served her with something that was not wholly unconscious satisfaction. He could tell the signs of hunger and the impression had come to him that she was half-starved. The way she ate brought home to Adam with a pang the memorable days when he was starving. This woman had an exquisitely spiritual face. She had seemed all spirit.

"When have I eaten so heartily!" she exclaimed at last. "But oh! it all tasted so good. . . . Sir, you are a capital cook."

"Thank you," replied Adam, much gratified.

"Do you always fare so well?"

"No. I'm bound to confess I spread it on a little to-night. You see, I seldom have such opportunity to serve a woman."

She looked at him with intense interest. In the night her eyes seemed very full and large, supernaturally bright and tragic. They were the eyes of a woman who still preserved in her something of inherent faith in mankind. Adam divined that she had scarcely looked at him before, as an individual with a personality, and that some accent or word of his had struck her singularly.

"It was that miner, Dis — Dis ——"

"Dismukes," added Adam.

"Yes. It was he who sent you here. Are you a miner, too?"

"No. I care little for gold."

"Ah! . . . What are you then?"

"Just a wanderer. Wansfell, the Wanderer, they call me."

"They? Who are they?"

"Why, I suppose they are the other wanderers. Men who tramp over the desert — men who seek gold or forgetfulness or peace or solitude."

"Men of the desert have passed by here, but none like you," she replied, and her eyes pierced him. "*Why* did you come?"

"Years ago my life was ruined," said Adam, slowly. "I chose to fight the desert. And in all the years the thing that helped me most was not to pass by any one in trouble. Dismukes is my friend — he saved me from death once. He told me about your being here. He said no white woman could live in Death Valley. I wondered if I might — at least advise you, turn you back."

"Sir, your kind words warm a cold and forlorn heart," she said. "But I cannot be turned back. It's too late."

"No hour is ever too late. . . . Mrs. Virey, I'll not distress you with advice or importunities. But the fact of your being here — a woman of your sensitiveness and delicate health — it is a terrible thing. This is Death Valley. The month is April. When midsummer comes you cannot survive here. I know nothing of *why* you are here. But you cannot stay. It would be a miracle for your husband to find gold here, if that is what he seeks."

"Virey does not seek gold," she said.

"Does he know that a white woman absolutely cannot live here in Death Valley? Even the Indians abandon it in summer."

"He knows. Shoshone Indians pack supplies to us. They have warned him."

Adam could ask no more, yet how impossible not to feel an absorbing interest in this woman's fate. As he sat with bowed head, he felt her gaze upon him.

"Wansfell, you must have a great heart — like your body," she spoke presently. "It is blessed to meet such a man. Your kindness, your interest soften my bitter doubt of men. We are utter strangers. But there's something in this desert that bridges time — that bids me open my lips to you. . . a man who traveled this ghastly valley to serve me! . . . My husband knows that Death Valley is a hell on earth. So do I. That is why he brought me . . . that is why I came!"

"My God!" breathed Adam, staring incredulously at her.

Yet, as he stared at her, realizing the tremendous passion of will, of spirit that emanated from her, divining how, in her case, intellect and culture had been added to the eternal feminine of her nature, he knew she spoke the truth.

"WON'T your husband leave — take you away from here?" asked Adam, slowly.

"No."

"Well. . . . I have a way of forcing men to see things. I suppose I ——"

"Useless! We have traveled three thousand miles to get to Death Valley. Years ago Elliot Virey read about this awful place. He learned that it was the most arid, ghastly, desolate and terrible place of death in all the world. . . . Then, when he got me to Sacramento — he would talk with miners, prospectors, Indians — any one who could tell him about Death Valley. . . Virey had a reason for finding a hell on earth. Sir, the hell of which we read — even in its bottommost pit — can not be worse than Death Valley."

"Let me move your camp higher up, out of this thick dead air and heat — where there are trees and good water?"

"But it is not a beautiful and a comfortable camp that Virey — that we want," she said, bitterly.

"Then let me move your shack out of danger. This spot is the most forbidding I ever saw. That mountain above us is on the move. The rocks are rolling down all the time."

"Have I not heard the rocks — cracking, ringing — in the dead of night!" she cried, shuddering. "I've heard them slide and crack, roll and ring — hit the sand with a thump, and then with whistle and thud go by where I lay in the dark. . . . People who live as I have lived know nothing of the elements. I had no fear of the desert — nor of Death Valley. I dared it. I laughed to scorn the idea that any barren wild valley — could be worse than the chaos of my soul. . . But I

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didn't know. I am human. I'm a woman. A woman is meant to bear children. Nothing else!. . . . I learned that I was afraid of the dark. These rolling rocks got on my nerves. I wait — I listen for them. And I pray. . . . Then the silence — that became so dreadful. It is insupportable. Worse than all is the loneliness. . . . Oh, this God-forsaken lonely Death Valley! It will drive me mad."

"True," replied Adam. "And for a woman — for you — these feelings will grow more intense. . . . I beg of you to let me move your camp out of danger."

"No! Not a single foot!" she blazed, as if confronted with something beyond his words. After that she hid her face in her hands. A long silence ensued. At length she looked up again, apparently composed. "Perhaps I've talked more than I should have. But you came here to help an unknown woman. Not to any one else have I breathed a word of the true state of my feelings. My husband watches me like a hawk, but not yet does he know my fears. I'll thank you, when you speak to him, if you stay here so long, not to tell him anything I've said."

"Mrs. Virey, I'll stay as long as you are here," said Adam, simply.

"Virey will not like that."

"I'm not sure, but I suspect it'll not make any difference to me what he likes."

"If you are kind to me he will drive you away," she went on, with agitation.

"Well, as he's your husband he may prevent me from being kind, but he can't drive me away."

"But suppose I ask you to go?"

"If that's the greatest kindness I can do you — I'll go. . . . But do you ask me?"

"I — I don't know. I may be forced to — not by *him*, but by my pride," she said, desperately. "Oh, I don't know what to say. . . . Just the sound of a kind voice makes me a coward. . . . This desert of horrors teaches the truth of life. . . . Once I had the world at my feet! . . . Now I break and bow at the sympathy of a stranger!"

"Never mind your pride," said Adam, in his slow cool way. "I understand. Whatever brought you to Death Valley, whatever nails you here, is nothing to me. If you do not want me to stay to work for you — why, let me stay for my own sake."

She rose and faced him, with soul-searching eyes. Emotion governed her.

"Sir, you speak nobly," she replied, with lips that trembled. "But I don't understand you. Stay here — where I am — for your sake! — Explain, please."

"I have my burden. Once it was even more terrible than yours. Through that, I can feel as you feel now. I have lived the insupportable loneliness of the desert — the silence, the heat, the hell. If I might somehow help your husband, who is blindly following some road of passion — that would ease my burden. If I might save you weariness, or hunger, or thirst, or terror — it would be doing more for myself than for you. . . . When the furnace heat comes — when the blasting midnight wind comes — it means either madness or death."

"STAY — Sir Knight," she said, with a hollow ringing gaiety. "Who shall say that chivalry is dead? . . . Stay! and know this. I fear no man. I scorn death. . . . But ah! the woman of me! I hate dirt and vermin. I'm afraid of pain. And lastly, I have a mortal terror of going mad. Spare me that and you will have my prayers in this world — and beyond. . . . Good night."

"Good night," replied Adam.

She left him to the deepening gloom and the dying camp-fire.

Daylight again, as if by the opening of eyelids!

He pulled on his boots, and gave his face an unusual and detrimental luxury in the desert. Water was bad for exposed flesh in arid country. The usual spring and buoyancy of his physical being was lacking this day. So Adam moved slowly, and with caution.

First he went to the spring. He found a bubbling gush of velvet-looking water, pouring out of a hole. The color of it seemed inviting — so clear and soft and somehow rich. Before he tasted this water, despite its promise, he knew it was not good. Dismukes had said this water was all right, yet he seldom stayed long enough in one locality to learn the ill effects of the water. Besides, the prospector had the non-corrosive internals of a camel. Adam knew he, too, could live on this water. But he was thinking of the delicate woman lost here in Death Valley.

The spring was located some two hundred yards or more from the shack, and just out of line of the rock-strewn slope. Adam decided to pitch his permanent camp here on the grass. Here he erected a brush and canvas shelter to make shade, and deposited his effects under it. That done he returned to the shack to cook breakfast.

There appeared to be no life in the rude little misshapen hut. Adam smiled half-pityingly at it. There were men so utterly helpless and useless out in the wilds, where existence depended upon labor of hands, that they seemed foreign to the descendants of Americans.

Leisurely Adam attended to the preparation of breakfast, prolonging tasks that always passed swiftly through his hands.

"Good morning, Sir Wansfell," called a voice, with something of mockery in it, yet rich and wistful.

It stirred Adam's blood. It seemed to carry an echo from his distant past. Turning he saw the woman, clad in gray, with a girdle of cord twisted around her slender waist. Soft and clean and fleecy, that gray garment, so utterly incongruous against the background of crude shack and wild slope.

"GOOD morning, Mrs. Virey," returned Adam. "How are you — and did your husband awake?"

"I slept better than I have for a long time," she replied, "and I think I know why. . . . Yes, Virey came to. He's conscious, and asked for water. But he's weak. I'd like you to look at him presently. And how are you after your tremendous exertions of yesterday?" she inquired.

"Not so spry," said Adam, with a smile. "But I'll be myself soon. I think it would be more comfortable for you if we had breakfast in your kitchen. The sun is hot."

"Indeed, yes. So you mean to — to do this camp work for me — in spite of ——"

"Yes. I always oppose women," he said.

"Last night I was upset. I am sorry that I was ungracious. I thank you, and I am only too glad to accept your kind service," she said, earnestly.

"That is well. Now, will you help me carry in the breakfast?"

Unreality was not unusual to Adam. The desert had as many unrealities, illusions and spectres as it had natural and tangible things. But while he sat opposite to this fascinating woman, whose shadowed beautiful face shone like a cameo against the drab wall of the brush shack, he was hard put to it to convince himself of actuality.

"Shall I try to get Virey to eat?" she asked, presently.

"That depends. On the desert, after a collapse, we are careful with food and water."

"Will you look at him?"

Adam nodded his willingness, and followed her as she swept aside a flap of the canvas partition. This room was larger and lighter. It had an aperture for a window. Adam's quick glance took this in, and then the two narrow beds of blankets raised on brush cots. Virey lay on the one farther from the door. His pallid brow and unshaven face appeared drawn into terrible lines. Surely he had been handsome once. He had deep-set black eyes, a straight nose, and a mouth that betrayed him, despite a mustache.

"You're in pain?" queried Adam.

"Yes," came the husky whisper, and Virey put a hand on his breast.

"It's sore here," said Adam, feeling Virey, pressing him slightly. "You've breathed poisoned air down in the valley. You just lie quiet for a while — then you'll be all right again. I'll do the work around camp."

"Thank you," whispered Virey.

The woman followed Adam outside, and gazed earnestly up at him, unconscious of herself, with her face full in the sunlight. It struck Adam that the difference between desert flowers and the faces of beautiful women was one of emotion.

"He's ill — don't you think?" queried the woman.

"No. But he recovers slowly. He hasn't the lungs to stand Death Valley. But Virey will get over this all right. Perhaps it will scare him into reason."

"You never give up — do you?"

"Come to think of that — I guess I never do," replied Adam.

"Such spirit is worthy of a better cause. You are doomed here to failure."

"Well, you never can tell. The fact of my standing here is proof of the overcoming of almost impossible things. How long have you been here?"

"Several weeks. But it's years to me."

"Who brought you down? How did you get here?"

"We've had different guides. The last

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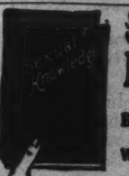

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were Shoshone Indians. They left us here. I rode a horse. Virey walked the last stages of this journey to Death Valley — from which there will be no return. We turned horse and burros loose."

"Are these Shoshones supposed to visit you occasionally?"

"Yes. Virey made a deal with them to come every full moon. We've had more supplies than we need. But I have not the skill to prepare food wholesomely under these conditions. So we almost starved."

Work or action was always necessary to Adam. He planned a brush shelter from the sun, a sort of outside room adjoining the shack, a low stone wall to keep out blowing sand, a heavy stone fence between the shack and the slope of sliding rocks. When these tasks were finished there would be others, and always there would be the slopes to climb, the valley to explore. Idleness in Death Valley was a forerunner of madness

THAT day passed swiftly, and the twilight hour, which was Adam's favored time, as he ate again with Mrs. Virey, seemed to have less of gloom and forbidding intimations. The woman showed less gravity and melancholy, and not once did she speak with bitterness or passion. She informed Adam that Virey had improved.

Adam reverted to old habits that night, as he lay in his blankets and watched the white stars blinking in the intense blue, and listened to the silence. Before he fell asleep he heard that silence broken by the hollow cracks of a rolling rock. Many a time had he heard such sounds in the lonely desert nights, but never ominous as now.

Two more days slipped by, and on the third Virey got up and came forth into the sunlight. Adam happened to be at work near-by. He saw Virey gaze around at the improvements that had been made and say something about them to his wife. Approaching with slow gait and haggard face, he addressed Adam.

"You-expect pay for this?"

"No," replied Adam, shortly.

"How's that?"

"Well, when men are used to the desert, as I am, they lend a hand where it is needed."

"But I didn't want any such work done."

"I know, and I excuse you because you're ignorant of desert ways and needs."

"The question of excuse for me is offensive. I'll have no one's excuses."

Adam fixed his piercing eyes upon this man. Mrs. Virey stood a little to one side, but not out of range of Adam's gaze. Did a mocking light show in her shadowy eyes?

"We all have to be excused sometimes," said Adam, deliberately. "Now I had to excuse you on the score of ignorance of the desert. You chose this place as a camp. It happens to be the most dangerous spot I ever saw. Any moment the whole avalanche may start."

"It's my business where I camp," rejoined Virey.

"Were you aware of the danger here?"

"I am indifferent to danger."

"But you are not alone. You have a woman with you."

Manifestly Virey had been speaking without weighing words. The brooding shade passed out of his eyes and in its place grew a light of interest.

"You're a prospector," he asserted.

"No. I pan a little gold dust once in a while for fun, because I happen across it."

"You're no miner then — nor hunter, nor teamster?"

"I've been a little of all you name, but I can't be called any one of them."

"You might be one of the robbers that infest these hills."

"I might be, only I'm not," declared Adam, dryly. He felt disposed to be lenient and kind toward this unfortunate man. If only the woman had not stood there with that half-veiled mocking shadow of doubt in her eyes!

"You're an educated man!" ejaculated Virey, incredulously.

"I might claim to be specially educated in the ways of the desert."

"And the ways of women — are *they* mysteries to you?" queried Virey, with scorn.

"I confess that they are," replied Adam. "Few women have crossed my trail."

"You don't realize your good fortune, — if you tell the truth."

"I would not lie to any man," returned Adam, bluntly.

"Bah! Men are all liars and women make them so. . . . You're hanging round my camp, making a bluff of work."

"I deny that. Heaving these stones is work. *You* lift a few of them in this hot sun. . . . And my packing you on my back for miles over Death Valley—was that a bluff?"

"You saved my life!" exclaimed the man, stung to passion. There seemed to be contending tides within him — a fight of old habits of thought, fineness of feeling, against an all-absorbing and dominating malignance. "Man, I can't thank you for that. . . . You've done me no service."

"I don't want nor expect thanks. I was thinking of the effort it cost me."

"As a man who was once a gentleman, I do thank you. But now that you have put me in debt for a service I didn't want, why do you linger here?"

"I wish to help your wife."

"Ah! that's frank of you. That frankness is something for which I really thank you. But you'll pardon me if I'm inclined to doubt the idealistic nature of your motive."

Adam pondered over this speech without reply. Then as he met the magnificent flash in Magdalene Virey's eyes he was inspired into revelation of Virey's veiled hint, and into a serenity he divined would be kindest to her pride.

"Go ahead and help her," Virey went on. "You have my sincere felicitations. My charming wife is helpless enough. I never knew how helpless till we were thrown upon our own resources. She cannot even cook a potato. And as for baking bread! . . . Stranger, if you eat some of it I will not be long annoyed by your attentions to her."

"Well, I'll teach her," said Adam.

His practical response irritated Virey excessively.

"Who are you? What's your name?" he queried, yielding to a roused curiosity.

"Wansfell," replied Adam.

"Wansfell?" echoed Virey. "Wansfell? . . . I know that name. Are you the man who in this desert country is called Wansfell the Wanderer?"

"Yes, I'm that Wansfell."

"I heard a prospector tell about you," went on Virey, his haggard face now quickened by thought. "He said he had seen you kill a man named *Mc* something — McKin — no, McKue. . . Did he tell the truth?"

"Yes, I'm sorry to say. I killed Baldy McKue — or rather, to speak as I feel — was the means by which the desert dealt McKue the death justly due him."

Virey now glowed with excitement,.

"Somehow that story haunted me," he said. "I never heard one like it. . . . This prospector told how you confronted McKue in the street of a mining-camp. You yelled like a demon at McKue. He turned white as a sheet. He jerked his gun — began to shoot. But you bore a charmed life. His bullets did not hit you or, if they did, — to no purpose. You leaped upon him. Then — then you killed him with your hands! . . . Is that true?"

ADAM nodded gloomily. The tale, told vividly by this galvanized Virey, was not pleasant. And the woman stood there, transfixed, with white face and tragic eyes.

"My God! — You killed McKue by sheer strength — with your bare hands! . . . I had not looked at your hands. I see them now. . . . So McKue was your enemy?"

"No. I never saw him before that day," replied Adam.

Virey slowly drew back wonderingly, yet with instinctive shrinking.

"Then why did you kill him?"

"He ill-treated a woman."

Adam turned away as he replied. A silence ensued.

"So — so that was it," spoke up Virey, evidently with effort. "I always wondered. Wild west sort of story, you know. Strange I should meet you. . . . Thanks for telling me. I gather it wasn't pleasant for you."

"It's sickening to recall, but I have no regrets," replied Adam.

"Quite so. I understand. Man of the desert — ruthless — inhuman sort of thing."

"Inhuman?" queried Adam, and he looked at Virey, at last stung. Behind Virey's pale working face and averted eyes, Adam read a conscience in tumult, a spirit for the moment terrorized. "Virey, you and I'd never agree on meanings of words. . . . I broke McKue's arms and ribs and legs — and while I cracked them I told him what an inhuman dastard he had been — to ruin a girl, to beat her, to abandon her and her baby — to leave them to die. I told him how I had watched them die . . . then I broke his neck —! . . McKue was the inhuman man — not I."

Virey turned away, swaying, and his white hand sought the stone-wall for support, until he reached the shack, which he entered.

[*To be continued.*]

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Framed for Broadway

[*Continued from page 12*]

doctor's bill, and the fearsome fact that she was only a dummy, dressing a small-time act. For the first time in her life she was doing the thing she wanted to do and she brought to it every ounce of brains that was in her. Few in the house had ever heard of the honey-voiced siren who drank the dregs of depravity in the dens of the China coast; but when Effie finished, not many would forget her. For an instant there was that rare silence that foreshadows the spiritual element in applause; then the riot broke loose.

Impelled by a friendly hand, she bowed and bowed until she lost count. "Say, Sarah Bernhardt," — the manager caught her and held her off puzzledly at arm's length — "what're you doing in my theatre! Why ain't you on Broadway?"

The other actors crowded round and on their faces she saw a look far different from the usual clammy stare they gave La Rock and Eaton when Eddie jockeyed for glib encores. While she was smiling tremulously back at them, the emotional tension broke, she hid her head on the manager's shoulder, and then ran sobbing to her dressing-room.

That night, in the Oklahoma bonanza town, Effie Eaton touched the heights; but the next morning she slumped back again. The memory of her success frightened her, Somehow it seemed disloyal to her partner. lying flat on his back. And it had probably been only a fluke anyhow. Though Eddie was weak as a fish, he insisted on getting up and dressing himself. When the doctor came, he was very angry and said what kind of a joke did they think the flu was and La Rock 'd have to go to the hospital where he could be kept in bed.

Next day the manager came to see him. "Say, how 'd the wife get away with it?" La Rock demanded.

Effie cut short the manager's rhapsody and diverted the conversation; but as soon as she stepped out of hearing, Eddie winked at his caller. "Darned game little girl! Awf'lly nice of you to kid her along. D'you think, seein' we're a standard act, 'n' everything, mebbe they'd let her hold down the route until ——"

"You bet!" assured the boss. "I'm wiring to keep her over the last half so she can be near you."

Effie wanted to remain with her husband; but the turn couldn't afford to remain idle.

Every performance gave her added assurance until fourteen minutes was all too short for her bows and encores. But outside the theatre she was lonely and worried. She missed having her blond boy to look after. She wrote him every day. And he invariably answered, cussin' the luck that laid him low and telling her not to worry if she "died on the boobs"—he was feeling fine and would join her in a week or so.

Then there was a three-day interval. She was afraid he had suffered a relapse; wrote frantically and added an extra ten-spot to her usual money order. Finally she telegraphed. At last his answer came.

"Say, Ef," — he wrote — "what do you think you're getting away with anyway? Last Sunday I saw that piece in the *Clipper*. I guess there is a mistake somewhere. I never gave you no authority to change our routine, only use the vamp bit and the Mary song. You sure have made a bum out of me with the house manager here. He says you got Juliet and Elsie Janis backed off the lot, which, if true, and he ain't loco, I suppose you've already kissed me good-bye. But I think you might have waited springing it till I'm out of this pest-house. Eddie.

P.S. I got the bathrobe and the tenner. Should I thank you or does it let me down easy? Don't send no more telegrams. If I'm croaked, they'll let you know."

Effie read the letter in her dressing-room and went white at the stab of it. Was this all the years of loyalty and subserviency had counted?

She was working herself into a righteous rage, when she suddenly recollected that Eddie was a sick man, lonely, no doubt, and blue. A wry smile crept over her face as she reread the letter. In softened mood, she sat down at once and answered it.

"Dear Grouchy Boy," — she wrote him — "I've just received your letter and it's made me feel pretty bad. Leaving you or breaking up the act is the last thing I've thought of. I've only been trying to work along somehow till you could join again. I don't know what that was in the *Clipper*, but it must have been an awful blurb. Don't worry, Ed, I'm no Elsie Janis. Some shows I don't even take a bow. I'm sorry about the impersonations, dear, but I had to do something to fill out the time. I'm perfectly willing to go back to the old routine, if you'll only hurry up and get well. Am sending you my route. Will you join me Sunday? Or shall we lay off a week in some quiet place till you're all set? Be sure and wear your muffler and don't smoke too many cigarettes. Answer at once or I'll telegraph! Here's kissing you — but not good-bye. Lovingly, Effie."

SHE posted the letter and cried herself to sleep. But when she made her next jump, there was no mail and no Eddie. A frantic week intervened. In spite of his injunction, she sent a night letter. Finally she got the Oklahoma house manager on the telephone. Eddie had been discharged from the hospital three days previous and had left town.

She bought one of the trade papers and was framing a "Personal" that wouldn't reveal too much, when her eye fell on an item under the caption: Engagements.

"Eddie La Rock," — it reported — "with Violet Harter and Jazz Band. La Rock is reputed a nifty stepper and will strengthen the dancing end of the turn. Routed West over the Orpheum time."

Effie read the paragraph a dozen times before she could make it mean anything. Then she finally understood that her blond boy had abandoned her. Whether he was really angry at what he called her liberties with their routine or simply tired of her, whether he had been corresponding all along with Violet didn't matter: the crushing fact remained, and, dry-eyed, she confronted it. There was nothing to do but forget him — as if she ever could forget him!

But the pill was bitter. It was true then: Eddie was big time material and all this while she had been holding him back. But he might have let her down easier.

A month later she opened in a Chicago neighborhood house, unaware that the eyes of vaudeville were upon her in the person of a small man who chewed a black cigar in the rear of a box party of his wife's relatives. After her turn, he sent for her, and within a week Effie was tendered a contract for as large a salary as she and Eddie had ever pulled down as a team!

When her small-time bookings ended, she came into New York via a Sunday night concert. It was an ordeal by fire, before a vast sea of blasé, dare-you-to-please-me faces. But next morning the news of a new mimic spread like wildfire, and an army of press agents encamped on her humble Hotel Marquess doorstep.

After four weeks around Manhattan, she closed in June, booked solid the next season over the big time. She retired to a quiet ocean resort to sit on the sand and dream sorrowful dreams of the blond boy who had walked out on her in Oklahoma.

In a season or two Effie became a standard big time single. Her name went up in the lights. And she headlined the Palace.

She was no stranger now to white fox and diamonds, and reluctantly abandoned the Marquess's cracked mirrors and dingy frescoes for lodgings more suitable to her position. She was never quite sure that she wasn't dallying in some pleasant dreamland from which she would awaken in Calgary or Grand Island.

She accepted many acquaintances but permitted few friends. Occasionally she went to supper parties or *dansants;* but it was always Eddie's face that smiled at her under the pink candlelight or Eddie's brisk arm that led her out for a fox-trot.

For three years from the day she left her husband in the hospital, Effie never saw him nor heard from him. For awhile she followed his route with Violet Harter. The Jazz Band broke up and immediately he disappeared from the big time.

Once she encountered Violet on Broadway. Miss Harter appeared momentarily disconcerted, but held out her hand as sweetly as of yore. This time, however, she wore no

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expensive furs and her jewels were conspicuous by their absence.

"Hullo, dearie," she said. "Seems like an awfully long while since I've seen you. They tell me you're moppin' up at the Colonial this week. How's that naughty boy of yours? I s'pose you've made it up by this time. He was always expectin' you'd telegraph him."

Effie conquered her pride and asked a discreet question.

"No," denied Miss Harter, "I don't know where he is and don't want to, exceptin' it'd be to tell him what I think of him. On his wire could he join, I let out a swell dancin' partner, and inside of a week he starts makin' trouble with the band boys and behavin' like he owned the act."

Effie excused herself from the threatened history of Violet's young life and, like a hungry dog with a plucked bone, retired to contemplate the meagre information she had obtained. Evidently, his relations with his dancing partner had been purely professional. And he was always expecting his wife would telegraph him!

Months passed. Effie was playing St. Louis. After the Monday matinée, she went around to the front of the house to have a look at a new lobby frame. As she turned the corner, she thought she saw a familiar figure standing beside a pillar of the colonnade: a mirage out of the past, of Eddie, hat battered down and cigarette draped on his lips. She hurried forward, but, of course, when she reached the pillar he was not there.

She laughed it off in chagrin. Yet the apparition was so real it would not leave her. And that night she dreamed of Eddie, just beyond her beckoning arms, on the edge of a nameless abyss.

In the morning she decided to make the rounds of every theatre in the city. If he was in St. Louis, she would find him. She covered all vaudeville bills; then began on cabarets. Friday night she had reached the limit of her list: the Café Marigny, a noisy dance-hall on a shady thoroughfare, called by courtesy a cabaret. The long, low-ceiled grotto was lined with booths, with a fringe of tables in front and a narrow dancing-floor. The place was gaudy with artificial palms and festoons that formed a cheap background for the hilarity of its habitués. Beside a tiny stage, a piano and a saxaphone were jazzing. Avoiding the waiter's leering smile, she ordered a cider cup and a sandwich.

There was a momentary lull in the entertainment. After which a raspy soubrette sang a doleful "Blues." Then a man stepped out from the faded velvet cyclorama — and Effie's heart stopped beating: it was the living wreck of Eddie La Rock. Leaning forward, she watched him fearfully.

His hair was still yellow gold, but his skin was pasty-white, his shoulders sagged, and his waistline, under its flashy vest, was muscleless and paunchy. He sang with his glance fixed on a fly-specked chandelier and his former flip assurance was now only sullen defiance. A half-dozen frowsy flappers joined him in the chorus.

Effie shut her eyes against the pain of it. It was so much worse than anything she had imagined.

She pushed away her sandwich and called the waiter. "Your song plugger's an old friend of mine," she said steadily. "Tell him to come over."

Under cover of the dancing, she found a deserted booth and waited. At last she saw him, cigarette in hand, threading his way among the tables. Then he looked in — and the smile froze on his lips.

"Ef!" — he took a hasty step backward. "What the devil are you doin' here?"

"Sit down, Eddie," she said quietly. "Mebbe that's what I was goin' to ask you, what are *you* doin' here?"

"Well, go on, ask me. Though it ain't any of your business, if you got to know, I'm restin' up between bookings. This here" — he gestured defiantly toward the smoke-sodden revelry — "is a soft berth and the place is real class when their regular trade's in. But what's it to you — after the way you walked out on me in Oklahoma?"

"Walked out on you? Wasn't I payin' your hospital bills and writin' you to join me?"

"Tell that to the marines, Ef! Soon as you got out o' town, didn't you chuck the whole frame-up?"

"You know I didn't! I never meant to change the routine permanent; only do the best I could until ——"

"I'll say you did pretty good, Ef!" he laughed sardonically. "Landed on Main Street so hard we heard the splash way out in the tamaracks." He looked her over with critical bravado. "Some flashy baby now, ain't you? I s'pose you've come to offer me a job next week at the Palace?"

Her eyes were dim with unshed tears — of pity, not of wrath. When he had done with his taunting flings, she said simply, "Yes, Eddie, that's what I came for: to get you back in the act."

"That's a good one!" he sneered. "What'd I do on the big time? You always said I can't sing, and Vi'let Harter says I can't dance, and them big bookin' stiffs ——"

"But you *can* dance. You could do some steps while I'm makin' my changes and ——"

"Fill in your changes, huh?" He leaned forward. "And you're the coony kid that wasn't goin' to alter our routine!"

"O' course, we couldn't go back to that now. Mebbe my imitations aren't any good; but the public stands for 'em, and that's our bread and butter." She put out her hand impulsively and rested it on his. "Won't you see that I mean it, honey! That I want you back? I'll never razz you any more about playin' poker; and we can have good times like we used to, goin' to *dansants*, and travelin' round together."

At last she had reached him. "Say, Ef," he flared, "why in the devil do you want to kid me! Ain't I dead one enough ——"

"Do I look like I'd follow every route for three years that's been printed, and spill my fam'ly troubles to V'ilet Harter, and hunt out this jitney jazz joint, just to kid you?"

Unwillingly Eddie's eyes met hers. His lips parted in a sickly smile. Then his head went down in his hands. "My God, Ef," he sobbed, "you don't mean you'd take me back after all this time I been treatin' you like a dirty hound!"

"Don't, honey!" — she bent over him. "There's people in the next booth."

"Can't help it," he wept. "I been such a jealous dog! And here you are actin' like nothing's happened. But I ain't worth it.

"I joined with Vi'let 'cause I was sore on the hit you made — and then we had a rickus — and I signed with Pantages; they canceled me a couple o' times — and now — I'm a common bum, wildcattin' the honky-tonks. I'd just queer your stuff. Go on away and lemme be."

"What I'm worryin' about, Ed, is this: do you want to come back in the act?"

"Do I *want* to come?" cried the prodigal fervently. "I'd go through *hell* to come!"

Six weeks later La Rock and Eaton were ready for their fourth assault upon New York as a vaudeville team. After an out-of-town showing to break in, their names went up in the lights on Broadway.

The interval after the St. Louis reunion was employed in getting Eddie back into form. Temperamentally this was easy. Physically it required heroic measures. "Darn it, Ef," he grumbled, "I hate to renig on you, but these dumb-bells are punishin' me somethin' fierce!"

"How are you goin' to dance, Ed," — she kidded him and kept him at it — "with a belt line like the Chicago loop!"

His new stage wardrobe was bought on Fifth Avenue and when it was delivered he put it on for her benefit.

"Gee, girlie," he remarked modestly, "I look like a million dollars — and feel like thirty cents, acceptin' it off you. It's such a classy layout a person ought to have a headlight somewheres to complete the picture."

Inwardly Effie smiled, but she said with a reminiscent frown, "Darn it, honey, I hate to be stiff with you; but you're always stickin' me for coin. I ain't very flush just now, and I got them brocade slippers to buy ——"

"O' course, if you're goin' to tie the can on me," he reddened, "I s'pose I can go back to the Marigny."

"Before you start" — she slipped her arm cosily through his — "we better go out and hunt you a sparkler."

She left him at Forty-fourth in a boy's raptures over the "headlight." They were not sharing the same quarters. That was part of his probation.

As she walked on to her hotel, her heart beat high with hope and pride in her regenerated husband. She realized her blond boy would never become a paragon. Red-fire, and jealousy, and give-me-your-kind-applause were his middle names. He would always remain a sportive blimp, responsive to the flutter of every passing breeze. Yet if she could once rope him to the hangar ——!

The hour of their Broadway opening came at last. Effie was more nervous than she had ever been in her life. But her fears were for Eddie. Well as she knew him, however, she was scarcely prepared for his nonchalance.

"Quit givin' me the gloomy stare, Ef," he guyed her, in the wings. "There ain't

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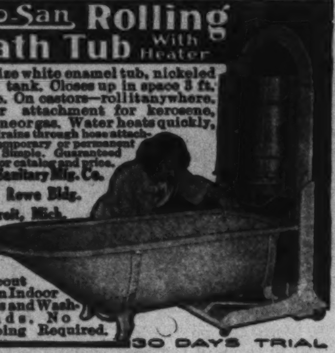

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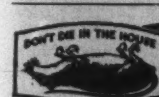
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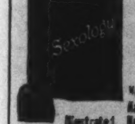

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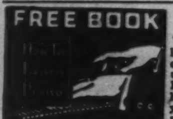

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no ivy growin' on your honey boy to-day. Them new steps I got for my finish are goin' to knock 'em into the aisles."

They went on first for a short double. The house was tensely quiet as Eddie made his exit. Effie gave them her usual routine and received her usual ovation.

Then Eddie's clatter mat went down and the orchestra picked him up. She had often watched him dance from the wings and the sight invariably fascinated her.

At first the audience was cold; but when they found he wasn't faking or stalling to a song, they were with him. And he showed them everything: from "Sunrise on the Levee", down through "Black Annie" and "Bumbershay."

"Hot dog, Al!" he filliped to the leader, as he rattled into the home stretch. "Baby gets his new booties, eh, what?"

His collar was limp and beads stood out on his make-up; but he had not labored in vain. A solid hand swept the house.

A half-hour later, Eddie said to her shyly, "Mind, Ef, if we shake the hard-boiled gang and take a little turn in a taxi?"

"Why, no," she assented, wondering. "Where to?"

"Anywhere," he shrugged, as they got in. "Through Central Park. Well, little girl, we're the regular show stoppers, ain't we? I guess I showed 'em I ain't one o' them single shuffle four-flushers. And in your Petrova bit ——"

For awhile Eddie babbled on; then all of a sudden, out of nowhere, he produced a satiny florist's box that disgorged an opulent corsage of violets. "Say, Ef," he mumbled sheepishly, "I thought mebbe — you'd wear these — for a celebration. They ain't bought with the jingle you been stakin' me to, — honest, they ain't! — but a little jack I had left in the old grouch-bag." With the blush of a bride Effie took them. "Thanks, Ed," she said unsteadily.

He watched her admiringly as she pinned them on. "You're some clever baby these days, Ef! You sure are! Too bad you been tied up to such a down-and-outer, ——"

"Don't, Eddie."

"Such a low-down grotto hound, ——"

"Now, don't."

"Such a jealous dog!"

"Please ——!"

"Well, I won't, only — I want to wise you from now on I'm goin' over the jumps clean. I guess them bookin' people was right: my brains is in my feet. I — Gee, Ef, still wearin' the old hoop!" — he caught her hand impulsively and raised it to his lips and they rode on in silence. Presently he took up the speaking-tube hesitantly. "Where'll it be, girlie? 'Home, James!' or 'Back to St. Louis!' for little Eddie?"

"'Home, James!'" she murmured.

His arms closed round her. La Rock and Eaton were framed for Broadway at last.

Japanese Impressions

[*Continued from page 9*]

gasoline? Why these ill-paved narrow roads? Why this watering of streets with dippers or with little hand-carts pulled by men? Why a dozen or more coolies operating a hand-driven pile driver, lifting the weight with ropes, when two men and a little steam would do the work so much faster and better? Why so many people on every little job? Why, for the matter of that, these delightful rickshas which some jester of an earlier age dubbed "pull-man cars"? Why this waste of labor everywhere?

Can it be that in this densely populated little country there are more willing hands than there is work for willing hands to do? Must work be spread thin in order to provide a task and a living for everyone? But if that were so, would people work as hard as these people seem to? Would women be at work beside their husbands, digging knee deep in the mud and water of the rice-fields, dragging heavy-laden carts, handling bulky boats? And would the working hours be so long? Here is something to be looked into. But not now.

It is a hand-embroidered country, Japan, though the embroidery is done in fine stitches of an unfamiliar kind. The rural landscape is so formed and trimmed and cultivated that sometimes it achieves the look of being a great garden, as the English landscape sometimes has the look of being a park. Here, much more than in England, every inch of land that is available is put to use. Where hillsides are so steep that they would wash away if not protected, tidy walls of diamond-shaped stone are laid dry against them; but whenever possible the hillsides are terraced up in a way to remind one of vineyards along the Rhine and the Moselle, making a series of shelflike little fields, each doing its utmost to help solve the food problem which in Japan, with her small area and her dense population, is a pressing one.

It is hard to say whether the towns along this line of railroad are separated by groups of farms, or whether the groups of farms are separated by towns, so even is the division. The farms are very small so that the open country is dotted over with little houses — the same low dainty houses of wood and paper that delighted us when we first saw them, and which will always delight us when, from the other side of the world, we think of them. For there is something in the sight of a neat little Japanese house with its few feet of garden which appeals curiously to one's imagination and one's sentiment. It is all so light and lovely, yet all so carefully contrived, so highly finished. To the Western eye — at least to mine — it has the quality of a poetic concept painted by an artist. I feel that it cannot be quite real, and that the people who live in it cannot be quite real: that they are part — say a quarter — fairy. And I ask you: who but people having in their veins at least a little fairy blood would take the trouble to plant a row of iris along the ridges of their roofs?

Just as one understands Hokusai and Hiroshige better for having seen the coastal hills, one understands them even more for having seen these magic little houses with their settings resembling so charmingly those miniature landscapes made with moss, gravel, small rocks, and dwarf trees, arranged in china basins by a Japanese gardener, who is sometimes so kind as to let us see his productions in a window on Fifth Avenue. Often one feels that Japan herself is hardly more than such a garden, though on a somewhat larger scale. Over and over again one encounters in the larger, the finish and the gentle fantasy of the smaller garden. And when one does encounter it one is happy to forget the politics and problems of Japan, and to think of the whole country as a curiously perfect table decoration for the parlor of the world.

And the children! Children everywhere! Children of the children Kipling wrote of thirty years ago, when he called Japan,

"... the land of Little Children, where the Babies are the Kings."

Of course we had heard about the children. Everyone who writes about Japan, or comes home and talks about Japan, tells you about them. Yet somehow you must witness the phenomenon before you grasp the fact of their astonishing profusion. Even the statistics, showing that the population of Japan increases at the rate of 700,000 or more every year, don't begin to make the picture, though they do make apparent the fact that there are probably five or six million children of ten years or younger, — about two-thirds of whom go clattering about in wooden clogs, while the remainder ride on the backs of their parents and grandparents and brothers and sisters. All in a country smaller than the state of California.

Children alone, children in groups of three or four, children in dozen lots. Children in all sizes, colorings, attitudes and conditions. Children blocking the roads, playing under the trees or in them, romping along paths, swarming over little piles of earth like bees on bell-shaped hives. Children watching the passing cars, children in tiny skiffs, children wading in ponds. Children glimpsed through the open wood and paper *shoji* of their matchbox houses, scampering on clean matted floors or placidly supping — the larger of them squatting before trays and operating nimble chopsticks, the smaller nursing at the mother's breast. (Sometimes those children nursed at the breast are not so very small — which is the reason why so many Japanese have over-prominent teeth.) Children brown and naked, ragged children,

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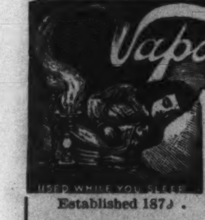

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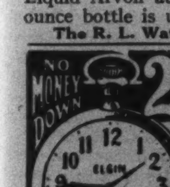

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children in indigo or in bright flowered kimonos and white aprons. Demure children, wild rampageous children, children with shaved heads, children with jet black manes bobbing about their ears and faces as they run. Chubby children with merry eyes and cheeks like rosy russet apples. Children achieving the impossible — delighting the eye despite their dirty little noses.

Can it be that they pile the children on each others' backs, making two layers of them, because there isn't room upon the ground for all of them at once? Babies riding on their mothers' backs travel in comparative dignity and safety. Under their soft little mushroom hats they sleep through many things — streetcar trips, shopping expeditions and gabbling parties in the tea-rooms of department stores. But those who ride the shoulders of their elder brothers lead lives of wild adventure. Their presence is not allowed to interfere with the progress of young masculine life. The brother will climb trees, walk on stilts and even play baseball, seemingly unconscious of the weight and the fragility of the little charge attached to him by ties of blood and cotton. If the drowsy baby head drops over, getting in the way, the brother alters its position with a bump from the back of his own head. When the small rider slips down too far, whether on the back of child or adult, its bearer stoops and bucks like a broncho, tossing baby into place again. Through all of which the infant generally sleeps. Are its dreams disturbed, one wonders, when big brother slides for second? I doubt it. Knowing no cradle, no easy-riding baby carriage, the Japanese baby is from the first accustomed to a life of action. It seems to be a fatalist. And indeed it would appear that some special god protects the baby, for it always seems to go unscathed.

Contemplating the children of Japan one can easily fall into the way of looking upon adults as mere adjuncts, existing only to wash the children, see that they wear aprons, and give them their meals. Sometimes in the streets the children seem to outnumber their elders by two or three to one.

AS YOU reach the outskirts of Tokyo you think you are coming to another little town; but the town goes on and on, and finally as the train draws near the city's heart large buildings, bulking here and there above the general two-story tile roofline, inform you in some measure of the importance of the place. In 1917 Tokyo ranked fifth among the cities of the world, with a population almost equal to Berlin's, and it seems likely that when reliable statistics for the world become available again we shall find that the population of Berlin has at most remained stationary, while that of Tokyo has grown even more rapidly than usual, owing to exceptional industrial activity and to the influx of Russian refugees, whose presence in large numbers in Japan has created a housing problem. Nor shall I be surprised to hear that Tokyo has passed Chicago in the population race, becoming third city of the world.

The central railroad station exhibits the capital's modern architectural trend. It is conveniently arranged and impressive in its magnitude as seen across the open space on which it faces, but there its merit stops. Like most large foreign-style buildings in Japan, it is architecturally an ugly thing. Standing at the gate of Japan's chief city, it has about it nothing Japanese. Its façade is grandiose and meaningless, and as one turns one's back upon it and sees other large new public structures, one is saddened by the discovery that the Japanese, skilful at adaptation though they have often shown themselves, have signally failed to adapt the requirements, methods and materials of modern building to their old national architectural lines. One thing is certain, however, there will be no new public buildings uglier than those already standing. This style of architecture in Japan has touched bottom,

In twenty years or so I believe the ugliness of these modern piles will have become apparent to the Japanese. The sense of beauty, which is one of their strongest racial traits, will reassert itself, and they will develop architects capable of harmonizing old and new. It will dawn upon them that they need not go to Europe and America for architectural themes, but to the castle of Nagoya, the watch-towers above the moat of the Imperial Palace, the palace gates, and the temples and pagodas everywhere.

When this time comes the Japanese will also realize how very bad are most of the bronze statues of statesmen and military leaders throughout the world, and how particularly bad are their own recent adventures in this field of art.

Until I saw Tokyo I was under the impression that the world's worst bronzes were to be found in the region of the Mall in Central Park, New York; but there is in Tokyo a statue of a statesman in a frock coat, with a silk hat in his hand, which surpasses any other awfulness in bronze that I have ever seen.

Looking at such things one marvels that they can be created and tolerated in a land which has produced and still produces such exquisite little figures in pottery, ivory and wood. How can these people, who still know flowing silken draperies, endure to see their heroes cast in Prince Albert coats and pantaloons? And how can they adopt the European style of statuary, when in so many places they have but to look at the roadside to see an ancient monument made of a single gigantic stone with unhewn edges and a flat face embellished only with an inscription —simple, dignified, impressive.

Blindnesses of this kind are not peculiar to any country, but in Japan they are more shocking for the very reason that Japan's sense of beauty is in so many respects highly developed.

If other nations have their periods of innovation-worship, how much greater the excuse for Japan than for the rest of us. She did not take up Western ways because she wanted to. She wished to remain a hermit nation. She asked of the world nothing more than that it leave her alone. She even fired on foreign ships to drive them from her shores — which, far from accomplishing her purpose, only cost her a bombardment. Then, in 1853, came our Commodore Perry and, as we now politely phrase it, "knocked at Japan's door." To the Japanese this "knocking," backed by a fleet of "big black ships," had a loud and ominous sound. The more astute of their statesmen saw that the summons was not to be ignored. Japan must become a part of the world, and if she would save herself from the world's rapacity she must quickly learn to play the world's game. Fourteen years after Perry's visit the Shogunate, which for seven centuries had suppressed the Imperial family, and itself ruled the land, fell, and the late Emperor, now known as the Emperor Meiji — meaning "light" — came from his former capital in the lovely old city of Kyoto, the Boston of Japan, and took up the reins of government in Yedo, later renamed Tokyo, or "Eastern Capital," occupying the former Shogun's palace which is the Imperial residence to-day.

The Meiji Era will doubtless go down as the greatest of all eras in Japanese history, and as one of the greatest eras in the history of any nation. To Viscount Kaneko, who is in charge of the work of preparing the official record of the reign for publication, President Roosevelt wrote his opinion of what such a book should be.

"No other Emperor in history," he declared, "saw his people pass through as extraordinary a transformation, and the account of the Emperor's part in this transformation, of his own life, of the public lives of his great statesmen who were his servants and of the people over whom he ruled, would be a work that would be a model for all time."

Under the Emperor Meiji Japan made breathless haste to westernize herself, for she was determined to save herself from falling under foreign domination. Small wonder then, if in her haste she snatched blindly at any innovation from abroad. Small wonder if she sometimes snatched the wrong thing. Small wonder if she sometimes does it to this day; for she is still a nation in a state of flux; you seem to feel her changing under your very feet.

But because she has accepted a thing does not mean that she has accepted it forever. In great affairs and small her history illustrates this fact. A case in point is the story of European dress in Japan.

More than thirty years ago, when the craze for everything foreign was at its height, when the whole fabric of social life in the upper world was in process of radical change, European dress became fashionable not only for men but for women. When great ladies had worn it for a time their humbler sisters took it up, and one might have thought that the national costume, which is so charming, was destined to disappear entirely.

In the case of men attached to government offices, banks and institutions tending to the European style in the construction and equipment of their buildings, there was some excuse for the change, for the fine silks of Japan do not wear as well as tough woolen fabrics and the loose sleeves tend to catch on door-knobs and other projections not to be found in the Japanese style of building.

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